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J. NICHOLS'S

SELECT COLLECTION

OF POEMS.

VOLUME I.

J. NICHOLS

SELECT COLLECTION

OF P O E M S.

VOLUME I.



Engraved by Basire.

A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS:

WITH
NOTES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

THE FIRST VOLUME.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,
RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET.

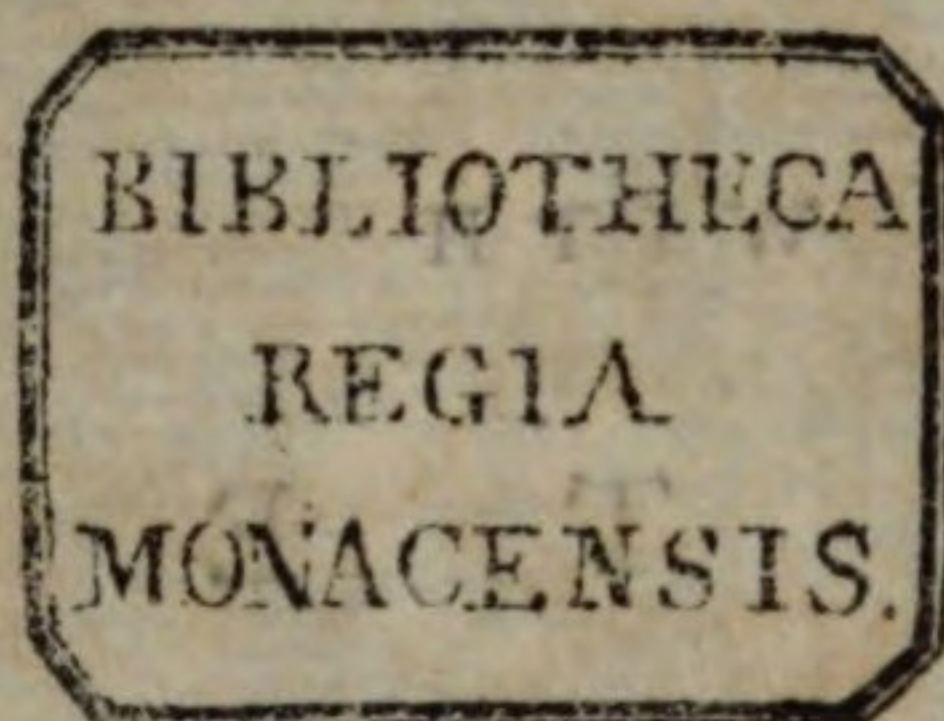
M D C C L X X I.

A SELECT

COLLECTION

OF

PART II



GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL

THE FIRST VOLUME

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,

RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXII.

TO THE REVEREND
 THOMAS PERCY, D.D.
 DEAN OF CARLISLE.

REV. SIR,

WHEN these MISCELLANIES are inscribed to a PERCY, I place them under the most auspicious shelter. THE RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY, with which you obliged the world in your younger years, would, independent of all other claims, have pointed you out as a proper Patron to these Fugitive Remains. But, excellent as your own Publications are, it is neither to them, nor to your elevated Station in Life, that I pay this disinterested Tribute.

Happy in a Family Connexion, which, however remotely, entitles me to claim Relationship with the Poet CLEIVELAND (extracts from whose Works will add merit to a future volume

of this Collection) ; I am proud to have it known that the DEAN OF CARLISLE derives his descent from the same Family, his father's mother having been niece to the Bard above-mentioned : a Family distinguished in private life for having produced a succession of most excellent Clergymen, treading in the steps of their venerable Ancestor, the Rev. THOMAS CLEIVELAND, father of the Poet, who is upon record * for his very worthy character and most exemplary life.

That urbanity, Sir, with which you recognized me as of kin to you, and the Friendship I have since in consequence experienced from you, as they have made an indelible impression, demand the warm acknowledgements with which these volumes are most respectfully presented by,

S I R,

Your very much obliged
and faithful humble servant,

Jan. 1, 1780.

J. NICHOLS.

* See "Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy," p. 221.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Collection, though formed principally from that of Mr. DRYDEN, is by no means a mere republication ; which would now have been particularly ill-timed, as a large portion of that excellent Miscellany (the first which appeared in this kingdom with reputation) is very properly arranged among the “ Works of the English Poets ;” and some pages had crept into DRYDEN’S Collection, which may be permitted to perish without regret. There still, however, are an infinite number of small poems, which, coming under neither of these descriptions, must be allowed to possess considerable merit ; being the productions of men of real genius, who, from the brevity rather than the inferiority of their writings, have been usually styled “ Minor Poets.”

On DRYDEN’S foundation the present superstructure is begun. In its progress, almost every undertaking of a similar nature has been consulted, and material parts incorporated. The Collections formed by FENTON and STEELE have been epitomized ; whilst POPE’S, PEMBERTON’S, LINTOT’S, and

C. TOOKE's, have occasionally contributed to embellishment.

The Collection by Mr. R. DODSLEY is allowed to be the completest of the kind; and with this the present publication is so far from interfering, that not a single poem is intended to be printed, which is either in "DODSLEY's Collection," the Supplement to it by Mr. PEARCH, or in the Sixty Volumes of the "English Poets." To all or either of these, therefore, this Selection will be a suitable appendage; and the more so, as I have preserved some poems of merit, which before were not known to have existed.

The Reader will find in these volumes some of the earliest productions of DRYDEN; some originals by Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE; an Ode by SWIFT, which had long been considered as irrecoverable; a considerable number of good poems by STEELE, PARNELL, FENTON, BROOME, and YALDEN, with a few pieces by HALIFAX, DORSET, ROCHESTER, SPRAT, PRIOR*, POPE, BOLINGBROKE,

* The following anecdotes of this excellent Poet being curious, I print them in the words of the friend from whom they are received: "At lord Oxford's seat at Wimble (now lord Hardwicke's) there hung a fine picture
" of

BROKE, PHILIPS, KING, SMITH, WATTS,
PITT, HUGHES, A. PHILIPS, and TICKELL,
which are not to be found in any edition of their
works.

“ of Harley in his Speaker’s robes, with the roll of the bill
“ in his hand for bringing-in the present family; which, if
“ I mistake not, was done by his casting vote. In allusion to
“ Harley’s being afterwards sent to The Tower, Prior wrote
“ with a pencil on the white scroll, *Bill paid such a day.*—
“ The late Recorder of Cambridge [Pont] had seen some MS.
“ Dialogues of the Dead of Prior’s; they were prose, but
“ had verse intermixed freely: and the specimen, I heard,
“ proved it. The Dialogue was between Sir Thomas More
“ and the Vicar of Bray. You must allow that the cha-
“ racters are well chosen; and the speakers maintain their
“ respective opinions smartly: at last the Knight seems to
“ come over to his adversary, at least so far as to allow that
“ the doctrine was convenient, if not honourable; but that he
“ did not see how any man could allow himself to act thus:
“ when the Vicar concludes; Nothing easier, with proper
“ management; &c. You must go the right way to work—

“ For Conscience, like a fiery horse,
“ Will stumble, if you check his course:
“ But ride him with an easy rein,
“ And rub him down with worldly gain,
“ He’ll carry you through thick and thin,
“ Safe, although dirty, to your inn.”

This certainly is sterling sense.—It would give me great
pleasure to be enabled to present these Dialogues to the world;
but where they are now deposited is unknown.

The

The assistance of some intelligent friends has enabled me to add a biographical account of almost every Writer here selected; and their persuasions have induced me to lay before the publick **FOUR VOLUMES**, as part of the plan I have undertaken. Two others are actually in the press. There are still an infinite number of Collections, which, amidst a chaos of weeds, would afford a considerable quantity of flowers well worth the transplanting. But the encouragement these meet with must determine whether the publication shall cease at the end of the **SIXTH** volume, or be extended still farther. Without any great idea of emolument, which in this case is far from being the principal object, I am unwilling to sacrifice the little leisure of a laborious life in a pursuit that I have not reason to think will in some small degree contribute to “the public stock of harmless pleasure.”

To my concluding volume shall be annexed a complete **POETICAL INDEX**. In the mean time, for the convenience of the Reader, a short Index to the Notes will follow this Advertisement.

Jan. 1, 1780.

J. N.

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-

A S E L E C T C O L L E C T I O N O F P O E M S.

ELEGY*, BY THE WIFE OF ST. ALEXIAS†,
COMPLAINING OF HIS ABSENCE, HE HAVING LEFT
HER ON HIS WEDDING NIGHT UNENJOYED, OUT OF
ZEAL TO VISIT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

FROM THE LATIN OF FRANCIS REMOND‡,

L OV'D by, and loving, the best youth of Rome,
My fatal charms sent many to their tomb :
Now, wretched maid and miserable wife,
In tears and in complaints I waste my life.
Abandon'd by my husband ere enjoy'd,
With thoughts of pleasure yet untasted cloy'd ||.
He leaves me to my anxious cares a prey ;
Ah ! my Alexias, whither do you stray ;

* "The Complaint," by Broome, English Poets, vol. XL.
p. 134, is partly in imitation of this Elegy. N.

† Or rather Alexis, a nobleman of Rome ; of whom see
a full account in Blainville's Travels, II. 524. Alexias is
probably the name of the poem, as Christias is the history of
Christ. N.

‡ A Jesuit, of Dijon. He employed himself in composing
prose and poetry. Vid. Delit. Gall. Poet. III. p. 209. Alegambe,
a brother Jesuit, in his Bibliotheque of the order, p. 131, very
highly commends his Alexias. He died in 1631. N.

|| This conveys not the least idea of devotion. N.

• MISCELLANY POEMS.

Whilst in my maiden-widow'd bed I lie,
 More wretched than the dead, and wish to die * !
 In you were all my hopes, dear wanderer,
 Your doubted safety now creates my fear.
 He broke his vows, he broke our marriage-bond !
 What dangers may a perjur'd wretch surround !
 At least, his flight his tender feet may wound !
 Oh, that I knew which way his course he steers !
 'T would soften much my pains, and lessen much my fears :
 A letter should inform him of my cares,
 And he in pity sure would read my prayers ;
 I 'd write him lines might move a senseless stone,
 Nay, his hard heart to feel compassion.
 But, when we write, too slow are the returns ;
 Too slow for one that with my passion burns ;
 Letters I would not trust, myself would go,
 And from my mouth my sorrows he should know.
 By stealth I 'll leave my father's house : 'twas you
 Did first, alas ! the sad example shew.
 My pressing love would wing my willing feet
 To fly, till my Alexias I should meet.
 Through deserts I durst go (a tender maid) :
 In search of you, I could not be afraid.
 No dangers should my eager steps retard,
 My innocence and love would be my guard.
 If dragons against me their crests should rear,
 Or should I meet a lion or a bear,
 I never can be capable of fear.
 David, too young for toils, a tender boy,
 Could the fierce lion and rough bear destroy ;

* This certainly is an intemperate exaggeration. N.

ELEGY TO ST. ALEXIAS. 3

From his small hand a pebble could confound,
 And strike the mountain-giant to the ground.
 Th' Assyrian general, Bethulia's dread,
 By a chaste woman's hand did lose his head,
 And she was by her guardian angel led. }
 Why may not my attempts successful prove,
 Assisted by divinity and love?
 With fearless courage I dare undertake
 Amazing actions for my husband's sake :
 Through all the world, my life ! I'll follow thee,
 Whether by land thou wanderest, or by sea ;
 Whether on shore or on the swelling main,
 One house, one boat, may both of us contain :
 If your sharp keel Ionian waves divide,
 On that Ionian sea my bark shall ride.
 If (to contemplate on the sufferings
 And cruel death of the blest King of kings)
 A pilgrim to the Holy-land you go,
 I'll join in adoration there with you.
 If where th' adored silver Jordan flows,
 With you in Palestine I'll offer holy vows ;
 Or if to Scythian mountains you repair,
 And leave this temperate for that frozen air,
 With thee, my soul ! I willingly can dwell
 On the cold top of the Caucasian hill.
 Or should you wander o'er the Libyan sand
 (That vast and wild unhospitable land),
 Through those parcht plains with thee, my love ! I'll
 stray,
 Nor fear the hungry, savage beasts of prey.

4 MISCELLANY POEMS.

I'll be a Thracian, if to Thrace you sail;
 My love shall o'er my sex's fears prevail,
 Nothing to follow you would seem a toil.
 Though to the utmost Indies you are driven,
 Till I can reach your arms, I'll know no haven.
 Ah! let chaste love propitious planets keep
 Safe from the dangers of the greedy deep;
 Yet if my ship by tempests must be torn,
 By artful strokes above the waters borne,
 In spite of nature I shall swim to shore,
 For love will give my untaught hands the power.
 The flaming constellations are in love,
 And seas, and all that in the waters move.
 Nor waves unsettled nor th' inconstant wind,
 Shall ever move my faith, or shake my steadfast mind.
 But, if inevitable fates decree
 That I must suffer in the angry sea,
 Leviathan, let me become thy prey!
 The only succour such a fate can give,
 In thy kind bowels hidden let me live,
 There let me rest, till thou shalt find that shore
 Where my Alexias is a wanderer,
 There cast me up unhurt, and leave me there.
 So in the scaly monster Jonas lay,
 Protected from the fury of the sea;
 Both wondered at their lot, and both rejoic'd,
 One with his guest was pleas'd, the other with his host;
 The third day came, and then (by heaven's command)
 The fish restor'd the prophet to the land.
 But if to me no fish will favour shew,
 And, dear Alexias! I must die for you;

Oh love divine ! I'm pleas'd for thee to fall,
 For thee, chaste author of my funeral ;
 The sea shall take my name, and 'mongst the stars
 I'll be a guide to wandering mariners :
 While they with wonder shall repeat my name
 (A faith like mine deserves no less a fame) ;
 'They'll doubtless pray that such a wife, above,
 May be rewarded for so chaste a love,
 And that her husband there may constant prove ;
 And, for the load of waters she has born,
 Her ashes may lye easy in their urn.
 Alas ! I rave, with fancies I am fed !
 Not knowing where my dearest husband's fled,
 I search him, dreaming, in my widow'd bed.
 If to the woods I go, or rocks, or shores,
 From thee they've learn'd to scorn love's mighty powers
 Unheard, alas ! I lose my amorous groans,
 The winds and waves refuse to hear my moans ;
 Echo alone can suffer my complaint,
 And she with repetition is grown faint.

Return, my life ! for what can cause your stay !
 If thou hast pity, come, oh ! come away :
 Ah ! suffer not thy absence I should mourn,
 I'll come to thee, if thou canst not return !

S A P P H O T O P H A O N *

BY THE HON. SIR CARR SCROPE †, BART.

The poetess Sappho, forsaken by her lover Phaon (who was gone from Lesbos to Sicily), and resolved in despair to drown herself, writes this letter to him before she dies.

WHILE Phaon to the flaming Ætna flies,
 Consum'd with no less fires poor Sappho dies.
 I burn, I burn, like kindled fields of corn,
 When by the driving winds the flames are borne.
 My muse and lute can now no longer please,
 They are th' employments of a mind at ease.
 Wandering from thought to thought I sit alone
 All day, and my once dear companions shun.

In

* This epistle, after having appeared in a variety of collections, was placed at the beginning of Garth's edition of "Ovid's Epistles, by several hands," 1720; where it is followed by another translation of it by Mr. Pope; undertaken, as that great poet expressly says, "not from any supposed defect in Sir Carr's translation," but because he had not taken the whole of the original. N.

† Son of Sir Adrian Scrope, of Cockrington in Lincolnshire, knight. He became a gentleman commoner of Wadham College in 1664; was created a baronet Jan. 16, 1666; and took the degree of M. A. on the fourth of February following. His poems are not numerous; consisting principally of translations and lampoons. In his "Defence of Satire," we are told by Anthony Wood, there are reflections

In vain the Lesbian maids claim each a part,
 Where thou alone hast ta'en up all the heart.
 Ah, lovely youth ! how canst thou cruel prove,
 When blooming years and beauty bid thee love ?
 If none but equal charms thy heart can bind,
 Then to thyself alone thou must be kind.
 Yet, worthless as I am, there was a time
 When Phaon thought me worthy his esteem.
 A thousand tender things to mind I call,
 For they who truly love remember all.
 Delighted with the music of my tongue,
 Upon my words with silent joy he hung,
 And, snatching kisses, stopp'd me as I sung ;

tions on, “ 1. John earl of Rochester ; 2. Edward Griffin ;
 “ 3. Wroth the page ; 4. Franc. Newport ; 5. Lord Cul-
 “ pepper ; 6. Henry Savil ; 7. James duke of Monmouth ;
 “ 8. Tho. Armstrong ; 9. ——— Loftus ; 10. Brandon Ger-
 “ rard ; 11. Jermyn earl of St. Albans ; 12. Finch lord chan-
 “ cellor.” This produced, as might have been expected, the
 keenest resentment of Rochester (see his Poems, 1779, p.
 340). Sir Carr translated the fourth elegy of Ovid's first
 book, and “ The Parting of Sireno and Diana ;” wrote the
 Prologue to Lee's “ Rival Queens,” and to “ The Man of
 “ Mode ;” and several songs introduced into the plays of
 those times. He died, in the parish of St. Martin in the
 Fields, in or about November, 1680. He is mentioned
 with respect by Dr. King, Poems, p. 271. Wood refers
 to a MS Song “ on Scrope, Godolphin, and Dorset,” in
 Mr. Sheldon's Library. “ The Parting of Sireno and Di-
 “ ana,” Wood says, was translated from the third book of
 Ovid's Elegies ; but it is more probably from an Italian ori-
 ginal. N.

Kisses, whose melting touch his soul did move,
 The earnest of the coming joys of love.
 Then tender words, short sighs, and thousand charms
 Of wanton arts, endear'd me to his arms;
 Till, both expiring with tumultuous joys,
 A gentle faintness did our limbs surprize.
 Beware, Sicilian ladies, ah! beware,
 How you receive my faithless wanderer.
 You too will be abus'd, if you believe
 The flattering words that he so well can give.
 Loose to the winds, I let my flowing hair
 No more with fragrant scents perfume the air;
 But all my dress discovers wild despair.
 For whom, alas! should now my art be shown!
 The only man I car'd to please is gone.
 Oh, let me once more see those eyes of thine:
 Thy love I ask not; do but suffer mine.
 Thou might'st at least have ta'en thy last farewell,
 And feign'd a sorrow which thou didst not feel.
 No kind remembering pledge was ask'd by thee,
 And nothing left but injuries with me.
 Witness, ye gods, with what a death-like cold
 My heart was seiz'd, when first thy flight was told.
 Speechless and stupid for a while I lay,
 And neither words nor tears could find their way.
 But, when my swelling passion forc'd a vent,
 With hair dishevel'd, cloaths in pieces rent,
 Like some mad mother through the streets I run,
 Who to the grave attends her only son.

Expos'd

S A P P H O T O P H A O N. 9

Expos'd to all the world myself I fec,
 Forgetting virtue, fame, and all but thee;
 So ill, alas! do love and shame agree!
 'Tis thou alone that art my constant care,
 In pleasing dreams thou comfort'st my despair:
 And mak'st the night, that does thy form convey,
 Welcome to me above the fairest day.
 Then, spite of absence, I thy love enjoy;
 In close embraces lock'd methinks we lie;
 Thy tender words I hear, thy kisses feel,
 With all the joys that shame forbids to tell.
 But, when I waking miss thee from my bed,
 And all my pleasing images are fled;
 The dear deluding vision to retain,
 I lay me down, and try to sleep again.
 Soon as I rise I haunt the caves and groves
 (Those conscious scenes of our once happy loves);
 There like some frantic Bacchanal I walk,
 And to myself with sad distraction talk.
 Then big with grief I throw me on the ground,
 And view the melancholy grotto round,
 Whose hanging roof of moss and craggy stone
 Delights my eyes above the brightest throne:
 But when I spy the bank, whose grassy bed
 Retains the print our weary bodies made;
 On thy forsaken side I lay me down,
 And with a shower of tears the place I drown.
 The trees are wither'd all since thou art gone,
 As if for thee they put their mourning on.

No

No warbling bird does now with musick fill
 The woods, except the mournful Philomel.
 With her's my dismal notes all night agree,
 Of Tereus she complains, and I of thee.
 Ungentle youth ! didst thou but see me mourn,
 Hard as thou art, thou would'st, thou would'st return.
 My constant falling tears the paper stain,
 And my weak hand can scarce direct my pen.
 Oh ! could thy eyes but reach my dreadful state,
 As now I stand prepar'd for sudden fate,
 Thou could'st not see this naked breast of mine
 Dash'd against rocks, rather than join'd to thine.
 Peace, Sappho, peace ! thou send'st thy fruitless cries
 To one more hard than rocks, more deaf than seas.
 The flying winds bear thy complaints away,
 But none will ever back his sails convey :
 No longer then thy hopeless love attend,
 But let thy life here with thy letter end.

THE PARTING OF SIRENO AND DIANA.

BY THE SAME.

Sireno and Diana having loved each other with a most
 violent passion, Sireno is compelled, upon the account
 of his master's service, to go for some time into a
 foreign country. The melancholy parting of the
 two lovers is the subject of the following eclogue.

CLOSE by a stream, whose flowery bank might give
 Delight to eyes that had no cause to grieve,
 The sad Sireno fate, and fed his sheep,
 Which now, alas ! he had no joy to keep ;

Since

Since his hard fate compell'd him to depart
 From her dear sight, who long had charm'd his heart.
 Fix'd were his thoughts upon the fatal day
 That gave him first what this must take away ;
 Through all the story of his love he ran,
 And nought forgot that might increase his pain.
 Then with a sigh raising his heavy eyes,
 Th' approach of his afflicted nymph he spies.
 Sad as she was, she lost no usual grace,
 But as she pass'd seem'd to adorn the place :
 Thither she came to take her last farewell ;
 Her silent look did her sad business tell.
 Under a neighbouring tree they fate them down,
 Whose shade had oft preserv'd them from the sun ;
 Each took the other by the willing hand,
 Striving to speak, but could no word command :
 With mutual grief both were so overcome,
 The much they had to say had made them dumb.
 There many a time they two had met before,
 But met, alas ! upon a happier score :
 Cruel reverse of fate, which all the joys
 Their mutual presence us'd to bring destroys.
 Sireno saw his fatal hour draw near,
 And, wanting strength the parting pang to bear,
 All drown'd in tears he gaz'd upon the maid,
 And she with equal grief the swain survey'd ;
 Till his imprison'd passion forc'd its way,
 And gave him leave faintly at last to say :

SIRENO.

O my Diana ! who would have believ'd
 That when the sad Sireno most had griev'd,

Any

Any affliction could have fall'n on me
 That would not vanish at the sight of thee ?
 Thy charming eyes could all my clouds dispel ;
 Let but Diana smile, and all was well.
 Absent from thee, my soul no joy could know ;
 And yet, alas ! I die to see thee now.

D I A N A.

Turn, O Sireno ! turn away thy face,
 While all her shame a blushing maid betrays ;
 For though my eyes a secret pain reveal,
 My tongue at least should my fond thoughts conceal :
 Yet I would speak, could speaking do me good,
 And since it is to thee, methinks it should.
 O shepherd, think how wretched I shall be,
 When hither I return depriv'd of thee !
 When, sitting all alone within this shade,
 Which thou so oft thy tender choice hast made,
 I read my name engrav'd on every bark,
 Of our past love the kind affecting mark ;
 Then my despairing soul to death must fly ;
 And must thou be content to let me die ?
 Why dost thou weep ? Alas ! those tears are vain,
 Since 'tis thy fault that both of us complain.
 By this the falsehood of thy vows I know ;
 For, were thy sorrow true, thou would'st not go.

S I R E N O.

Cease, cruel nymph, such killing language cease,
 And let the poor Sireno die in peace.
 Witness, ye everlasting powers above,
 That never shepherd bore a truer love !

With

With thee I wish 't had been my happy doom,
 With thee alone to spend my life to come;
 That we now part, is by no fault of mine,
 Nor yet, my dearest shepherdes, of thine;
 For, as no faith did ever mine excel,
 So never any nymph deserv'd so well.
 But the great shepherd whom we all obey,
 'Tis his command that forces me away;
 Whatever he ordains, none dare refuse;
 I must my joy, or else my honour, lose;
 Should I to him deny th' allegiance due,
 Thou might'st to thee think me disloyal too.

DIANA.

No, no, Sireno, now too late I find
 How fond she is that can believe mankind;
 Who such excuses for himself pretends,
 Will easily bear the absence he defends.
 A little time, I fear, will quite deface
 Thy thoughts of me, to give another place:
 Fool that I was my weakness to betray
 To one not mov'd with all that I can say.
 Go, cruel man, embark whene'er you please,
 But take this with you as you pass the seas;
 Though with the fiercest winds the waves should roar,
 That tempest will be less than mine on shore.

SIRENO.

'Tis hard unjust suspicions to abide;
 But who can such obliging anger chide?
 Fair as thou art, that charin could never move
 My heart to this degree, without thy love:

For 'tis thy tender sense of my sad fate,
 That does my sharpest, deadliest pain create.
 Ah fear not, to what place foe'er I go,
 That I shall ever break my sacred vow :
 When for another I abandon thee,
 May heaven, for such a crime, abandon me !

D I A N A.

If ever I my dearest swain deceive,
 Or violate the faith that here I give :
 When to their food my hungry flocks I lead,
 May the fresh grass still wither where they tread !
 And may this river, when I come to drink,
 Dry up as soon as I approach the brink !
 Take here this bracelet of my virgin hair,
 And when for me thou canst a minute spare,
 Remember this poor pledge was once a part
 Of her, who with it gave thee all her heart.
 Where'er thou goest, may fortune deal with thee
 Better than thou, alas ! has dealt with me.
 Farewell ; my tears will give me leave to say
 No more than this, to all the Gods I pray,
 These weeping eyes may once enjoy thy sight,
 Before they close in death's eternal night.

S I R E N O.

Then let Sireno banish all his fears,
 Heaven cannot long resist such pious tears.
 The righteous Gods, from whom our passion came,
 Will pity (sure) so innocent a flame ;
 Reverse the hard decree for which we mourn,
 And let Sireno to his joys return.

I shall again my charming nymph behold,
 And never part, but in her arms grow old :
 That hope alone my breaking heart sustains,
 And arms my tortur'd soul to bear my pains.

PROLOGUE TO THE MAN OF MODE.

BY THE SAME. 1676.

L I K E dancers on the ropes poor poets fare :
 Most perish young ; the rest in danger are.
 This (one would think) should make our authors wary ;
 But, gamester like, the giddy fools miscarry.
 A lucky hand or two so tempts them on,
 'They cannot leave off play till they're undone.
 With modest fears a Muse does first begin,
 Like a young wench newly entic'd to sin :
 But, tickled once with praise, by her good-will,
 The wanton fool would never more lie still.
 'Tis an old mistress you'll meet here to-night,
 Whose charms you once have look'd on with delight ;
 But now of late such dirty drabs have known you,
 A Muse o' th' better sort's ashamed to own you.
 Nature well drawn, and wit, must now give place
 To gaudy nonsense, and to dull grimace :
 Nor is it strange that you should like so much
 That kind of wit, for most of yours is such.
 But I'm afraid that, while to France we go,
 To bring you home fine dresses, dance, and show,
 The stage, like you, will but more foppish grow.
 Of foreign wares why should we fetch the scum,
 When we can be so richly serv'd at home ?

For,

For, heaven be thank'd, 'tis not so wise an age,
 But your own follies may supply the stage.
 Though often plough'd, there's no great fear the soil
 Should barren grow by the too frequent toil;
 While at your doors are to be daily found
 Such loads of dunghill to manure the ground.
 'Tis by your follies that we players thrive,
 As the physicians by diseases live,
 And as each year some new distemper reigns,
 Whose friendly poison helps t' increase their gains:
 So among you, there starts up every day,
 Some new unheard-of fool for us to play.
 Then for your own sakes be not too severe;
 Nor what you all admire at home, damn here.
 Since each is fond of his own ugly face,
 Why should you, when we hold it, break the glass?

SONG IN THE MAN OF MODE.

BY THE SAME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE LA SUZE.

AS Amoret with Phyllis fate
 One evening on the plain,
 And saw the charming Strephon wait
 To tell the nymph his pain:
 The threatening danger to remove,
 She whisper'd in her ear,
 Ah, Phyllis, if you would not love,
 This shepherd do not hear.

None

SONG IN THE MAN OF MODE. 17

None ever had so strange an art,
His passion to convey
Into a listening virgin's heart,
And steal her soul away.

Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your fate.

In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
Alas ! tis now too late.

PROLOGUE TO THE RIVAL QUEENS.

BY THE SAME. 1677.

HOW hard the fate is of the scribbling drudge,
Who writes to all, when yet so few can judge !
Wit, like religion, once divine was thought ;
And the dull crowd believ'd as they were taught :
Now each fanatic fool presumes t' explain
The text, and does the sacred writ profane ;
For, while your wits each other's fall pursue,
The fops usurp the power belongs to you.
You think y' are challeng'd in each new play-bill,
And here you come for trial of your skill ;
Where, fencer-like, you one another hurt,
While with your wounds you make the rabble sport.
Others there are, that have the brutal will
To murder a poor play, but want the skill.
They love to fight, but seldom have the wit
To spy the place where they may thrust and hit ;

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And

And therefore, like some bully of the town,
Ne'er stand to draw, but knock the poet down.
With these, like hogs in gardens, it succeeds ;
They root up all, and know not flowers from weeds.
As for you, sparks, that hither come each day,
To act your own, and not to mind our play ;
Rehearse your usual follies to the pit,
And with loud nonsense drown the stage's wit ;
Talk of your cloaths, your last debauches tell,
And witty bargains to each other sell ;
Glout on the silly she, who, for your sake,
Can vanity and noise for love mistake ;
Till the coquette, sung in the next lampoon,
Is by her jealous friends sent out of town.
For, in this duelling, intriguing age,
The love you make is like the war you wage,
Y' are still prevented ere you come t' engage. }
But 'tis not to such trifling foes as you,
The mighty Alexander deigns to sue ;
The Persians of the pit he does despise,
But to the men of sense for aid he flies ;
On their experienc'd arms he now depends,
Nor fears he odds, if they but prove his friends :
For as he once a little handful chose,
The numerous armies of the world t' oppose ;
So, back'd by you, who understand the rules,
He hopes to rout the mighty host of fools !

H O R A C E,

H O R A C E, B O O K I. O D E I V.

C O N Q U E R ' D with soft and pleasing charms,
 And never-failing vows of her return,
 Winter unlocks his frosty arms
 To free the joyful Spring;
 Which for fresh loves with youthful heat does burn;
 Warm south-winds court her, and with fruitful showers
 Awake the drowsy flowers,
 Who haste, and all their sweetness bring
 To pay their yearly offering.
 No nipping white is seen,
 But all the fields are clad with pleasant green,
 And only fragrant dews now fall:
 The ox forsakes his once-warm stall
 To bask i' th' sun's much warmer beams;
 The ploughman leaves his fire and his sleep,
 Well pleas'd to whistle to his labouring teams;
 Whilst the glad shepherd pipes to frisking sheep.
 Nay, tempted by the smiling sky,
 Wreck'd merchants quit the shore,
 Resolving once again to try
 The wind and sea's almighty power;
 Chusing much rather to be dead than poor.
 Upon the flowery plains,
 Or under shady trees,
 The shepherdesses and their swains
 Dance to their rural harmonies;

They steal in private to the covert groves,
There finish their well-heighten'd loves.
The city dame takes this pretence
(Weary of husband and of innocence)
To quit the smoke and business of the town,
And to her country-house retires,
Where she may bribe, then grasp, some brawny clown,
Or her appointed gallant come
To feed her loose desires ;
Whilst the poor dotard by his sweat at home
Maintains her lust and pride,
Blest as he thinks in such a beauteous bride.
Since all the world's thus gay and free,
Why should not we ?
Let's then accept our mother nature's treat,
And please ourselves with all that's sweet ;
Let's to the shady bowers,
Where, crown'd with gaudy flowers,
We'll drink and laugh away the gliding hours.
For, trust me, Thyrsis, the grim conqueror Death
With the same freedom snatches a king's breath,
He huddles the poor fetter'd slave,
To's unknown grave.
Though each day we with cost repair,
He mocks our greatest skill and utmost care ;
Nor loves the fair, nor fears the strong,
And he that lives the longest, dies but young ;
And, once depriv'd of light,
We're wrapt in mists of endless night.

Once come to those dark cells of which we're told
 So many strange romantic tales of old,
 (In things unknown invention's justly bold);
 No more shall mirth and wine
 Our loves and wits refine;
 No more shall you your Phyllis have,
 Phyllis so long you've priz'd:
 Nay she too in the grave
 Shall lie like us despis'd.

PHARMACEUTRIA; *

OR, THE ENCHANTRESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THEOCRITUS,

BY MR. W. BOWLES, OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Simætha is here introduced by the poet in love with one Delphis; and not having seen him in twelve days, and suspecting him to love some other woman, she, by the help of her maid Thestylis, endeavours by charms to reduce him.

THE philtres, Thestylis, and charms prepare,
 I'll try, since neither Gods nor Delphis hear,
 If the false man, by me in vain lov'd,
 By charms, and arts more powerful, can be mov'd.
 Twelve days, an age to me, alas! are past,
 Since at these doors he knock'd, or saw me last;
 Scorn'd and neglected, if I live, or no,
 Inhuman as he is, he does not know.

* Another imitation of the Pharmaceutria is printed among the poems of Lord Lansdowne, p. 169. — Some account of Mr. Bowles shall be given in this volume. N.

To some new mistress sure he is inclin'd,
 For love has wings, and he a changing mind.
 To-morrow I'll to the Palæstra go,
 And tell him he's unkind to use me so.
 Now to my charm: but you, bright queen of night,
 Shine, and assist me with your borrow'd light,
 You, mighty goddess, I invoke; and you
 Infernal Hecate——

(When you ascend from the pale shades below
 Through gaping tombs, and the divided ground,
 A sudden horror seizes all around,
 The dogs at your approach affrighted fly),
 Assist, and with your powerful aid be nigh;
 Inspire this charm, and may it prove as strong
 As Circe's or the bold Medea's song!

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and powerful charms,
 Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms!
 Throw meal upon the hallow'd flames: d' you stand
 Insensible, you sot, when I command?
 Or am I scorn'd, and grown a jest to you?
 Strew salt, and say, thus Delphis' bones I strew.

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and powerful charms,
 Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms!
 As Delphis me, so I this laurel burn;
 And as that burns, and does to ashes turn,
 And cracks, and in a glorious light expires,
 So may false Delphis burn in quicker fires!

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and powerful charms,
 Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms!
 As the wax melts, which in the fire I cast,
 So in love's flower flames may Delphis waste:

And

And as this wheel, with motion quick turn'd round,
 Though seeming to go on, and quit its ground,
 Returns, and in its magic circle still is found;
 So, though averse, and fled from my embrace,
 May he return, and still maintain his place!

}

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and powerful charms,
 Bring back the perjurd Delphis to my arms!

Hail, Artemis, and aid me from above;

You all the stubborn powers below can move,
 Th' infernal judges and th' infernal king:

Ring, Thestylis, the founding brass, haste, ring.

She comes, the goddess comes; the dreadful cry
 Of howling dogs gives notice she is nigh.

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and powerful charms,

Bring back the perjurd Delphis to my arms!

See! silent are the winds; a peaceful sleep

Has calm'd the raging seas, and smooth'd the deep:

But the rough tempest, that distracts my breast,

No calm can find, and will admit no rest.

O chastity, and violated fame!

I burn for him whose love's my only shame.

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and powerful charms,

Bring back the perjurd Delphis to my arms!

Thus thrice I sacrifice, and thrice I pray

You execute, great goddess, what I say.

Whoe'er she be that shares his envied bed,

Proud by her conquest, and my ruin, made,

Her honour lost, and she undone, as I,

Deserted and abandon'd may she lie,

As did on Dia's shore the royal maid
By perjur'd Theseus' cruelty betray'd.

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and powerful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms!
Hippomanes, but tasted, rage inspires,
And with new heat the winged couriers fires,
O'er fields and woods and mountains tops they go,
Their rage no bounds, and they no stop can know;
Such is the plant: and oh! that I might see
My Delphis with like rage run home to me!

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and powerful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms!
This fringe, which my lov'd Delphis once did wear,
This once dear relick thus enrag'd I tear:
How cruel is the love that leach-like drains
From my pale limbs the blood and empty veins!

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and powerful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms!
To-morrow a dire potion I'll compound;
Now, Thestylis, this philtre spread around
His fatal door——

(There all my thoughts and my lost senses dwell,
There, though ill us'd, my soul continues still)
And spit, and the ingrateful man devove,
That flights my passion, and neglects my love.

Bring back, ye sacred herbs, and powerful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms!
She's gone; and since I now am left alone,
What shall I say? what first shall I bemoan?
What was the cause? whence sprung my ill-plac'd love?
Diana's rites can tell, and fatal grove;

When

When fair Anaxo, to the temple led,
Her nuptial-vow to the chaste goddess paid,
With savage beasts the glorious pomp was grac'd,
And a fierce lions amidst them plac'd.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.

Theucharila, my nurse, would see the show,
She near us dwelt, and begg'd of me to go ;
Her prayers and my ill fate at last prevail'd,
There my kind stars and better genius fail'd.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.

There all my ills began ; for there, alas !

I Delphis saw and Eudamippus pass :

Their golden hair in careless curls hung down,

And brighter, Cynthia, far than you they shone.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.

I saw, and was undone ! a subtle fire

Ran through my veins, and kindled hot desire ;

The shining pomp could now no more surprize,

A nobler object now employ'd my eyes.

When that was ended, I forgot to go,

How I return'd, or when, I did not know ;

Ten days, as many restless nights I lay,

My beauty to the fierce disease a prey.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,

Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.

My flesh all wasted, and my limbs all pale,

And all my hair with the strong poison fell :

Ah,

Ah, cruel love, to what dost thou inforce?
 To what enchantress had I not recourse,
 For skill in herbs and magick arts renown'd?
 No remedy in their vain arts I found.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,
 Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.
 With sickness wasted, and with grief oppress'd,
 Thus to my servant I at last confess:
 Haste, Thestylis, thy dying mistress sends,
 My health on Delphis, and my life depends,
 Delphis, who gave, alone can cure the wound;
 No remedy for love but love is found:
 In active sports and wrestling he delights,
 And in the bright Palæstra often sits.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,
 Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.
 There watch your time, and softly let him know
 Simætha sent you; then my lodgings show.
 She did, and straight his sounding feet I heard,
 Gods! but when lovely Delphis first appear'd!

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,
 Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.
 A death-like cold seiz'd on me; from my brow,
 Like southern dew, the liquid drops did flow.
 Stiff and unmov'd I lay, and on my tongue
 My dying words, when I would speak them, hung:
 As when imperfect sounds from children fall,
 When in their dreams they on their mother call.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,
 Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.

The

The cruel man fat down upon my bed,
 And then with eyes cast downward thus he said :
 In love you are as far before me gone,
 As young Philinus lately I out-run.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,
 Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.
 Had not your kinder message call'd me home,
 By love's sweet joys at night I would have come ;
 Arm'd with my friends I had beset you round,
 And my victorious head with poplar crown'd.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,
 Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.
 Had you admitted me, it had been well,
 For I in swiftnefs and in form excel,
 But that my vanquish'd equals best may tell ;
 Some smaller favour then I had desir'd ;
 And modestly, but with a kiss, retir'd :
 Had you been cruel, and your doors been barr'd,
 With bars and torches for the storm I was prepar'd.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,
 Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.
 Now thanks to you, great queen of love, I owe,
 And next, my fair preserver, next to you ;
 She saw the burning pain which I endure,
 And recommends to you the mighty cure ;
 For cool and gentle are all other fires
 Compar'd with those which cruel Love inspires.

Tell, silver Phœbe, tell whence sprung my flame,
 Tell, for you know whence the dire passion came.
 Love, tender maids can from their beds excite,
 Nor darkness them, nor danger can affright,

Love's mighty power can the young wife compel
From her warm sleeping husband's arms to steal,
He said : and I, a fond, believing maid,
Press'd and reclin'd him gently on my bed ;
Now a new heat return'd with his embrace,
Warmth to my blood, and colour to my face,
And, to be short, with mutual kisses fir'd,
To the last bliss we eagerly aspir'd,
And both attain'd what both alike desir'd. }
Now swift the hours and wing'd with pleasure flew,
Calm were our passions, and no tempest knew ;
No quarrel could disturb our peaceful bed :
But all those joys this fatal morning fled.
Aurora scarce had chac'd away the night,
And o'er the world diffus'd her rosy light,
Philista's mother came, and as she still
The love and news o' th' town delights to tell ;
She told me first that Delphis lov'd, but who
She could not tell, but that he lov'd she knew ;
All signs of some new love, she said, she found,
His house adorn'd and doors with garlands crown'd.
She tells me true ; oh my ill-boding fears !
And Delphis' treachery too plain appears :
His visits were more frequent, now at last
Since he was here twelve tedious days are past.
'Tis so ; and can he then so cruel prove,
And I so soon forgotten, and my love ;
Now I'm content to see what charms can do,
But if he dares go on to use me so,
Provok'd at last a potion I'll prepare,
That by his death shall ease me of my care,

So

So sure the poison, and so strong the draught;
 The secret was by an Assyrian taught.
 You, Cynthia, now may to the sea decline,
 And to the rising sun your light resign;
 My charm 's now done, and has no longer force
 To fix your chariot, or retard your course;
 I, what I can't redress, must learn to bear,
 And a sad cure attend from my despair.
 Adieu, O moon, and every glimmering light;
 Adieu, ye gay attendants on the night.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XV. IMITATED.

BY MR. KNIGHTLEY CHETWOOD*.

THEN this unwieldy factious town
 To such prodigious bulk is grown,
 It on whole counties stands, and now
 Land will be wanting for the plough,

* A gentleman of an ancient family, and afterwards D. D. In the summer of 1689, he was nominated by James II. to the see of Bristol, then vacant on Dr. Trelawney's promotion to Exeter; but declined the offer. He was installed dean of Gloucester, April 6, 1707; and about the same time was made chaplain to the English forces in Flanders, under the duke of Marlborough. He died April 4, 1720. He was author of the ingenious and learned dissertation prefixed to Dryden's Virgil in 1697; and of a variety of little poems dispersed in different collections. N.

Those

Those remnants too the Boors forsake ;
Frith must the nation undertake.
As in a plague the fields shall desert lie,
Whilst all men to the mighty pesthouse fly.

II.

If any tree is to be seen,
'Tis myrtle, bays, and ever-green ;
Lime-trees, and plane, for pleasure made,
Which for their fruit bear only shade.
Such as do female men content,
With useless shew and barren scent.
The British oak will shortly be as rare,
As orange-trees here once, or cedar were.

III.

Not by these arts, my masters, sure
Your fathers did those lands procure.
They prefer'd use to empty shew,
No softening French refinements knew.
Themselves, their house, their table, plain,
Noble and richly clad their train.
Temperance did health without physicians keep,
And labour crown'd hard beds with easy sleep.

IV.

To th' publick rich, in private poor,
The exchequer held their greatest store.
They did adorn their native place
With structures, which their heirs deface.
They in large palaces did dwell,
Which we to undertakers sell.

Stately

Stately cathedrals they did found,
 Whose ruins now deform the ground ;
 Churches and colleges endow'd with lands,
 Whose poor remains fear sacrilegious hands.

THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

BY THE SAME.

I Damon and Alpheus' loves recite,
 The shepherds envy, and the fields delight :
 Whom as they strove, the listening heifers stood,
 Greedy to hear, forgetful of their food ;
 They charm'd the rage of hungry wolves, and led
 The wandering rivers from their wonted bed.

I Damon and Alpheus' loves recite,
 The shepherds envy, and the fields delight.
 And you, great prince, whose empire unconfin'd,
 As earth, as seas, yet narrower than your mind,
 Whether you with victorious troops pass o'er
 Timavus' rocks, or coast th' Illyrian shore !
 Shall I, beginning with these rural lays,
 Ever my Muse to such perfection raise,
 As without rashness to attempt your praise,
 And through the subject world your deeds rehearse ?
 Deeds worthy of the majesty of verse !
 My first fruits now I to your altar bring ;
 You, with a riper Muse, I last will sing.
 Mean-while among your laurel wreaths allow
 This ivy branch to shade your conquering brow.

Scarce

Scarce had the sun dispell'd the shades of night,
 Whilst dewy browze the cattle does invite;
 When in a mournful posture, pale and wan,
 The luckless Damon thus his plaints began:

Thou drowsy star of morning, come away,
 Come and lead forth the sacred lamp of day;
 Whilst I, by Nisa baffled and betray'd,
 Dying, to heaven accuse the perjur'd maid:
 But prayers are all lost breath; the powers above
 Give dispensations for false oaths in love.

Begin with me, my flute, begin such strains,
 As Pan our patron taught th' Arcadian swains.
 'Tis a most blessed place, that Arcady!
 And shepherds blest'd, who in those coverts lie!
 Musick and love is all their business there,
 Pan doth himself part in those concerts bear:
 The vocal pines with clasping arms conspire,
 To cool the sun's, and fan their amorous fire.

Begin with me, my flute, begin such strains,
 As Pan our patron taught th' Arcadian swains.
 Mopsus does Nisa a cheap conquest gain,
 Presented, woo'd, betroth'd to me in vain.
 What hour secure, what respite to his mind
 In this false world can a poor lover find?
 Let griffins mares, and eagles turtles woo,
 And tender fawns the ravening dogs pursue:
 These may indeed subject of wonder prove,
 But nothing to this prodigy of love.
 Mopsus, buy torches: Hymen, you must join;
 Bespeak our bride-cake, Hesperus; all is thine.

Begin

Begin with me, my flute, begin such strains
 As Pan our patron taught th' Arcadian swains.
 A worthy match, and just reward of pride!
 Whilst you both Damon and his pipe deride!
 Too long my beard, nor smooth enough my face:
 And with my person you my flocks disgrace.
 There are revenging gods, proud nymphs there are,
 And injur'd love is heaven's peculiar care.

Begin with me, my flute, begin such strains
 As Pan our patron taught th' Arcadian swains.
 Early I walk'd one morn with careless thought,
 Your mother you into our garden brought,
 And ruddy wildings round the hedges fought;
 The fairest fruit, and glittering all with dew,
 (The boughs were high, but yet) I reach'd for you:
 I came, I saw, I gaz'd my heart away,
 Me, and my flocks, and all my life that minute led astray.

Begin with me, my flute, begin such strains
 As Pan our patron taught th' Arcadian swains.
 Now, Love, I know you, for myself too late:
 But, shepherds, take ye warning by my fate.
 Trust not this flattering voice, or smiling face
 A Canibal, or born in rocky Thrace,
 Not one of us, nor like the British race.
 She-wolves gave suck to the pernicious boy;
 The shepherds he, they do the flocks destroy.

Begin with me, my flute, begin such strains
 As Pan our patron taught th' Arcadian swains.
 Mischief is all his sport; at his commands,
 In her son's blood Medea bath'd her hands;

34 MISCELLANY POEMS.

A sad unnatural mother she, 'tis true;
 But, Love, that cruelty she learn'd of you.
 Begin with me, my flute, begin such strains
 As Pan our patron taught th' Arcadian swains.
 Nature, which with this dotage hath begun,
 Now into all extravagance will run:
 The tamarisk bright amber shall distil,
 And the coarse elder bear soft daffodil.
 Shortly the screech-owl, with her boding throat,
 The swans shall rival in their dying note,
 S——— and O——— the bays shall claim,
 And equal Dryden's and Roscommon's fame.
 Begin with me, my flute, begin such strains
 As Pan our patron taught th' Arcadian swains.
 May the work sink with me! farewell, ye groves,
 Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves:
 Down from the precipice myself I'll cast,
 Accept this present, Nisa — 'tis my last.
 Then cease, my flute, for ever cease thy strains,
 Bid a sad silence through th' Arcadian plains.

THE PRAISES OF ITALY,
 FROM VIRGIL'S SECOND GEORGIC.

BY THE SAME.

BUT neither Median groves, whose happy soil
 With choicest fruits prevents the labourer's toil,
 Nor Ganges' streams blessing his fertile land,
 Nor Hermus' self rolling on golden sand,

Can with fair Italy the prize contest;
 Less gay the glorious kingdoms of the east,
 Nor Araby, with all her gums and spice, is half so blest. }
 No Hydras she, or monstrous bulls does bear,
 Who with their flaming nostrils blast the air;
 Nor dragons teeth sown in the wondering field
 Do short-liv'd harvests of arm'd brethren yield:
 But vital fruit she brings, wine, oil, and corn,
 And fairest cattle do her meads adorn.
 Her warlike horse is of the noblest race,
 Who proudly prances o'er his native place.
 And where thy magic streams, Clitumnus, flow,
 The flocks are white as the fresh falling snow.
 Heaven does so much those sacred victims prize,
 'Twill give a conquest for a sacrifice.
 As in the north 'tis winter makes the year,
 The spring and autumn are the seasons here, }
 Cattle breed twice, and twice the restless furrows
 bear. }
 But heaven has banish'd hence rough beasts of prey, }
 No hungry lions on the mountains stray, }
 Nor monstrous snakes make insecure the fearful
 traveler's way. }
 Nature did this; but industry and art
 To the rich mass did nobler forms impart.
 Her marble rocks into fair cities rise,
 Which with their pointed turrets pierce the skies.
 Here pleasant feats, by which clear streams do pass,
 Gaze on their shadows in the liquid glass:

There, big with story, ancient walls do show
Their reverend heads; beneath, fam'd rivers flow.
The sea, which would surround the happy place,
Does it on both sides with his arms embrace:
And stately gallies, which the Adria ride,
Bring the world's tribute with each gentle tide.
The spacious lakes with level prospect please,
Or swell, an imitation of the seas.
What should I tell how art could undertake
To make a haven in the Lucrine lake?
The rocky mole which bridles in the main,
Whilst angry surges spend their rage in vain.
As Cæsar's arms all nations can subdue,
So Cæsar's works can conquer nature too.
Her very entrails veins of silver hold,
And mountains are all under-arch'd with gold;
But her chief treasures, without which the rest are vain,
Are men for labour, generals made to reign.
She bred the Marſian who ne'er knew to yield,
And tough Ligurian, fit for either field:
Triumphant cottagers, whose frugal hand
Held both the spade and truncheon of command:
Decii, devoted for the public good,
Compounding for whole armies with their blood:
Camiſſus, ſaviour of the ſinking ſtate,
Who reſcued Rome ev'n from the miſt of fate.
Marii, who Roman eagles bore ſo far,
And Scipios, the two thunder-bolts of war.
You laſt, great Cæſar, whoſe green years did more
Than generals old in triumphs could before.

You tow'rd the East your glorious course do run,
 India forgets now to adore the sun.
 Hail! happy soil, learning and empire's feat,
 Mother of heroes, Saturn's soft retreat,
 'To you I Græcian arts in triumph bring,
 And your just praise in lasting numbers sing.

U P O N D E S I R E.

WHAT art thou, oh thou new-found pain?
 From what infection dost thou spring?
 Tell me, O tell me, thou enchanting thing,
 Thy nature and thy name.
 Inform me by what subtile art,
 What powerful influence,
 You got such vast dominion in a part
 Of my unheeded and unguarded heart,
 That fame and honour cannot drive you thence?
 Oh mischievous usurper of my peace!
 Oh soft intruder of my solitude!
 Charming disturber of my ease!
 That hast my nobler fate pursued;
 And all the glories of my life subdued!

Thou haunt'st my inconvenient hours;
 The business of the day, nor silence of the night,
 That should to cares and sleep invite,
 Can bid defiance to thy conquering powers.
 Where hast thou been this live-long age,
 That from my birth till now.

Thou never didst one thought engage,
Or charm my soul with the uneasy rage,
That made it all its humbler feeble know?
Where wert thou, O malicious sprite,
When shining glory did invite?
When interest call'd, then thou wert shy,
Nor one kind aid to my assistance brought;
Nor would'st inspire one tender thought,
When princes at my feet did lie.
When thou could'st mix ambition with my joy,
Then, peevish phantom, thou wert nice and coy;
Not beauty would invade thee then,
Nor all the arts of lavish men;
Not all the powerful rhetorick of the tongue,
No sacred wit could charm thee on;
Not the soft play that lovers make,
Nor sighs could fan thee to a fire;
No pleading tears or vows could thee awake,
Nor charm'd the unform'd—something—to desire.

Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear,
By youth, by love, by all their powers,
Have search'd and sought thee every where,
In silent groves, in lonely bowers,
On flowery beds where lovers wishing lie,
In sheltering woods where fighting maids
To their assigning shepherds hie,
And hide their blushes in the gloom of shades.
Yet there, ev'n there, though youth assail'd,
Where beauty prostrate lay, and fortune woo'd,

My

My heart (insensible) to neither bow'd;
Thy lucky aid was wanting to prevail.

In courts I sought thee then, thy proper sphere,
But thou in crouds wert stifled there;
Interest did all the loving business do,
Invites the youths, and wins the virgins too;
Or if by chance some heart thy empire own,
Ah! power ingrate! the slave must be undone.

Tell me, thou nimble fire, that dost dilate
Thy mighty force through every part,
What God or human power did thee create
In my (till now) unfacile heart?
Art thou some welcome plague sent from above,
In this dear form, this kind disguise?
Or the false offspring of mistaken love,
Begot by some soft thought, that feeble strove
With the bright-piercing beauties of Lyfander's eyes?
Yes, yes, tormenter, I have found thee now,
And found to whom thou dost thy being owe:
'Tis thou the blushes dost impart,
'Tis thou that tremblest in my heart.
When the dear shepherd does appear,
I faint and die with pleasing pain;
My words intruding sighs break,
Whene'er I touch the charming swain;
Whene'er I gaze, whene'er I speak,
Thy conscious fire is mingled with my love;
As in the sanctified abodes
Misguided worshipers approve
The mixing idols with their Gods.

In vain, alas ! in vain I strive
With errors, which my soul do please and vex;
For superstition will survive,
Purer religion to perplex.

Oh tell me, ye philosophers in love,
What can these burning feverish fits control,
By what strange arts you cure the soul,
And all the fiery calenture remove.

Tell me, ye fair-ones, you that give desire,
How 'tis you hide the kindling fire.
Oh, would you but confess the truth,
It is not real virtue makes you nice:
But, when you do resist the pressing youth,
'Twas want of dear desire to thaw the virgin-ice:
And, while your young adorers lie,
All languishing and hopeless at your feet;
Raising new trophies to your chastity,
Oh, tell me how you do remain discreet;
And not the passion to the throng make known,
Which Cupid in revenge has now confin'd to one:
How you suppress the rising sighs,
And the soft yielding soul that wishes in your eyes!
While to th' admiring crowd you nice are found,
Some dear, some secret youth, who gives the wound,
Informs you, all your virtue's but a cheat,
And honour but a false disguise,
Your modesty a necessary flight
To gain the dull repute of being wise.

Deceive

Deceive the foolish world, deceive it on,
 And veil your passion in your pride;
 But now I've found your weakness by my own,
 From me the needful fraud you cannot hide;
 For, though with virtue I the world perplex,
 Lyfander finds the feeble of my sex:
 So Helen, though from Theseus' arms she fled,
 To charming Paris yields her heart and bed.

A S O N G.

I.

AT dead of night, when rapt in sleep
 The peaceful cottage lay,
 Pastora left her folded sheep,
 Her garland, crook, and useless scrip;
 Love led the nymph astray.

II.

Loose and undrest she takes her flight
 To a near myrtle-shade;
 The conscious moon gave all her light,
 To bless her ravish'd lover's sight,
 And guide the loving maid.

III.

His eager arms the nymph embrace,
 And, to assuage his pain,
 His restless passion he obeys:
 At such an hour, in such a place,
 What lover could contain?

IV. In

IV.

In vain she call'd the conscious moon,
 The moon no succour gave ;
 The cruel stars unmov'd look'd on,
 And seem'd to smile at what was done,
 Nor would her honour save.

V.

Vanquish'd at last by powerful love,
 The nymph expiring lay :
 No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,
 Since no kind stars were found above,
 She blush'd, and dy'd away.

VI.

Yet blest the grove, her conscious flight,
 And youth that did betray ;
 And, panting, dying with delight,
 She blest the kind transporting night,
 And curst approaching day.

O N M R. W A L L E R.

BY SIR THOMAS HIGGONS*.

THOUGH I can add but little to his name,
 Whose Muse hath given him such immortal fame ;
 Yet, in the crowd of those who dress his hearse,
 I come to pay the tribute of a verse.

Athens

* Son of Dr. Thomas Higgons, some time rector of West-burgh in Shropshire. He was born in that county ; became a commoner of St. Albans Hall in the beginning of the year 1638,

Athens and Rome, when learning flourish'd most,
 Could never such a finish'd poet boast:

Whose

1638, at the age of 14; when he was put under the tuition of Mr. Edward Corbet, fellow of Merton College, and lodged in the chamber under him in that house. Leaving the university without a degree, he retired to his native county. He married the widow of Robert earl of Essex; and delivered an oration at her funeral, Sept. 16, 1656. "*Oratio funebri, a marito ipso, more prisco laudata fuit,*" is part of this lady's epitaph. He married, secondly, Bridget daughter of Sir Bevil Greenvill of Stow, and sister to John earl of Bath; and removed to Grewell in Hampshire; was elected a burges for Malmisbury in 1658, and for New Windsor in 1661. His services to the crown were rewarded with a pension of 500*£*. a year, and gifts to the amount of 4000*£*. He was afterwards knighted; and in 1669 was sent envoy extraordinary to invest John George duke of Saxony with the order of the Garter. About four years after he was sent envoy to Vienna, where he continued three years. In 1685 he was elected burges for St. Germain's, "being then," says Wood, "accounted a loyal and accomplished person, and a great lover of the regular clergy." He died suddenly, of an apoplexy, in the king's-bench court, having been summoned there as a witness, November 24, 1691; and was buried in Winchester cathedral near the relicks of his first wife. His literary productions are, 1. "A Panegyric to the King, 1660." fol. 2. "The Funeral Oration on his first Lady, 1656." 3. "The History of Ifoof Bassa, 1684." He also translated into English "The Venetian Triumph;" for which he was complimented by Waller, in his Poems, p. 113; who has also addressed a poem to Mrs. Higgons, p. 201. Mr. Granger, who

Whose matchless softness in the English tongue
Out-does what Horace, or Anacreon, sung.

who styles Sir Thomas “a gentleman of great merit,” was favoured by the dutchess dowager of Portland with a manuscript copy of his Oration; and concludes, from the great scarcity of that pamphlet, that “the copies of it were, for
“certain reasons, industriously collected and destroyed,
“though few pieces of this kind have less deserved to
“perish. The countess of Essex had a greatness of mind
“which enabled her to bear the whole weight of infamy
“which was thrown upon her; but it was, nevertheless,
“attended with a delicacy and sensibility of honour which
“poisoned all her enjoyments. Mr. Higgons had said
“much, and I think, much to the purpose, in her vindication: and was himself fully convinced from the tenor of her life, and the words which she spoke at the
“awful close of it, that she was perfectly innocent. — In
“reading this interesting oration, I fancied myself standing
“by the grave of injured innocence and beauty; was sensibly touched with the pious affection of the tenderest and
“best of husbands doing public and solemn justice to an amiable and worthy woman, who had been grossly and publicly defamed. Nor could I withhold the tribute of a
“tear; a tribute which, I am confident, was paid at her interment by every one who loved virtue, and was not destitute of the feelings of humanity. This is what I immediately wrote upon reading the oration. If I am wrong in
“my opinion, the benevolent reader, I am sure, will forgive me. It is not the first time that my heart has got the
“better of my judgment.” I am not afraid of being censured for having transcribed this beautiful passage. N.

Judgment

Judgment does some to reputation raise;
 And for invention others wear the bays:
 He possess'd both, with such a talent still,
 As shew'd, not only force of wit, but skill.
 So faultless was his Muse, 'tis hard to know
 If he did more to art or nature owe.
 Read where you will, he's musick all along,
 And his sense easy, as his thought is strong.
 Some, striving to be clear, fall flat and low;
 And, when they think to mount, obscure they grow.
 He is not darker for his lofty flight;
 Nor does his easiness depress his height;
 But still perspicuous, where-so'er he fly,
 And, like the sun, is brightest when he's high.
 Ladies admire, and taste his gentle vein,
 Which does the greatest statesmen entertain.
 His verses do all sorts of readers warm,
 Philosophers instruct, and women charm.
 Nor did he all men in his verse out-do,
 But gave the law in conversation too:
 He tun'd the company where-e'er he came,
 Still leaving with them something of his flame.
 He seem'd by nature made for every thing,
 And could harangue, and talk, as well as sing;
 Persuade in council, and assemblies lead;
 Now make them bold, and then as much afraid:
 Give them his passions, make them of his mind;
 And their opinion change, as he inclin'd.
 The English he hath to perfection brought;
 And we to speak are by his measures taught.

Those

Those very words which are in fashion now,
 He brought in credit half an age ago.
 Thus Petrarch mended the Italian tongue;
 And now they speak the language which he sung.
 They both like honour to their countries do;
 Their fairs they both inimitably woo.
 They both alike eternity do give:
 And Sacharissa shall with Laura live.

TO THE DUKE, ON HIS RETURN. 1682.

BY NATHANAEL LEE*.

C O M E then at last, while anxious nations weep,
 Three kingdoms stak'd ! too precious for the deep.
 Too precious sure, for when the trump of fame
 Did with a direful sound your wreck proclaim,
 Your danger and your doubtful safety shown,
 It damp't the genius, and it shook the throne.

Your

* This celebrated dramatic poet was the son of a clergyman, and bred at Westminster-school under the famous Dr. Busby, whence he removed to Trinity college in Cambridge; became scholar upon that foundation in 1668, and proceeded A. B. the same year; but not succeeding to a fellowship, he quitted the university, and came to London, where he made an unsuccessful attempt to become an actor in 1672. The part he performed was Duncan in Sir William Davenant's alteration of Macbeth. Failing in this design, he had recourse to his pen for a support, and, having a genius for the drama,

Your helm may now the sea-born goddess take,
 And soft Favonius safe your passage make !
 Strong, and auspicious, be the stars that reign,
 The day you launch, and Nereus sweep the main !

Neptune

drama, he composed a tragedy called " Nero emperor of Rome," in 1675, which being well received, he pushed on the same way, producing a new play almost every year one with another, till 1681. Though unsuccessful in his performance on the stage, yet it is observed by Cibber, that he read his pieces with a degree of excellence which astonished the most capital actors of that age. Mr. Lee was not only careless in his œconomy, a foible incident to the poetic race, but rakishly extravagant ; to that degree, as to be frequently plunged into the lowest depths of misery : his wit and genius were also of the same unlucky turn, turgid, unbridled, and apt to break the bounds of sense. Thus gifted by nature, he left the reins loose to his imagination, till at length indigence and poetical enthusiasm transported him into madness ; so that, in November 1684, he was taken into Bedlam, where he continued four years under the care of the physicians. He was discharged in April 1688, being so much recovered as to be able to return to his occupation of writing for the stage. And he produced two plays afterwards, " The Princess of Cleve," in 1689, and " The massacre of Paris," the following year. However, notwithstanding the profits arising from these performances, he was this year reduced to so low an ebb, that a weekly stipend of ten shillings from the theatre royal was his chief dependance. He was not so clear of his phrenzy, as not to suffer some temporary relapses, and perhaps his untimely end might be occasioned by one. He died

Neptune aloft scour all the storms before,
And following Tritons wind you to the shore;
While on the beach, like billows of the land,
In bending crowds the loyal English stand!

died this year, 1690, as it is said, in a drunken frolic, by night in the street, and was interred in the parish of St. Clement Danes, near Temple-bar. He is the author of eleven plays, all acted with applause, and printed as soon as finished, with dedications of most of them to the earls of Dorset, Mulgrave, Pembroke, the duchesses of Portsmouth and Richmond, as his patrons. Mr. Addison declares, that, among our modern English poets, there was none better turned for tragedy than our author, if, instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius, he had restrained it, and kept it within proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them. There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the style of those epithets and metaphors in which he so much abounds. His "Rival Queens," and "Theodosius or the Force of Love," still keep possession of the stage. These plays excel in moving the passions, especially that universal one, love. He is said to be particularly a master in that art, and for that reason has been compared to Ovid among the ancients, and to Otway among the moderns. Mr. Dryden prefixed a copy of commendatory verses to the Rival Queens, and our author joined with that laureat in writing the tragedy of the Duke of Guise and that of Oedipus. These particulars are extracted principally from the Biographical Dictionary. N.

Come

Come then, though late, your right receive at last ;
 Which heaven preserv'd in spite of fortune's blast.
 Accept those hearts that offer on the strand ;
 The better half of this divided land.
 Venting their honest souls in tears of joy,
 They rave, and beg you would their lives employ.
 Shouting your sacred name, they drive the air,
 And fill your canvas wings with gales of prayer.
 Come then, I hear three nations shout again,
 And, next our Charles, in every bosom reign ;
 Heaven's darling charge, the care of regal stars,
 Pledge of our peace, and triumph of our wars.
 Heaven echoes, come ! but come not, fir, alone,
 Bring the bright pregnant blessing of the throne,
 And if in poets charms be force or skill,
 We charge you, O ye waves and winds, be still.
 Soft as a sailing goddess bring her home,
 With the expected prince that loads her womb,
 Joy of this age, and heir of that to come.
 Next her the virgin princess shines from far,
 Aurora that, and this the Morning-star.
 Hail then, all hail ! they land in Charles's arms,
 While his large breast the nation's angel warms.
 Tears from his cheeks with manly mildness roll,
 Then dearly grasps the treasure of his soul :
 Hangs on his neck, and feeds upon his form,
 Calls him his calm after a tedious storm.
 O brother ! he could say no more, and then
 With heaving passion clasp'd him close again.
 How oft, he cried, have I thy absence mourn'd !
 But 'tis enough thou art at last return'd :

Said I return'd ! O never more to part,
Nor draw the vital warmth from Charles's heart.
Once more, O heaven, I shall his virtue prove,
His counsel, conduct, and unshaken love.
My people too at last their error see,
And make their sovereign blest in loving thee.
Not but there is a stiff-neck'd harden'd crew,
That give not Cæsar, no nor God, his due.
Reprobate traitors, tyrants of their own,
Yet grudge to see their monarch on his throne ;
Their stubborn souls, with brass rebellion barr'd,
Desert the laws, and crimes with treason guard,
Whom I — But there he stopt, and cried, 'Tis past,
Pity's no more, this warning be their last !
Then sighing said, My soul's dear-purchas'd rest,
Welcome, O welcome, to my longing breast :
Why should I waste a tear while thou art by ?
To all extremes of friendship let us fly,
Disdain the factious croud that would rebel,
And mourn the men that durst in death excel :
Their fates were glorious, since for thee they fell. }
And as a prince has right his arms to wield,
When stubborn rebels force him to the field ;
So for the loyal, who their lives lay down,
He dares to hazard both his life and crown.

ON THE SNUFF OF A CANDLE;
MADE IN SICKNESS.

BY MRS. WHARTON*.

SEE there the taper's dim and doleful light,
In gloomy waves silently rolls about,
And represents to my dim weary sight
My light of life almost as near burnt out.
Ah, health! best part and substance of our joy,
(For without thee 'tis nothing but a shade)
Why dost thou partially thyself employ,
Whilst thy proud foes as partially invade?
What we, who ne'er enjoy, so fondly seek,
Those who possess thee still, almost despise;
To gain immortal glory, raise the weak,
Taught by their former want thy worth to prize.

* Anne, daughter and coheirefs of Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire; who, having no fon, left his estate to be divided between this lady and her sister Eleanor Countefs of Abingdon; whose memory Mr. Dryden has celebrated in a funeral panegyrick, Poems, vol. II. p. 170. She was the marquis of Wharton's first wife, and died without issue. The earl of Rochester's mother was aunt to her father Sir Henry Lee; for which reason Mr. Waller, in his verses on an elegy made by her on that nobleman's death, (in his Poems, p. 183), says, they were allied both in genius and in blood. R.

Dear melancholy Muse, my constant guide,
Charm this coy health back to my fainting heart,
Or I'll accuse thee of vain-glorious pride,
And swear thou dost but feign the moving art.
But why do I upbraid thee, gentle Muse;
Who for all sorrows mak'st me some amends?
Alas! our fickle minds sometimes abuse
Our best physicians, and our dearest friends.

SONG. BY THE SAME.

HOW hardly I conceal'd my tears,
How oft did I complain,
When many tedious days my fears
Told me I lov'd in vain!

But now my joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd;
Sorrow may make a silent moan,
But joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating flocks,
To every stream and tree,
And bless the hollow murmuring rocks
For echoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much joy
We want, we wish, believe;
'Tis hard such passion to destroy,
But easy to deceive.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

BY THE SAME.

1. **H**OW doth the mournful widow'd city bow !
 She that was once so great : alas, how low !
 Once fill'd with joy, with desolation now !

2. Tears on her cheeks, and fables on her head,
 She mourns her lovers lost, and comforts dead :
 Alas ! alas ! lost city, where are those,
 So proud once to be friends, now turn'd her foes ?

3. Judah is gone ; alas ! to bondage gone ;
 Amongst the Heathen, Judah mourns alone ;
 Griev'd, and in servitude, she finds no rest,
 Follow'd by none but those by whom oppress'd.

4. The feasts of Zion no one now attends,
 Unhappy Zion ! destitute of friends :
 Her priests still sigh, and all her virgins mourn,
 Because her gladness now finds no return.

5. Her enemies are great, and ever nigh,
 Still fortunate because her crimes were high :
 Her captiv'd children still her guilt upbraid,
 Who mourn whilst their insulting foes invade.

6. Her beauty, which excell'd, is now no more,
 That brightness which all nations did adore ;
 Her princes are like hunted harts become,
 Breathless and faint, whilst the pursuit goes on :
 Alas ! for Zion, all their strength is gone.

7. Jerusalem then thought upon the hour
 When she was crown'd with peace, delight, and power;
 Thoughts once so joyful, mournful now and vain,
 The foe insults, whilst she no helps sustain,
 Mocking both at her sabbaths and her pain. }

8. Her crimes have caus'd her to be far remov'd,
 Jerusalem, who was so well belov'd.
 All those, who in her pride admir'd her fame,
 Despise her now, because they've seen her shame:
 Sighing she turns away, with shame distress'd,
 Amaz'd, despis'd, deserted, and oppress'd.

9. Circled with guilt and shame she cannot fly,
 Her comfort's far remov'd, her end too nigh:
 She vainly thinks on that 'tis now too late,
 Behold those griefs which no one can repeat,
 Her fall is steep, and all her foes are great. }

10. Her sanctuary is by them betray'd,
 All her delights they carelessly invade;
 Even the heathen, of whom God had said,
 They should not in her holy temple tread.

11. Her hungry people sigh and give away,
 For bread, their treasures, lest their lives decay.
 Consider, Lord, see her with cares bow'd down,
 For I am vile, and Zion left alone.

12. All you who pass this way, behold and see,
 Are my griefs small? Do others grieve like me?
 Are not these sorrows, under which I bow,
 With which the Lord hath brought my soul so low?
 Turn back, and mourn with me, because my Lord
 In his fierce anger doth no peace afford.

13. He

13. He from above hath flames and horror sent,
 Circling my soul with pain and discontent :
 His snares, alas ! my weary feet betray,
 Whilst, desolate and faint, I mourn all day
 For Zion lost, her glory thrown away.

14. Our sins have brought those chains which his
 command
 Hath fasten'd now (who can his power withstand ?)
 Now they are link'd by his Almighty hand.
 The Lord forsakes, and I am now the scorn
 Of enemies, because of God forlorn :

He was my strength, and now, alas ! 'tis gone.

15. My mighty men are all by him cast down,
 They're crush'd by numbers, and I'm left alone ;
 Whilst silently thy virgin daughters mourn,
 Unhappy mournful Judah left forlorn.

16. For this I weep, and waste myself in tears,
 Because her help's far off, and sorrow's near :
 Ah, wretched Judah ! where is now thy hope ?
 Thy foes still triumph, whilst thy children droop.

17. Zion spreads forth her arms to be reliev'd ;
 But who can comfort whom the Lord hath griev'd ?
 Her enemies increase and flourish still,
 By his command, by his all-powerful will :
 Ah, wretched city, scorn'd and sham'd by all,
 Who can enough lament thy dreadful fall ?

18. Yet he is just, for I am guilty found,
 The Lord with righteousness is always crown'd.
 Ye that pass by, see me with sorrows drown'd,
 My weight of sin hath press'd me to the ground :

Who is it now my freedom can restore ?

My youth and captive virgins are no more.

19. I call'd for all my friends, but they were gone,
Friendship grows cold when misery comes on :
With hunger pin'd, my priests and rulers died,
Within my walls perish'd my strength and guide.

20. My crimes were great, so are my sorrows now,
Behold, my Lord, see the afflicted bow ;
Abroad th' unwearied sword bereaves of breath,
And grief at home is a more cruel death.

21. All round me hear my sighs, and see my tears,
Whilst there is none that can relieve my cares :
My foes hear, and rejoice at what is done ;
But thou wilt surely, Lord, at last return,
And then the enemy, like me, will mourn. }

22. Their crimes are great ; turn, mighty Lord, and see,
Afflict them then as thou afflictest me :
My griefs are great, turn therefore and relent ;
My sighs are many, and my heart is faint.

S O N G T O A L A D Y,

WHO DISCOVERED A NEW STAR IN CASSIOPEIA.

BY MR. CHARLES DRYDEN*.

AS Ariana, young and fair,
By night the starry quire did tell,
She found in Cassiopeia's chair

One beauteous light the rest excel :

This

* Eldest son of "the great high priest of all the Nine."
He was usher of the palace to Pope Clement XI. at the time
his

This happy star, unseen before,
 Perhaps was kindled from her eyes,
 And made for mortals to adore
 A new-born glory in the skies.

II.

Or if within the sphere it grew,
 Before she gaz'd the lamp was dim;
 But from her eyes the sparkles flew
 That gave new lustre to the gem.
 Bright omen! what dost thou portend,
 Thou threatening beauty of the sky?
 What great, what happy monarch's end?
 For sure by thee 'tis sweet to die.

III.

Whether to thy fore-boding fire
 We owe the crescent in decay?
 Or must the mighty Gaul expire
 A victim to thy fatal ray?
 Such a presage will late be shown
 Before the world in ashes lies;
 But if less ruin will atone,
 Let Strephon's only fate suffice.

his father addressed the letter to him which Dr. Johnson has given to the publick in his "Life of Dryden," p. 343. If the story related of the interruption given to his father's funeral be true, Charles Dryden's conduct to lord Jefferies, to whom he sent a challenge, was spirited and proper. See "Life of Dryden," p. 129. Charles translated the sixth satire of Juvenal, and wrote several poems. He was drowned in the Thames, near Windsor, in 1704. N.

ARIADNE'S

ARIADNE'S COMPLAINT,
UPON A ROCK IN THE ISLAND OF NAXOS,
ON BEING DESERTED BY THESEUS.

BY WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT*.

THESEUS! O Theseus, hark! but yet in vain
Alas, deserted, I complain!

It was some neighbouring rock, more soft than he,
Whose hollow bowels pitied me,
And, beating back that false and cruel name,
Did comfort and revenge my flame.

Tell

* Son of Thomas Cartwright, of Burford, in Oxfordshire, was born Aug. 16, 1615. This is the account given by Lloyd. But Wood, who may be supposed well-informed, says, he was the son of a gentleman of broken fortune, who was reduced to keep an inn at Cirencester, in Gloucestershire; was born at Northway, near Tewksbury, in September, 1611; and received the early part of his education at Cirencester Free-school: being placed as a king's scholar at Westminster, he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1628, where he took the degree of M. A. in 1635. The same writer informs us, "he went through the classes of Logick and Philosophy
"with an unwearied industry, took holy orders, and became
"the most florid and seraphical preacher in the university.
"He was another Tully and Virgil, as being most excellent
"for Oratory and Poetry; in which faculties, as also in
"the Greek tongue, he was so full and absolute, that those
"that best knew him, knew not in which he most excelled.

"So

Tell me, ye Gods, whoe'er ye are,
Why, O why made ye him so fair?

And

“ So admirably well versed also was he in Metaphysicks, that
“ when he was Reader of them in the University, the ex-
“ position of them was never better performed than by him
“ and his predecessor Thomas Barlow, of Queen's College.
“ His preaching also was so graceful, and profound withal,
“ that none of his time or age went beyond him. So that,
“ if the Wits read his Poems, Divines his Sermons, and
“ Philosophers his Lectures on Aristotle's Metaphysicks, they
“ would scarcely believe that he died at a little above thirty
“ years of age. But that which is most remarkable is, that
“ these his high parts and abilities were accompanied with
“ so much candour and sweetness, that they made him equally
“ beloved and admired of all persons, especially those of the
“ Gown and Court; who esteemed also his life a fair copy
“ of practic piety, a rare example of heroic worth, and in
“ whom Arts, Learning, and Language, made up the true
“ complement of perfection.” In 1642 bishop Duppa ap-
pointed him to be succentor in the church of Salisbury, and
in 1643 he was chosen junior proctor of the university. He
was also metaphysical reader to the university. Ben Jonson
said of him, “ My son Cartwright writes like a man !”
There are extant, of this author's, four plays, besides other
poems, which were printed together in 1651, accompanied
by above fifty copies of commendatory verses by the wits of
the university. A. Wood tells us, Mr. Cartwright wrote
also, 1. Poëmata Græca et Latina. 2. An offspring of mercy
issuing out of the womb of cruelty : a passion sermon,
preached at Christ Church in Oxford, on Acts ii. 23.
3. On the signal days in the month of November, in relation
to the crown and royal family : a poem. 4. Poems and
verses

And tell me, wretch, why thou
 Mad'st not thy self more true ?
 Beauty from him may copies take,
 And more majestic heroes make,
 And Falsehood learn a-while,
 From him, too, to beguile.

Restore my clew,
 'Tis here most due ;
 For 'tis a labyrinth of more subtle art,
 To have so fair a face, so foul a heart.

verses containing airs for several voices, set by Mr. Henry Lawes. His "Royal Slave" was acted before the king and queen by his fellow-students of Christ Church ; of whom the most applauded was Mr. Busby, afterwards the celebrated master of Westminster school. Wit, learning, judgement, elocution, a graceful person and behaviour, occasioned that well-known encomium of him from dean Fell, "That he
 " was the utmost man could come to." This instance of the perfection of human nature was also an instance of its vanity. He was suddenly snatched away by a fever, in the prime of life, on the twenty-ninth of November, 1643 ; and had the honour to be regretted by his sovereign and his queen, who were in Oxford at the time of his death. See Wood and Granger. Jacob says, "Cartwright was a king's
 " scholar at Eton under Dr. Olbaston ; eminent for learning
 " and loyalty ; an excellent scholar, and an admirable poet ;
 " expert in the Latin, Greek, French, and Italian languages. The wits of Oxford prefixed commendatory verses to his Works.—After such eulogiums, it seems a kind of poetical blasphemy to annex the opinion of Dr. King, who says,
 " Cartwright's poems seem to me very indifferent !" N.

The

The ravenous vulture tear his breast !

The rolling stone disturb his rest !

Let him next feel Ixion's wheel,

And add one fable more

To cursing poets store !

And then—yet rather let him live, and twine

His woof of days with some thread stol'n from mine ;

But, if you'll torture him, howe'er,

Torture my heart, you'll find him there.

Till my eyes drank up his,

And his drank mine,

I ne'er thought souls might kiss,

And spirits join :

Pictures till then

Took me as much as men,

Nature and art

Moving alike my heart.

But his fair visage made me find

Pleasures and fears,

Hopes, sighs, and tears,

As several seasons of the mind.

Should thine eye, Venus, on his dwell,

Thou would'st invite him to thy shell,

And, caught by that live jet,

Venture the second net,

And after all thy dangers, faithless he,

Should'st thou but flumber, would forsake ev'n thee.

The streams so court the yielding banks,

And gliding thence ne'er pay their thanks.

The winds so woo the flowers,

Whispering among fresh bowers,

And,

62 MISCELLANY POEMS.

And, having robb'd them of their smells,
 Fly thence perfum'd to other cells.
 This is familiar hate, to smile and kill;
 Though nothing please thee, yet my ruin will.
 Death, hover, hover o'er me then!
 Waves, let your crystal womb
 Be both my fate and tomb!
 I'll sooner trust the sea, than men.
 And yet, O nymphs below who sit,
 In whose swift floods his vows he writ,
 Snatch a sharp diamond from the richer mines,
 And in some mirrour grave these sadder lines,
 Which let some God convey
 To him, that so he may
 In that both read at once, and see
 Those looks that caus'd my destiny.
 In Thetis' arms I Ariadne sleep,
 Drown'd first by my own tears, then in the deep;
 Twice banish'd, first by love, and then by hate,
 The life that I preserv'd became my fate;
 Who, leaving all, was by him left alone,
 That, from a monster freed, himself prov'd one.

That then I—But look! O mine eyes

Be now true spies,
 Yonder, yonder
 Comes my dear,
 Now my wonder,
 Once my fear.

See satyrs dance along
 In a confused throng,

While

While horns and pipes rude noise
Do mad their lusty joys.
Roses his forehead crown,
And that re-crowns the flowers.
Where he walks up and down
He makes the desarts bowers :
The ivy and the grape
Hide, not adorn, his shape,
And green leaves cloath his waving rod :
'Tis either Theseus, or some God.

I N M E M O R Y O F
THE MOST WORTHY BEN JONSON.

BY THE SAME.

FATHER of poets, though thine own great day,
Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker ray
Should twine in lustre with it; yet my flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rds thy name.
For in the acclamation of the less
There's piety, though from it no access.
And though my ruder thoughts make me of those,
Who hide and cover what they should disclose :
Yet, where the lustre's such, he makes it seen
Better to some, that draws the veil between.

And what can more be hop'd, since that divine
Free-filling spirit took its flight with thine ?
Men may have fury, but no raptures now;
Like witches, charm, yet not know whence, nor how.

And, through distemper, grown not strong but fierce,
Instead of writing, only rave in verse :
Which when by thy laws judg'd, 'twill be confes'd,
'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possess'd.

Where shall we find a Muse like thine, that can
So well present and shew man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the gestures, but the heart ?
Where one so shewing life to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custom, and not custom thee ?
Manners, that were themes to thy scenes, still flow
In the same stream, and are their comments now :
These times thus living o'er thy models, we
Think them not so much wit, as prophecy :
And, though we know the character, may swear
A Sibyl's finger hath been busy there. [known

Things common thou speak'st proper; which, though
For public, stamp'd by thee grow thence thine own :
Thy thoughts so order'd, so express'd, that we
Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see
Language so master'd, that thy numerous feet,
Laden with genuine words, do always meet
Each in his art ; nothing unfit doth fall,
Shewing the poet, like the wise-man, all :
Thine equal skill thus wrestling nothing, made
Thy pen seem not so much to write as trade.

That life, that Venus of all things, which we
Conceive or shew, proportion'd decency,
Is not found scatter'd in thee here and there,
But, like the soul, is wholly every where.

No strange perplexed maze doth pass for plot;
 Thou always dost untie, not cut the knot.
 Thy labyrinth's doors are open'd by one thread,
 That ties, and runs through all that's done or said.
 No power comes down with learned hat and rod;
 Wit only, and contrivance, is thy God.

'Tis easy to gild gold: there's small skill spent
 Where ev'n the first rude mass is ornament:
 Thy Muse took harder metals, purg'd and boil'd,
 Labour'd and try'd, heated, and beat and toil'd,
 Sifted the dross, fil'd roughness, then gave dress,
 Vexing rude subjects into comeliness.
 Be it thy glory, then, that we may say,
 Thou run'st where th' foot was hinder'd by the way.

Nor dost thou pour out, but dispense thy vein,
 Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertain:
 Not like our wits, who into one piece do
 Throw all that they can say, and their friends too,
 Pumping themselves, for one term's noise, so dry,
 As if they made their wills in poetry;
 And such spruce compositions press the stage,
 When men transcribe themselves, and not the age.
 Both sorts of plays are thus like pictures shown,
 Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.

Thy models yet are not so fram'd, as we
 May call them libels, and not imagery:
 No name on any basis: 'tis thy skill
 To strike the vice, but spare the person still:
 As he, who when he saw the serpent wreath'd
 About his sleeping son, and, as he breath'd,

Drink-in his soul, did so the shoot contrive,
 To kill the beast, but keep the child alive :
 So dost thou aim thy darts, which, even when
 They kill the poisons, do but wake the men.
 Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
 Thy launcings better than another's cure ;
 And justly too : for th' age grows more unsound
 From the fool's balsam, than the wise-man's wound.

No rotten talk breaks for a laugh ; no page
 Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy stage ;
 No bargaining line there ; no provoc'tive verse ;
 Nothing but what Lucretius might rehearse ;
 No need to make good countenance ill, and use
 The plea of strict life for a looser Muse :
 No woman rul'd thy quill : we can descry
 No verse born under any Cynthia's eye :
 Thy star was judgement only, and right sense,
 Thy self being to thy self an influence.
 Stout beauty is thy grace : stern pleasures do
 Present delights, but mingle horrors too :
 Thy Muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,
 With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.

Where are they now that cry, thy lamp did drink
 More oil than th' author wine, while he did think ?
 We do embrace their slander : thou hast writ
 Not for dispatch, but fame ; no market-wit :
 'Twas not thy care, that it might pass and sell,
 But that it might endure, and be done well :
 Nor would'st thou venture it unto the ear,
 Until the file would not make smooth, but wear :

Thy verse came season'd hence, and would not give;
 Born not to feed the author, but to live:
 Whence 'mong the choicer judges rose a strife,
 To make thee read as classic in thy life.
 Those that do hence applause and suffrage beg,
 'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
 Write not to time, but to the poet's day:
 There's difference between fame and sudden pay.
 These men sing kingdoms fall, as if that fate
 Us'd the same force t' a village and a state:
 These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in,
 As if it had only a fallad been:
 Their Catilines are but fencers, whose fights rise
 Not to the fame of battle, but of prize.
 But thou still putt'st true passions on; dost write
 With the same courage that tried captains fight;
 Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things;
 Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
 Smooth, yet not weak, and, by a thorough care,
 Big without swelling, without painting fair:
 They wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
 Are not wits, but materials of wit.
 What though thy searching wit did rake the dust
 Of time, and purge old metals of their rust;
 Is it no labour, no art, think they, to
 Snatch shipwrecks from the deep, as divers do?
 And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
 Making the sea's hid wealth adorn the land?
 What though thy culling Muse did rob the store
 Of Greek and Latin gardens, to bring o'er

Plants to thy native foil ; their virtues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here.
If thy still to their essence doth refine
So many drugs, is not the water thine ?
Thefts thus become just works ; they and their grace
Are wholly thine : thus doth the stamp and face
Make that the king's, that's ravish'd from the mine :
In others then 'tis ore ; in thee 'tis coin.

Blest life of authors, unto whom we owe
Those that we have, and those that we want too :
Thou'rt all so good, that reading makes thee worse,
And to have writ so well's thine only curse.
Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
That servile base dependance upon fate :
Success thou ne'er thought'st virtue, nor that fit,
Which chance and th' age's fashion did make hit ;
Excluding those from life in after-time,
Who into poetry first brought luck and rhyme :
Who thought the people's breath good air ; styl'd name
What was but noise ; and, getting briefs for fame,
Gather'd the many's suffrages, and thence
Made commendation a benevolence :
Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.

And though th' exacting age, when deeper years
Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,
Would not permit thou should'st grow old, 'cause they
Ne'er by thy writings knew thee young ; we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before:

Thine

Thine art was thine art's blur, and they 'll confess
 Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thee less.
 But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
 And we adore the last draughts of thy quill:
 Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasy age
 Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
 Will come up porcelain-wit some hundreds hence,
 When there will be more manners, and more sense;
 'Twas judgement yet to yield, and we afford
 Thy silence as much fame, as once thy word:
 Who, like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
 Wast food before, art now religion;
 Thought still more rich, though not so richly stor'd,
 View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.

Great foul of numbers, whom we want and boast;
 Like curing gold, most valued now thou 'rt lost;
 When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
 We shall from corn to acorns turn again;
 Then shall we see that these two names are one,
 Jonson and Poetry, which now are gone.

A N E W C A T C H.

WOULD you know how we meet o'er our jolly
 full bowls?

As we mingle our liquors, we mingle our souls;
 The sweet melts the sharp, the kind sooths the strong,
 And nothing but friendship grows all the night long.
 We drink, laugh, and celebrate every desire;
 Love only remains, our unquenchable fire.

THE PARTING OF
HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

BY DR. CHETWOOD*.

HECTOR, though warn'd by an approaching cry,
That to Troy wall the conquering Greeks drew nigh,
T' his princess one short visit pays in haste,
Some dæmon told him this would be his last:
Her (swiftly passing through the spacious streets)
He nor at home nor in the circle meets,
Nor at Minerva's †, where the beauteous train
Made prayers and vows to angry powers in vain.

* See two poems by Dr. Chetwood, with some account of him, p. 29, & seq. The MSS. of Mr. Baker have since furnished me with the following memoranda: "Knightley
" Chetwood, extraordinariè electus, born at Coventry, came
" into the place of Tho. Brinley; chaplain to the lord Dart-
" mouth, to the princess of Denmark, and to king James II;
" prebend of Wells, rector of Broad Rissington in Gloucester-
" shire, archdeacon of York, nominated bishop of Bristol
" by king James just before his abdication; went afterwards
" chaplain to all the English forces into Holland under the
" earl of Marlborough, 1689; commenced D. D. 1691.
" Dean of Gloucester." Harl. MS. 7038, p. 221. — King
James quitted the kingdom before Dr. Chetwood's election to
Bristol passed the seals. He had an hereditary claim, Jacob
says, to an ancient barony and seat in the house of lords. N.
† The temple of Minerva. C.

She,

She, half distracted with the loud alarms,
 (The prince was carry'd in his nurse's arms)
 Runs to a turret, whose commanding height
 Presented all the battle to her sight,
 Advancing Grecians, and the Trojans flight.

Here Hector finds her; with a lover's pace
 She speeds, and breathless sinks in his embrace;
 The nurse came after with her princely care,
 As Hesperus, fresh, promising, and fair;
 Hector in little, with paternal joy,
 He blest in silent smiles the lovely boy.

The princess, at his sight compos'd again,
 Pressing his hand, does gently thus complain:

My dearest lord, believe a careful wife,
 You are too lavish of your precious life;
 You foremost into every danger run,
 Of me regardless, and your little son.

Shortly the Greeks, what none can singly do,
 Will compass, pointing all the war at you.

But before that day comes, heavens! may I have
 The mournful privilege of an early grave!
 For I, of your dear company bereft,
 Have no reserve, no second comfort left.

My father, who did in Cilicia reign,
 By fierce Achilles was in battle slain:

His arms that savage conqueror durst not spoil,
 But paid just honours to his funeral pile;

Wood-nymphs about his grave have planted since
 A rural monument to a mighty prince.

Seven brothers, who seven legions did command,
 Had the same fate, from the same murdering hand.

My mother too, who their sad heir did reign,
 With a vast treasure was redeem'd in vain,
 For she soon clos'd her empire and her breath,
 By wretches' last good fortune — sudden death.
 Thus father, mother, brethren, all are gone;
 But they seem all alive in you alone.
 To gain you, those endearments I have sold,
 And like the purchase — if the title hold.
 Have pity then, here in this tower abide,
 And round the walls and works your troops divide.
 But now the Greeks, by both their generals led,
 Ajax, Idomeneus, Diomedes,
 With all their most experienc'd chiefs and brave,
 Three fierce attacks upon the out-works gave;
 Some god their courage to this pitch did raise,
 Or this is one of Troy's unlucky days.

Hector replied: This you have said, and more,
 I have revolv'd in serious thoughts before.
 But I not half so much those Grecians fear,
 As carpet-knights, state-dames, and flatterers here.
 For they, if ever I decline the fight,
 Miscall wise conduct, cowardice and flight;
 Others may methods chuse the most secure,
 My life no middle courses can endure.
 Urg'd by my own and my great father's name,
 I must add something to our ancient fame:
 Embark'd in Ilium's cause, I cannot fly,
 Will conquer with it, or must for it die.
 But still some boding genius does portend
 To all my toils an unsuccessful end;
 For how can man with heavenly powers contend?

The

The day advances with the swiftest pace,
 Which Troy and all her glories shall deface,
 Which Asia's sacred empire shall confound,
 And these proud towers lay level with the ground.
 But all compar'd with you does scarce appear,
 When I presage your case, I learn to fear :
 When you by some proud conqueror shall be led
 A mournful captive to a master's bed :
 Perhaps some haughty dame your hands shall doom,
 To weave Troy's downfall in a Grecian loom :
 Or, lower yet, you may be forc'd to bring
 Water to Argos from Hiperia's spring ;
 And, as you measure out the tedious way,
 Some one shall, pointing to his neighbour, say,
 See to what fortune Hector's wife is brought,
 That famous general, that for Ilium fought !
 This will renew your sorrows without end,
 Depriv'd in such a day of such a friend.
 But this is fancy, or before it I
 Low in the dust will with my country lie.

Then to his infant he his arms address'd,
 The child clung, crying, to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd at the burnish'd arms and threatening crest. }
 This made them smile, whilst Hector did unbrace
 His shining helmet, and disclos'd his face :
 Then, dancing the pleas'd infant in the air,
 Kiss'd him, and to the gods conceiv'd this prayer :
 . Jove, and ye heavenly powers, whoever hear
 Hector's request with a propitious ear,
 Grant this my child in honour and renown
 May equal me, wear and deserve the crown !

And

And when from some great action he shall come
 Laden with hostile spoils in triumph home,
 May Trojans say, Hector great things hath done,
 But is surpass'd by his illustrious son !
 This will rejoice his tender mother's heart,
 And sense of joy to my pale ghost impart.

Then in the mother's arms he puts the child ;
 With troubled joy, in flowing tears she smil'd :
 Beauty and grief shew'd all their pomp and pride,
 Whilst those soft passions did her looks divide.

This scene ev'n Hector's courage melted down,
 But soon recovering, with a lover's frown,

Madam, says he, these fancies put away,
 I cannot die before my fatal day :
 Heaven, when we first take-in our vital breath,
 Decrees the way and moment of our death.

Women should fill their heads with womens' cares,
 And leave to men, unquestion'd, mens' affairs.

A truncheon suits not with a lady's hand ;
 War is my province, that in chief command.

The beauteous princess silently withdrew,
 Turns oft, and with sad wishing eyes does her lord's
 steps pursue.

Pensive to her apartment she returns,
 And with prophetic tears approaching evils mourns :
 Then tells all to her maids ; officious they
 His funeral rites to living Hector pay,
 Whilst forth he rushes through the * Scæan gate,
 Does his own part, and leaves the rest to fate.

* The let-gate, accounted ominous. C.

ODE,

ODE, IN IMITATION OF PINDAR,
ON THE DEATH OF
THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY*.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHAT strains at sacred Pifa's spring,
The swan that often sung with tuneful breath
To his enchanting lyre did sing,
Of God, of hero, or of heaven-born king,
With verses cheaply purchas'd, though by death;
Or rather (since to a pious hero we
Just though late oblations bring)
What tears the Muse's prophet royal shed
On Saul's anointed head,
And thought a crown poor recompence for a friend:
When, by a power miraculous, he
(The power of faith and poetry)
Upon the clouds an interdict did lay,
And bid Mount Gilboa
To rear his naked back parch'd to the angry sky:

* Thomas Butler, earl of Ossory, eldest son of the duke of Ormond. He was born July 9, 1634; and died July 30, 1680, in the lifetime of his father, leaving behind him the character of one of the best and bravest amongst the nobility. "His virtue," says the writer of his life in the *Biographia Britannica*, "was unspotted in the centre of a luxurious court; his integrity unblemished amidst all the vices of his times, and his honour untainted through the course of his whole life." R.

Such

Such numbers priestesses of fame inspire,
 Such Ossory does deserve, and Ormond such desire;
 Such Flanders' bloody plains, and Mons, and British
 seas require.

And ye poetic candidates of fame,
 If ye would build a lasting name,
 This subject chuse: as the dark womb
 Of the old prophet's vital tomb
 Could life restore, so Ossory's life can give,
 And by his genius many an age ev'n this dead verse
 shall live.

II.

Then tell, ye heavenly sisters, ye can tell,
 (For we below
 In the dark vale of hearsay dwell,
 And nothing know)
 Tell when great Ossory's enlarged shade
 Through heaven's arch his triumphant entry made,
 How noble Brutus' ancient race
 (To shew peculiar worth peculiar grace)
 Rose up and offer'd the first place.
 Tell how the fainted hero (whom
 The pious tales of fabulous Rome,
 Greater to make, have almost nothing made)
 Embrac'd his successor; and fware
 None worthier did his mystic ensigns wear.
 Tell how the nymphs that with soft silver oars
 Ply round the Ebude's, and cold Mona's shores,
 Or the sea's oracle, the mouth of Thames,
 The noble Shannon's, or soft Liffy's streams,

Their

Their guardian did lament, and tear
 Their sea-green hair,
 This second grief to great Pan's death th' afflicted
 nymphs did hear.

Bid sad Juverna raise a monument
 As Teneriff high, wide as her isle's extent.

Bid her be sure her title prove, [Jove.
 Left her pretence as fabulous seem as lying Crete's to

III.

Nature, with her commission brisk and gay,
 When the blest'd earth saluted new-born day,
 And the world's eye, the youthful sun,
 Unspotted with ill fights, the race did run,
 Profuse, in birds and flowers her art did shew,

She painted then the gaudy bow :

But most in man (whom we her abstract call)

She of the precious stuff was prodigal : [all.

Her kings but few removes from Jove, her princes heroes

But now (so sparingly that seed is sown,

The soil spent, or the covetous grown,

Or vice hath spoil'd the strain, or fate

Hath given the world for desperate)

She hath shrunk the short dimensions of a man,

And to an inch reduc'd our span,

A number, an inglorious rout,

Faint shadows of our ancestors, alas ! we stalk about.

If by some mighty effort she

Produce at last one Ossory;

(Like stars, which in our hemisphere

Gaz'd at, half known, strait disappear)

So late he enters, so soon quits the stage,
He leaves a nation desolate, and quite undoes the age.

IV.

Early young Offory enter'd virtue's race,
Swiftly began, yet still increas'd his pace;
And, when no other rival he could find,
Strove with himself, and left himself behind.
With confirm'd steps to his prince he went
Into a noble banishment,

The country then of all was excellent.

But sure the stars and fortune have
Small influence on the virtuous and the brave;
Ev'n poison turns to wholesome meat
By virtue's strong digestive heat.

The more with Hercules' stepdame Juno strove,
The more she prov'd the mighty seed of Jove.

The policy of * Tiber and the * Arne,
The courtship of the † Seine and † Marne;

What solid serious the sage ‡ Hebre hath,

And Germany of antient faith,

With British gallantry conjoin'd,

Did in the chemic furnace of his mind

A high elixir make, than each more precious and refin'd.

V.

As when that annual chaos Winter flies,
Whilst the soft Pleiades do mount the skies,
And Philomel to western gales does sing

The advent of the heaven-born spring;

Such joy blest'd Charles did to his subjects bring.

* Italian rivers. C. † French rivers. C. ‡ Spanish. C.

Then

Then many a hero, whom no storms could shake,
 Who from his sufferings did new courage take,
 Dissolv'd in the soft lap of pleasure lay,
 As ice, the winter's child, in summer's day
 Is by the amorous sunbeams kiss'd away.
 But not so Offory, crySTALLIZ'd his mind,
 Fortune adverse did brave, disdain'd her kind.

Not Amoret to th' alcove,
 Or park, the conscious mart of love,
 Not so t' a prince's levee with first light
 Hastes an aspiring favourite;
 As you where honourable danger lay, [way.
 And to the temple of high fame did mark the craggy

VI.

Go, thy wing'd chariot quickly, Muse, prepare,
 Lo, a vast fleet consumes the Eastern air:
 Base Hollanders Great Britain's rights invade;
 See what returns for liberty they made!
 Viperous blood! but vipers we do find
 Bely'd; ingratitude is proper to mankind.

Embark i'th' ship where Offory goes,
 To check the parricidal foes:
 Not as the grave Venetian takes his way,
 With many a barge, and many a gondola;
 Whilst painted Bucentore in state does move,
 And to the Adriatic maid makes love.

As Jove he comes to th' Theban dame,
 Dreadfully gay with lightning's pointed flame:
 Unhappy they who to his embraces came,
 One would have thought, t' have heard his cannon roar,
 Ætna were torn from the Trinacrian shore;

And

And freed Typhœus a new war did move
 Against the upper and the nether Jove.
 The Nereids trembled in their watery bed,
 In the isles roots they hid their head,
 And (like the Hollanders) aghast from their own
 guardian fled.

VII.

But narrow is one element,
 Compar'd to a well-form'd soul's extent;
 Narrow the starry firmament.
 Fate brings (to keep the balance of the age)
 With monsters equal heroes on the stage:
 The western Sultan powerful grows,
 A torrent all things overflows;
 But Mons in bloody characters his fatal limits shows.
 You check'd the monarch in his full career,
 Fierce Luxemburgh wondered, and learnt to fear;
 Alas! he knew not Offory was there.
 Sad the ripe harvest of his fame he yields,
 The harvest of so many bloody fields.
 To merit such a conqueror long he grew,
 And gather'd laurels to be worn by you;
 Cursing just heaven, dropping with bloody sweat,
 The sad remains withdraws of his defeat,
 And more than all his victories he values this retreat.

VIII.

Great excellence oft proves dangerous to the state;
 A comet virtue, when hung out by fate,
 To itself and others ruin does create.
 But silent he, yet active as the day,
 Born to command, and willing to obey.

Nature

Nature to him the happy temper gave,
 All kind he was as prosperous Love,
 Gentle as Venus' gentlest dove,
 In fight beyond a fancy'd hero brave.
 Thou Virgin Mother-church *, which now dost ride
 The swelling surges of a double tide,
 Safe only because dash'd on either side;
 O what a friend now in thy day
 Hath fate in Offory snatch'd away!
 And ye who holy friendship do adore,
 His equal you will never see, before
 You Offory shall in heaven rejoin, ne'er to be parted more.

IX.

Accursed fever, death's sharp-poison'd dart,
 Accursed fruit, accursed earth,
 Which to the fatal tree gave birth:
 What mine of strange confusion have you laid
 In the most regular breast that e'er was made!
 Those eyes, from which swift lightning once did part,
 To melt the temper'd steel, or harder heart,
 Like wasting meteors now portend,
 With blood-shot beams his own approaching end.
 The seat where honour's records lay †,
 Where was design'd the fall of Africa ‡,
 (Scarce Heaven's decrees more firmly set than they)
 Like parchments in the fire now shrunk away.

* Alluding to the danger of the Protestant Religion. N.

† He was created baron Butler of Moor Park, in 1667;
 and was afterwards honoured with the Garter. N.

‡ A few days before his death he was nominated commander of the expedition against Tangier, being then a rear-admiral in the king's fleet. N.

Those * purple waves, which, like the Nile,
 From his undiscover'd head,
 Health and fresh honours on its soil did shed,
 And bid all Egypt smile;
 Now with Vesuvian waves scorch all their way,
 And to the king † o' th' little world a mortal tribute pay.

X.

Unjustly we accuse the sovereign law,
 Which all things to their proper place does draw:
 Full ripe for heaven, he spurn'd the earth,
 The monumental seat of miscall'd birth.

No art, no violence, can control
 (Though on it Ossa you, and Pelion roll)
 Th' ascending motion of a heaven-born soul.
 His fever, like Elias' fiery carr,
 (Whilst the sad prophets mourn him from afar)
 Kindled his funeral pile into a star.
 Others may praise the feats of mortal breath,
 But I the opportunity of death.
 He saw not popular fury threat the stage,
 Nor epidemic madness seize the age:
 He liv'd not till his wreaths did grow
 Wither'd and pale upon his brow,

As Pompey and great Scipio.
 Few, heaven's choice favourites, the privilege have
 To bring their fame untainted to their grave.

Who the wild passions knows of human-kind,
 Fortune and false mortality,

This truth will find, [to die.
 When wanted most and best lov'd, 'tis happiest then

* His blood. C.

† His heart. C.

O N

ON THE DEATH OF
JAMES DUKE OF ORMOND*.

BY THE SAME.

RELIGIOUS discord, fury of this isle,
A little truce, cease your harsh notes a while!
Honour, religion, virtue, learning, all
Demand our tears at their great patron's fall.

Whilst flight court-meteors, soon advancing high,
Short-liv'd too long, once seen, neglected die;
At eighty years Ormond's propitious light
Seems immaturely ravish'd from our sight:
Some prosperous star, torn from his native sphere,
Would cause such wonder and confusion there.

The virtues of four reigns he kept entire,
Fin'd from the dross, as gold by chemic fire.
Exalted virtues, which here want a name,
Too weighty for the labouring wings of fame!
Of ancient honour, loyalty, and truth,
The noblest standard for our wandering youth.
Thus, whilst the patriarch liv'd who pass'd the flood,
The Jewish state by ancient maxims stood;
But, he once gone, the base degenerate age
Sunk to its old apostacy and rage.

Some have in courts, others in camps been great,
In business some, some in a wise retreat;
Ormond in all, his vast imperious mind
Excell'd in each, as if to one confin'd:

* Father to the hero of the preceding poem. He died
July 21, 1688, in his 79th year. N.

All times of life, all stations he could grace,
 The distant poles of goodness did embrace,
 With crouding lights fill'd all the glorious space. }

Through several climes he a bright course did run,
 Kind as th' enlivening progress of the sun.
 Warm'd by his beams, ev'n sad Hibernia's isle
 Look'd up, and cheer'd her visage with a smile;
 Mov'd Britain's envy: but, her patron dead,
 Deep in his fens, her Genius sinks his head.

Oxford, which, during this Apollo's reign,
 Rival'd your sister, and improv'd your vein;
 If you just tribute to his hearse deny,
 Your swans fall speechless, and your streams be dry:
 Some grateful voice his glorious life shall sing,
 More above subjects than beneath a king.

TO THE PRESENT DUKE*.

THIS Atlas gone, what hero does remain,
 The ponderous mass of honour to sustain?
 'Tis you, great sir; his rights, his virtues too,
 (That best succession!) are devolv'd on you:
 Your mind, well-ballast, bears the prosperous gales;
 They cannot over-set, scarce fill your sails.

* James, eldest son of Thomas earl of Ossory, born April 29, 1665, was sent to France at ten years of age; and on his return was admitted of Christ Church, Oxford, of which university he was afterwards chancellor. He succeeded his grandfather in title and estate in 1688; and, after holding many considerable posts under king William and queen Anne, was attainted of high treason in 1715; and died in exile at Madrid, November 16, 1745. N.

What

TO THE PRESENT DUKE.

85

What a fair steady course you steer along
Through Scylla's barkings, and false Syren's song!
Your friendship not debas'd by treacherous art,
Your actions speak the language of your heart.
Fortune despairs, or flattering, or unkind,
'To daunt your courage, or corrupt your mind.

Some, plac'd in foolish pride's new tottering seat,
Grow less from little, labouring to look great:
Such do not rise, but weigh great titles down,
Their misplac'd coronets but eclipse the crown:
Whilst your digested honour easy lies,
Came as a debt, not taken by surprize.

Thus torrents, creatures of the winter sky,
O'erflow whilst hurtful, in the heats grow dry:
But sacred Nile, warm'd by the rising sun, [run;
With him a thousand leagues from his high source does
With a rich deluge all the plains does bless:
Egypt were ruin'd, if his streams were less.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WALLER.

BY MRS. APHARA BEHN*.

HOW, to thy sacred memory, shall I bring
(Worthy thy fame) a grateful offering?
I, who by toils of sickness am become
Almost as near as thou art to a tomb;

While

* Born at Canterbury in the reign of Charles I. Her father, whose name was Johnson; being related to lord Willoughby, was appointed lieutenant-general of Surinam, and

While every soft, and every tender strain
 Is ruffled, and ill-natur'd grown with pain?
 But, at thy name, my languish'd Muse revives,
 And a new spark in the dull ashes strives.
 I hear thy tuneful verse, thy song divine;
 And am inspir'd by every charming line.
 But, oh! ———

What

embarked for the West Indies with his family whilst Aphara was very young. He died on his passage; but his family arrived at Surinam, where his daughter became acquainted with Prince Oronooko, whose story she has given. Soon after her return to England, she was married to Mr. Behn, a merchant of Dutch extraction. She was employed by Charles II, in 1666, in a political negotiation at Antwerp, which she managed with much dexterity; but her intelligence (though well-founded) being disregarded, she renounced all state affairs, and amused herself some time with the gallantries of Antwerp; and, when she arrived at London, dedicated the rest of her life to pleasure and poetry. She published three volumes of miscellany poems, the first in 1684, the second in 1685, and the third in 1688. They consist of songs and other little pieces, by the earl of Rochester, Sir George Etherege, Mr. Henry Crisp, and others, with some pieces of her own. To the second miscellany, is annexed a translation of the duke of Rochefoucault's Moral Reflections, under the title of "Seneca unmasked," an edition of which was printed in 1727, in four volumes 12mo. She wrote also seventeen plays, some histories and novels; and translated M. Fontenelle's History of Oracles, and Plurality of Worlds, to which last she annexed an essay on translation and translated prose. The paraphrase of Cænone's epistle to Paris, in the English translation

What inspiration, at the second hand,
 Can an immortal elegy command;
 Unless, like pious offerings, mine should be
 Made sacred, being consecrate to thee?
 Eternal, as thy own almighty verse,
 Should be those trophies that adorn thy hearse;
 The thought illustrious, and the fancy young;
 The wit sublime, the judgement fine and strong;
 Soft as thy notes to Sacharissa sung.

translation of Ovid's epistles, is Mrs. Behn's; and Mr. Dryden, in his preface to that work, pays her the following compliment: "I was desired to say, that the author, who
 " is of the fair sex, understood not Latin; but if she does not,
 " I am afraid she has given us occasion to be ashamed who
 " do." She was also the authoress of the celebrated letters between a nobleman and his sister, printed in London, 1684; and we have extant of hers eight love-letters, to a gentleman whom she passionately loved, and with whom she corresponded under the name of Lycidas. They are printed in the life and memoirs of Mrs. Behn, prefixed to her histories and novels. She died, after a long indisposition, April 16, 1689, and was buried in the Cloisters in Westminster-Abbey. There are several encomiums on Mrs. Behn prefixed to her "Lover's Watch;" and Mr. Gildon, who was intimately acquainted with our poetess, speaks of her in the highest terms. Dr. King tells us,

"Astræa's lines flow on with so much ease,

"That she who writes like her must surely please."

Yet, pleasing as they may be, the licentiousness of her dramatic pieces occasioned the just censure of Mr. Pope:

"The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,

"Who fairly puts all characters to-bed!" N.

Whilst mine, like transitory flowers, decay,
 That come to deck thy tomb a short-liv'd day.
 Such tributes are, like tenures, only fit
 To shew from whom we hold our right to wit.

Hail, wondrous bard, whose heaven-born genius first
 My infant Muse and blooming fancy nurs't.

With thy soft food of love I first began,

Then fed on nobler panegyric strain,

Numbers seraphic ! and at every view

My soul extended, and much larger grew :

Where-e'er I read, new raptures seiz'd my blood ;

Methought I heard the language of a god.

Long did the untun'd world in ignorance stray,

Producing nothing that was great and gay,

Till taught by thee the true poetic way.

Rough were the tracks before, dull and obscure ;

Nor pleasure nor instruction could procure.

Their thoughtless labour could no passion move ;

Sure, in that age, the poets knew not love :

That charming god, like apparitions, then,

Was only talk'd-of, but ne'er seen by men :

Darkness was o'er the Muse's land display'd,

And ev'n the chosen tribe unguided stray'd.

Till, by thee rescued from th' Egyptian night,

They now look up, and view the god of light,

That taught them how to love, and how to write ;

And to enhance the blessing heaven lent,

When for our great instructor thou wert sent,

Large was thy life, but yet thy glories more ;

And, like the sun, didst still dispense thy power,

Producing something wondrous every hour :

And

And in thy circulary course didst see
 The very life and death of poetry.
 Thou saw'st the generous Nine neglected lie,
 None listening to their heavenly harmony ;
 The world being grown to that low ebb of sense
 To dis-esteem the noblest excellence ;
 And no encouragement to prophets shown,
 Who in past ages got so great renown.
 Though fortune elevated thee above
 Its scanty gratitude, or fickle love ;
 Yet, fullen with the world, untir'd by age,
 Scorning th' unthinking crowd, thou quitt'st the stage.

A P R O L O G U E.

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY*.

ENVY and faction rule the grumbling age,
 The state they cannot, but they shake the stage :
 This barren trade some would engross, still hoping
 From our poor port to banish interloping ;
 And, like the plodding lawyers, take great care
 To elbow blooming merit from the bar.

In every age there were a sort of men,
 As you do now, damn'd all was written then ;

Thousands

* Son of Sir John Sedley, of Aylesford, in Kent, where he was born about the year 1639. At 17 years of age, he was a fellow commoner of Wadham college, Oxford ; and returned to his own country without taking any degree. At the Restoration, he came to London ; commenced wit, courtier, poet, and gallant ; and was so much esteemed as to be a kind of
 of

Thousands before them less provoke their pride,
 Than one poor rival straining by their side.
 Such vermin-criticks we expect to find,
 For nature knows not how to lose a kind,
 The stinking pole-cat, or the mole that's blind.
 But against old as well as new to rage,
 Is the peculiar frenzy of this age.
 Shakespeare must down, and you must praise no more
 Soft Desdemona, nor the jealous Moor.
 Shakespeare, whose fruitful genius, happy wit,
 Was fram'd and finish'd at a lucky hit;

The

of oracle among the poets. Whilst the reputation of his wit increased, he became poor and debauched, his estate was impaired, and his morals much corrupted. In 1663, being fined five hundred pounds for a riot in Bow-street, he became more serious, and applied to politicks.—His daughter Catharine, having been mistress to James II. before he ascended the throne, was created countess of Dorchester, Jan. 2, 1685; and, on that king's abdication, she married the earl of Portmore. Sir Charles, who looked upon the title as a splendid indignity purchased at the expence of his daughter's honour, was extremely active in bringing about the Revolution; from a principle of gratitude, as he said himself: "for, since his
 "majesty has made my daughter a countess, it is fit I should
 "do all I can to make his daughter a queen." He died Aug. 20, 1701. His works, which bear great marks of genius, and consist of speeches, political pieces, translations from Virgil and Horace, poems, songs, and five plays, were printed in 2 vols. 8vo. 1719, and again in 1722. Amongst them

The pride of nature, and the shame of schools,
 Born to create, and not to learn from rules,
 Must please no more : his bastards now deride
 Their father's nakedness they ought to hide.
 But when on spurs their Pegafus they force,
 Their jaded Muse is distanc'd in the course.
 All that is now hath been before, 'tis true ;
 But yet the art, the fashion, may be new :
 Though old materials the large palace raise,
 The skilful architect deserves his praise.
 If nothing please, you are not nice, but sick,
 'Tis want of stomach ever to dislike :
 On our past poets petty juries sit,
 The living sink beneath your present spite,
 As if this were the doomday of all wit.

them is a comedy called "The Mulberry Garden," acted at the Theatre Royal 1668. That garden is also mentioned in several other comedies of the last century. And Dr. King, in his "Art of Cookery," ver. 83, observes,

"A princely palace on that space does rise,

"Where Sedley's noble Muse found Mulberries."

At the representation of his comedy of "Bellamira," the roof of the play-house fell down ; by which Sir Charles and a few others were hurt. His merry friend Sir Fleetwood Shephard observed to him on this occasion, "There was so much fire in his play, that it blew up the poet, house and all." — "No," returned the baronet, "the play was so heavy, it broke down the house, and buried the poet in his own rubbish." Sir Carr Scrope's song, which is printed in this volume, p. 16, has, from a similitude of their initials, been erroneously ascribed to Sir Charles Sedley. N.

But, beaux and ladies, be you not too nice,
 You 'll break our lottery if none draw a prize,
 Then down go half th' artillery of your eyes.
 For this one night do as kind lovers use,
 Tie up strict judgement, and let fancy loose.

ON THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES II.

BY MR. WILLIAM BOWLES*.

AH! where, protecting Providence! ah! where
 Those guardian angels, and that watchful care,
 That through arm'd troops the royal charge un-
 touch'd did bear?

From civil fury and intestine rage,
 Which exercis'd his youth, and vex'd his age,
 So often guarded; by a fierce disease
 He falls surpriz'd in the fallacious calm of peace.

Ah! mighty prince! thy mercy, virtue such,
 That heaven sure thought our happiness too much;
 Inherent goodness in thy soul did shine,
 Thou bright resemblance of the power divine;

For

* Son of William and Bridget. He was born at Hagley in Worcestershire, September 15, 1659; educated at Eton school, and elected from that foundation to a scholarship in King's College, Cambridge, Dec. 22, 1677. He went out B. A. Oct. 10, 1681; and Master at the usual time following, viz. about 1684. In 1687, he and others were delegated by the senate, to advise the vice-chancellor to offer a petition to his majesty, to revoke his mandate to Father Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk, for his degree of M. A. without taking the usual oath: which had its effect.

In

For sure the great Original is best
 By mercy join'd with mighty power exprest.
 In thy blest reign how justly mixt appear
 The father's kindness, and the prince's care !

In February 1687-88, he married Mrs. Abigail Southal, daughter to Mr. George Southal rector of Endfield in Staffordshire; was presented to that rectory; and resigned his fellowship of King's College, June 5, 1688. His resignation is sealed with a griffin segreant: but it does not seem to be meant for coat armour; and is witnessed by William Bowles senior, Samuel and Thomas Palmer. On the 19th of August 1695 (Willis's Cath. vol. I. p. 448.) he was collated by W. Lloyd, bishop of Litchfield, to the prebend of Gaia Minor in his cathedral, which he vacated by his death in 1705. His elder brother Henry Bowles, fellow of King's College also, succeeded him in the living of Endfield. He was esteemed a most complete scholar, and a great poet. Carter, in his "History of Cambridge," p. 150, says, from sure information, that "he wrote several poems and translations." I am indebted to the kind communication of the Reverend Mr. Cole for most of the above particulars; to which Mr. Baker's valuable MSS. enable me to add, that "Henry Bowles was born at Hagley in the county of Worcester; moderator in the sophisters schools anno 1683; senior fellow 1690; schoolmaster at Stourbridge in Worcesterhire 1691; burfar 1695, and proctor 1697; vice-provost 1705; succeeded his brother in the rectorship of Endfield;" and that "William Bowles, brother to Henry, was born in the same place; married and resigned 1688; being beneficed at Endfield in Worcesterhire; [q. Staffordshire?] died 1705." Mr. William Bowles the antiquary (possibly their father) died Feb. 11, 1738. N.

Nor

Nor war, nor exile, nor a father's blood,
Nor just revenge for injur'd virtue, could
The native sweetness of his mind control,
Or change the godlike temper of his soul.
Contending rebels seem'd in vain to strive ;
They could not more offend, than he forgive ;
A nobler triumph, and more glorious far,
Than all the trophies of destructive war :
For mercy does a bloodless conquest find,
And with sweet force the rudest passions bind.

The gaping wounds of civil rage he mourn'd,
And sav'd his country first, and then adorn'd.
Our dreadful navy does in triumph ride,
And the world's riches flow with every tide :
And, as those flying towers the sea command,
His castles grace at once, and guard, the land.
To his protection improv'd arts we owe,
And solid knowledge does from trial grow ;
(All subject nature ours) new worlds are found,
And sciences disdain their antient bound.
Augustus so, the storms of war o'er-blown,
Ægypt subdued, and all the world his own,
His softer hours in arts of peace employ'd,
And Rome adorn'd, by civil fire destroy'd.
Nor was he made only to bless our isle,
But, born for peace, did Europe reconcile ;
Contending princes heard from him their fate :
And the world's motion on his will did wait.

The threatening cloud we saw at last withdrawn,
And a new morn of triumphs seem'd to dawn,

Th'

Th' auspicious prospect did bright years foreshow,
 And golden times in long succession seem'd to flow :
 Once more he did our civil jars compose,
 And gain'd new glories from his pardon'd foes ;
 No private passion to revenge could draw,
 But justice govern'd, and impartial law.
 So just, yet so indulgently severe,
 Like heaven, he pitied those he could not spare.
 And, forc'd to draw the necessary sword,
 The sad effects of their own crimes abhorr'd.
 Now just success the royal conduct crown'd,
 And stubborn factions their great sovereign own'd,
 But ah ! black shades his sacred head surround. }
 Nor dost thou fall unwept : three kingdoms groan,
 And in their ruler's fate bewail their own.
 Justice and equal government are things
 That subjects make more happy than their kings.
 Thy fame, best prince, if poets can divine,
 Shall the great troublers of the world outshine :
 Successful robberies their titles swell,
 But thine from justice rise, and doing well.
 Thy deathless cares beyond short life extend,
 And nobly to succeeding times descend,
 And, that false claims and rising wars might cease,
 Secur'd succession, and secur'd our peace,
 Thy latest toil ! how barbarous was the rage,
 That of such heroes would deprive our age !
 What wonders may we from that prince expect,
 Whose private valour could our isle protect !
 Whom such amazing virtues recommend,
 The kindest brother, and the bravest friend !

THE

THE REAPERS*, THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. X.

BY THE SAME.

M I L O.

ARE you grown lazy, or does some disease,
 O Battus, bind your hands, and sinews seize,
 That, like a sheep prickt by a pointed thorn,
 Still you're behind, and lag at every turn?
 What in the heat and evening will you do,
 Who early in the morning loiter so?

B A T T U S.

Milo, thou piece of flint, thou all of stone,
 Didst never yet an absent friend bemoan?

M I L O.

Who, but such fools as thou the absent mind?
 Sure what concerns you more, you here may find.

B A T T U S.

Did Love ne'er yet thy senses waking keep,
 Trouble thy dreams, or interrupt thy sleep?

M I L O.

The gods preserve me from that restless care!
 O reapers all, the gilded bait beware!

B A T T U S.

But I nine days the passion Love have felt,
 With inward fires consume, and slowly melt.

* This Idyllium is generally excluded by the critics from the number of the pastorals; but is considered as such by Mr. Fawkes, in his translation of the Syracusan bard. I am aware that in the preface to that elegant performance, not only this of Mr. Bowles, but all former versions of Theocritus, are reprobated, as sounding harshly in the polished ears of the present age. How far the poetry of Bowles deserves this censure, let the reader determine. N.

See!

See ! all neglected lies before my door,
While I run mad for a confounded whore.

She who pip'd lately at Hippocoon's feast,
Charm'd every ear, and wounded every guest !

M I L O.

The Gods for some old sins have sent this evil,
And shame, long due, has reach'd thee from the devil.

B A T T U S.

Beware ; insulting Cupid has a dart,
And it may one day reach thy stubborn heart.

M I L O.

Come, you're a poet, sing some amorous song ;
'Twill ease your toil, and make the day less long.

B A T T U S.

Oh, Muse ! assist my song, and make it flow ;
For you fresh charms on all you sing bestow.

Bombycé (oh, my dearest) do not frown,
They call thee tawny, but I call thee brown.
Yet blush not, dear : * black is the violet,
And hyacinth with letters all o'erwrit ;
Yet both are sweet, and both for garlands fit.
Kids the green leaves, wolves the young kids pursue,
And Battus, sweet Bombycé, follows you.
Oh ! had the envious Gods not made me poor,
Had I rich Cræsus' wealth and mighty store,
In Venus' temple should our statues stand ;
Thou with thy pipe and tabor in thy hand,
I, in a dancer's posture, gay, new-shod,
Form'd of pure gold, and glorious as a God !

* This passage, as Mr. Fawkes observes, is literally adopted
by Virgil, Ecl. X. 39. " Et nigræ violæ sunt," &c. N.

Thy voice, Bombycé, is most soft and sweet ;
But who can praise enough thy humour, and thy silver
M I L O. [feet?

Battus deceiv'd us, a great poet grown,
What verse is here! but are they, friend, thy own?
How just the rhymes, how equally they meet,
The numbers how harmonious, and how sweet!
Yet mark, and this diviner song attend,
'Twas by immortal Lytiefes * penn'd.

Smile on the corn, O Ceres ! bleſs the field ;
May the full ears a plenteous harveſt yield !
Gather your ſheaves (oh friends !) and better bind,
See how they 're blown, and ſcatter'd by the wind :
Haſte, leſt ſome jeering paſſenger ſhould ſay,
Oh, lazy rogues ! their hire is thrown away.
Reapers, obſerve, and to the ſouth-weſt turn
Your ſheaves ; 't will fill the ears, and ſwell the corn.
Threſhers at noon, and in the burning heat,
(Then the light chaff flies out) ſhould toil and ſweat ;
But reapers ſhould with the ſweet wood-lark riſe,
And ſleep when Phœbus mounts the ſouthern ſkies.
Happy the frogs who in the waters dwell !
They ſuck-in drink for air, and proudly ſwell.
Oh niggard bailiff ! we could dine on beans,
And ſpare your windy cabbage, and your pains.

Such songs at once delight us, and improve;
But thy sad ditty, and thy tale of love,
Keep for thy mother, Battus, I advise,
When stretch'd and yawning in her bed she lies.

* A bastard son of Midas, whose history is given by Mr. Fawkes. N.

THE HONEY-STEALER*.

CUPID, the flyest rogue alive,
One day was plundering of a hive:

But, as with too eager haste

He strove the liquid sweets to taste,

A bee surpriz'd the heedless boy;

Prick'd him, and dash'd th' expected joy.

The urchin when he felt the smart

Of the envenom'd angry dart,

He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the ground;

He blow'd, and then he chaff'd the wound:

He blow'd and chaff'd the wound in vain;

The rubbing still increas'd the pain.

Straight to his mother's lap he hies,

With swelling cheeks, and blubber'd eyes.

Cries she——What does my Cupid ail?

When thus he told his mournful tale:

“A little bird they call a bee,

With yellow wings; fee, mother, fee

How it has gor'd, and wounded me!”

“And are not you, reply'd his mother,

For all the world just such another?

Just such another angry thing,

Like in bulk, and like in sting?

For, when you aim a poisonous dart,

Against some poor unwary heart,

How little is the archer found!

And yet how wide, how deep the wound!”

* Imitated by Theocritus (Idyll. XIX.) from Anacreon,
Ode XI. both of which poems are excellently translated by
Mr. Fawkes. N. H 2 THE

THE COMPLAINT OF ARIADNE.

FROM CATULLUS.

BY M. R. W. BOWLES.

The poet, in the epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis, describes the genial bed, on which was wrought the story of Theseus and Ariadne; and on that occasion makes a long digression, part of which is the subject of the following poem.

THERE, on th' extremest beach and farthest sand,
 Deserted Ariadne seem'd to stand,
 New-wak'd, and raving with her love, she flew
 To the dire shore, from whence she might pursue
 With longing eyes, but all alas in vain!
 The winged bark o'er the tempestuous main;
 For buried in fallacious sleep she lay,
 While through the waves false Theseus cut his way,
 Regardless of her fate who sav'd his youth;
 Winds bore away his promise and his truth.
 Like some wild Bacchanal unmov'd she stood,
 And with fix'd eyes survey'd the raging flood.
 There with alternate waves the sea does roll,
 Nor less the tempests that distract her soul;
 Abandon'd to the winds her flowing hair,
 Rage in her soul exprest, and wild despair:
 Her rising breasts with indignation swell,
 And her loose robes disdainfully repel.

The

The shining ornaments that dress her head,
 When with the glorious ravisher she fled,
 Now at her mistress' feet neglected lay,
 Sport of the wanton waves that with them play.
 But she nor them regards, nor waves that beat
 Her snowy legs, and wound her tender feet:
 On Theseus her lost senses all attend,
 And all the passions of her soul depend:
 Long did her weaker sense contend in vain,
 She sunk at last beneath the mighty pain:
 With various ills beset, and stupid grown,
 She lost the power those ills ev'n to bemoan:
 But when the first assault and fierce surprize
 Were past, and grief had found a passage at her eyes,
 With cruel hands her snowy breast she wounds,
 Theseus in vain through all the shore resounds.
 Now, urg'd by love, she plunges in the main,
 And now draws back her tender feet again:
 Thrice she repeats the vain attempt to wade,
 Thrice fear and cold her shivering limbs invade.
 Fainting at last she hung her beauteous head,
 And, fixing on the shore her eyes, she said:

Ah, cruel man! and did I leave for thee
 My parents, friends, (for thou wast all to me)
 And is my love, and is my faith thus paid?
 Oh cruelty unheard! a wretched maid
 Here on a naked shore abandon'd and betray'd!
 Betray'd to mischiefs of which death's the least,
 And plung'd in ills too great to be express'd.
 Yet the Gods will, the Gods contemn'd by you,
 With vengeance thy devoted ship pursue,

O'ertake thy sails, and rack thy guilty breast,
And with new plagues th' ill-omen'd flight infest.
But though no pity thy stern breast could move,
Nor angry Gods, nor ill-requited love;
Yet sense of honour sure should touch thy heart,
And shame from low, unmanly flight divert.
With other hopes my easy faith you fed,
A glorious triumph, and a nuptial bed;
But all those joys with thee, alas! are fled.
Let no vain woman vows and oaths believe,
They only with more form and pomp deceive:
To compass their lewd ends the wretches swear,
Of oaths profuse, nor Gods nor temples spare;
But when enjoy'd——
Nor broken vows, nor angry heaven they fear.
But, O ye women! warn'd by me, be wise,
Turn their false oaths on them, their arts, their lies;
Dissemble, fawn, weep, swear, when you betray,
Defeat the gamesters at their own foul play.
Oh banish'd faith! but now from certain death
I snatch'd the wretch, and sav'd his perjur'd breath;
His life with my own brother's blood I bought,
And love by such a cruel service fought;
By me preserv'd, yet me he does betray,
And to wild beasts expose an easy prey!
Nor thou of royal race nor human stock
Wast born, but nurs'd by bears, and issued from a rock;
Too plain thou dost thy dire extraction prove,
Who death for life return'st, and hate for love.
Yet he securely sails! and I in vain
Recal the fled, and to deaf rocks complain.

Unmov'd they stand; yet, could they see and hear,
More human would than cruel man appear.

But I———

Must the sad pleasure of compassion want,
And die unheard, and lose my last complaint.

Happy, ye gods! too happy had I liv'd,

Hadst thou, O charming stranger, ne'er arriv'd;

Dissembled sweetnesss in thy look does shine,

But ah! th' inhuman monsters lurk within.

What now remains? or whom shall I implore,

In a wild isle, on a deserted shore?

Shall I return, and beg my father's aid?

My father's! whom ingrateful I betray'd,

And with my brother's cruel murderer fled!

But Theseus, Ariadne, 's constant, kind,

Kind as the seas, and constant as the wind.

See! wretched maid, vast seas around thee roar,

And angry waves beat the resounding shore,

Cut off thy hopes, and intercept thy flight,

No ship appears to bless thy longing sight.

The dismal isle no human footstep bears,

But a sad silence doubles all my fears,

And fate in all its dreadful shapes appears.

Ev'n fainting nature scarce maintains the strife

Betwixt prevailing death and yielding life.

Yet, ere I die, revenging gods I'll call,

And curse him first, and then contented fall.

Ascend, ye furies then, ascend, and hear

My last complaints, and grant my dying prayer,

Which grief and rage for ill-rewarded love,

And the deep sense of his injustice, move:

Oh, suffer not my latest words to fly
 Like common air, and unregarded die !
 With vengeance his dire treachery pursue,
 For vengeance, goddesses, attends on you,
 Terror with you, despair and death appear,
 And all the frightful forms the guilty fear.
 May his proud ship, by furious billows tost,
 On rocks, or some wild shore like this, be lost !
 There may he fall, or late returning see
 (If so the Gods and so the Fates decree)
 A mournful house, polluted by the dead,
 And furies ever wait on his * incestuous bed !

Jove heard, and did the just request approve, [above.
 And, nodding, shook earth, seas, and all the radiant lights.

EUNICA, OR THE NEATHERD †.

THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XX.

BY THE SAME.

PROUD Eunica, when I advanc'd to kiss,
 Laugh'd loud, and cried, How ignorant he is !
 Alas, poor man ! dare you, a wretched swain,
 Lips such as these, and such a mouth prophane ?
 No : to prevent your rustic freedom, know
 They're unacquainted yet with such as you :
 But your soft lip, your beard, your horny fist,
 All charming, and all suing to be kist,

* He carried away her sister Phædra. B.

† Mr. Fawkes's translation of this Idyllium is admirable.
 There is also a beautiful imitation of it, in the manner of
 Spenser, in " The Union," p. 94. N.

Your

Your matted hair and your smooth chin invite,
 Conspire to make you lovely to the sight,
 Oh, how you look, how prettily you play,
 How soft your words, and what fine things you say!
 Yet, to prevent infection, pray be gone,
 Your neighbourhood, methinks, is dangerous grown;
 Vanish, nor dare to touch me—oh the shame!
 He smells of the rank goats from which he came!

This said, with indignation thrice she spit,
 Survey'd me with disdain from head to feet;
 Then was fierce rage and conscious beauty seen
 In all her motions, and her haughty mien.
 She pray'd, as if she some contagion fear'd,
 Cast a disdainful smile, and disappear'd.

My boiling blood sprang with my rage, and spread
 O'er all my burning face a fiery red;
 So roses blush when night her kindly dew has shed.
 I rage, I curse the haughty jilt, that jeer'd
 My graceful person, and my comely beard.

Ye shepherds, I conjure you, tell me true,
 Has any god cast my old form anew?
 How am I chang'd? for once a matchless grace
 Shone in the charming features of my face,
 Like creeping ivy did my beard o'ergrow,
 And my long hair in untaught curls did flow;
 My brows were black, and my large forehead white,
 My sparkling eyes shot forth a radiant light;
 In sweetest words did my soft language flow,
 As honey sweet, and soft as falling snow;
 When with loud notes I the shrill pipe inspir'd,
 The listening shepherds all my skill admir'd;

Me all the virgins on our mountains love,
 They praise my beauty, and my flames approve.
 Such though I am, yet me, because a swain,
 (How nice these town-bred women are, how vain!)
 Gay Eunica rejected with disdain.

And she, it seems, has never heard or read
 How Bacchus, now a god, a flock once fed.
 Venus herself did the profession grace,
 By love transform'd into a country lass:

The Phrygian fields and woods her flames can tell,
 And how her much-bewail'd Adonis fell.
 How oft on Latmos did the moon descend
 From her bright chariot to her Carian friend,
 And absent from the sky whole nights with him
 did spend!

To shining in her orb prefer her love,
 Stoop and desert her glorious seat above?
 And was not he a shepherd? sure he was;
 Yet did not she disdain his low embrace.
 The gods' great mother too, and greater Jove,
 Their majesty laid by, could shepherds love:
 The Phrygian groves and conscious Ida know
 What she for Atys, he for Ganymede could do.

But prouder Eunica disdains alone
 What gods and greatest goddesses have done:
 Fairer it seems by much, and greater she,
 Than Venus, Cynthia, or than Cybele.
 Oh, my fair Venus, may you ne'er find one
 Worthy your love in country or in town,
 But, to a virgin bed condemn'd, for ever lie alone!

CYNISCA'S LOVE.

THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XIV.

BY THE SAME.

THYONICUS.

O H, how does my dear Æschines ! Oh how !
Some care, my friend, fits heavy on thy brow.

ÆSCHINES.

Cynisca, friend, has shewn the fiend confest,
And peace and joy are banish'd from my breast.

THYONICUS.

Hence this wild look, and this distracted air,
Staring your eyes, your face o'ergrown with hair.
Just such a Rosicrucian here arriv'd,
Some new enthusiast sure, or flood reviv'd ;
With such a mien he came, with such a grace.
So long his beard, so dry, so pale his face !

ÆSCHINES.

You, Sir, are merry ; but, alas ! I find
No cure, no ease, to my distemper'd mind.
I rave, am by a thousand furies tost,
And call in vain my reason in my passion lost.

THYONICUS.

I always knew you jealous and severe ;
But does Cynisca's falsehood plain appear ?

ÆSCHINES.

'Twas my ill fate, or chance, some friends to treat
With richest wines, the board was crown'd with choicest
But fair Cynisca most adorn'd the feast, [meat ;
In all the charms of art and nature drest.

Cynisca all our ravish'd senses fed,
 We gaz'd, and we ador'd the lovely maid :
 With wine and beauty all our hearts were fir'd;
 And fair Cynisca still new joys inspir'd,
 Now healths we drank, and as the glasses came
 (Such was the law) each did his mistress name :
 Charming Cynisca too at last was prest
 To name the lover in her favour blest.
 A woman, sure, she hop'd might be excus'd !
 The more they urg'd her, she the more refus'd.
 Refus'd, oh friend, and I her lover by !
 Guess if my rage, with wine inflam'd, grew high.
 Silent she sat, and with her eyes deny'd ;
 Lycus is handsome, tall, and young, they cry'd !
 When Lycus' name but touch'd her guilty soul,
 How down her cheeks the liquid globes did roll !
 Confus'd her look, while shame and guilt apace
 Shifted the whole complexion of her face.
 Gods ! with what rage was my rack'd soul surpriz'd !
 My curse, my ruin, am I then despis'd ?
 Ingrateful and inhuman thou ! be gone,
 Go hug the man whose absence you bemoan :
 No more will I, deluded by your charms,
 Cherish an absent mistress in my arms..
 Swiftly, as swallows to their nest, she fled,
 When unfetch'd young lie gaping and unfed.
 Swiftly she fled, with my embraces cloy'd ;
 Lycus* she long had lov'd, and long enjoy'd.

* A double meaning is here intended in the original;
 Λύκος, the name of Cynisca's lover, signifying likewise a wolf.
 See Fawkes. N. A pub-

A public jest, and known to all alas !
 (The cuckold last perceives his own disgrace.)
 Yet once a friend accus'd the guilty maid,
 And to my ears th' unheard-of news convey'd:
 For I, a much-abus'd, deluded-foe,
 The matter ne'er examin'd or forgot.
 Now, undisturb'd, unrival'd, Lycus reigns,
 Enjoys his conquest, and derides my pains.
 Two months are past, since unregarded I
 In a deserted bed and hopeless lie.
 Long, with the mighty pain oppress'd, I strove;
 But ah! what remedy for injur'd love!
 In vain I struggle with the fierce disease,
 The fatal poison does my vitals seize.
 Yet Damon did from travel find relief,
 And absence soon remov'd the raging grief.
 In fires like mine successful Damon burn'd,
 Diseas'd he parted, and he sound return'd;
 I too th' uncertain remedy will try,
 And to less cruel seas and rocks will fly.

T H Y O N I C U S.

* For Flanders, then, since you're resolv'd, prepare;
 Flanders, the scene of glory and of war!
 Or, if a better choice and nobler fire
 Does greater arms and greater thoughts inspire,

* From hence to the conclusion is rather an original poem than a translation of Theocritus, who concludes with a noble poetical encomium on Ptolemy, to which Mr. Fawkes has annexed in prose the favourable side of his character, as it is given by the historian. N.

Hunga-

Hungarian rebels and unchristian foes
 ('Tis a vast field of honour, friend!) oppose.
 By God-like Poland borne, and Lorrain, soon
 The Cross shall triumph o'er the waning Moon.
 There you the cruel ravage may admire;
 And Austria, desolate by barbarous fire,
 May curse the dire effects of civil rage;
 Oh, in what ills religion can engage!
 There sure with horror your diverted mind
 Some truce may with this smaller passion find.

ÆSCHINES.

Cynisca, oh unkind! farewell, I go,
 By thee condemn'd to distant countries; know,
 I go, where honour and where dangers call,
 From a less barbarous foe to tempt a nobler fall.

PROTEUS: FROM SANNAZARIUS, ECL. IV.

BY THE SAME.

TO FERDINAND OF ARRAGON, DUKE OF CALABRIA.

NOW first with bolder sails I tempt the main,
 Parthenope deserves a loftier strain;
 To fair Parthenope, O nymphs, we must,
 And our dear country's honour, now be just.
 O then, ye nymphs who in these floods delight,
 Indulge one labour, and direct my flight.
 But thou, great hope of thy illustrious line,
 Thy country's pride, sprung from a race divine,
 Whether o'er Pyrenean frosts thou go,
 And mountains cover'd with eternal snow,

And

And the wild tempests of the warring sky
Prefer to the best plains of Italy,
Or envious Iber does our hopes oppose,
Return, and happy make thy people's vows:
Though Arragon, thy Arragon, with-hold,
And Tagus rolling o'er a bed of gold
With all his liquid wealth would buy thy stay,
Return, and our wish'd happiness no more delay!
For, if the god that fills my breast foreknow,
Parthenope shall to thy scepter bow;
Parthenope, usurp'd by foreign sway,
Shall with new joy her rightful prince obey.
Oh! may swift time the happy period bring,
And I loud Pæans to thy triumph sing!
Mean-while a lower Muse indulgent view,
Which I, the first, with bold design and new,
Leaving th' Arcadian fields, and vocal plain,
In triumph bring down to thy subject main;
And on the neighbouring rocks and founding shore
A newer scene present, and untry'd seas explore.
What port, what sea, so distant can be found,
Which Proteus has not bless'd with heavenly sound?
Him Prasidamus and Melanthius knew,
For all the God appear'd to mortal view;
On great Minerva's rock the God appear'd,
And charm'd with verse divine his monstrous herd.
While Phœbus sunk with the declining day,
And all around delighted dolphins play.
For lo! he sung——
How Earth's bold sons, by wild ambition fir'd,
Defy'd the Gods, and to celestial thrones aspir'd,

Typhœus

Typhœus first, with lifted mountains arm'd,
 Led on the furious van, and heav'n itself alarm'd.
 Now Prochytè among the stars he threw,
 And from their bases torn huge islands flew,
 And shook th' ætherial orbs: the powers above
 Then first knew fear; not so almighty Jove:
 He with red lightning arm'd, and winged fire,
 Replung'd the rebels in their native mire.
 All nature with the dreadful rout resounds,
 They fled, and bath'd in Baian springs their burning
 wounds.

On the scorch'd earth the footsteps still remain,
 And sulphurous springs a fiery taste retain.

He sung Alcides, and his noble toil,
 His glorious triumph, and his wondrous *pile,
 Which does the fury of the waves sustain,
 Confine the Lucrine, and repel the main.
 Next the Cumæan cave and grove relates,
 Where anxious mortals throng'd to learn their fates:
 The raving virgin †, and her fatal page,
 Her more than mortal founds, and sacred rage;
 And that sad vale, unvisited by day,
 Where bury'd in eternal night ‡ Cimmerians lay.
 But thee, Paufilypus §, he gently blames,
 And sweetly mourns thy inauspicious flames,

* The Herculean way raised by Hercules in his return
 from Spain. B.

† Sibyl. B. ‡ Placed by some near Naples. B.

§ Paufilypus and Nefis are the names of two promontories
 near Naples. B.

Con-

Concern'd for lovely Nefis, ah ! too late !
 Oh, stay, rash man ! why dost thou urge her fate ?
 She, wretched maid, thy loath'd embrace to shun,
 Does to steep rocks and waves less cruel run :
 Not the dire prospect can retard her flight,
 Or gaping monsters from beneath affright.
 Oh, stay ! and reach no more with greedy hands !
 See ! to a rock transform'd thy Nefis stands,
 She, who so swift, with the first dawn of day,
 Rang'd o'er the woods, and chac'd the flying prey :
 See ! her wing'd feet their wonted speed refuse,
 And her stiff joints their nimble motion lose.
 O Panope, and all the nymphs below,
 To so much beauty just compassion show !
 If pity can affect your happy state,
 Ob, visit Nefis, and lament her fate !

He sung how once the beauteous Syren * sway'd,
 And mighty kingdoms the fair nymph obey'd ;
 Describes the lofty tomb, which all adore :
 Then tells how, loosing from their native shore,
 By all the Gods conducted, and their fate,
 Eubœans † founded that auspicious state.
 Then sung the rising walls and towers, whose height
 Is lost in clouds, and tires the fainting sight.
 What mighty piles from the capacious bay,
 And hidden pipes th' obedient springs convey :
 And that proud Pharos, whose auspicious light
 Informs glad sailors, and directs their fight.

* Parthenope. B. † A colony of Eubœans
 from Chalcis built Cumè and Naples. B.

And how beneath the gentle Sarno flows,
 In verse as smooth as that, and high as those.
 He told, and sweetly rais'd his voice divine,
 How Melissæus *, lov'd by all the Nine,
 Immortal Virgil saw; the God-like shade
 Bequeath'd that pipe, which so divinely play'd.
 Lycoris flying from her lover's arms,
 And Daphne's fate, and young Alexis' charms.
 Led by the Muse †, he mounts the starry skies,
 And all the shining orbs above descries.
 Why should I speak of Syrens, or relate
 Their treacherous songs, and the pleas'd sailor's fate?
 Or how in mournful strains he did recount
 The dire eruptions of the Burning Mount ‡,
 When, with swift ruin and a dreadful sound,
 Vast floods of liquid fire o'erwhelm'd the country round.
 Last, battles, and their various chance, he sings,
 The great events of war, and fate of kings;
 And thee ||, whom Italy bewails, the best,
 By Fortune's rage and angry Gods oppress'd,
 Stript of thy kingdoms, and compell'd to fly,
 And on uncertain hope and Gallic faith rely.

* Johannes Jovianus Pontanus, an Italian statesman under
 Alphonfus the younger, king of Arragon. Besides some
 Latin poems, he wrote the history of the wars of Ferdinand I,
 and John of Anjou. He was born in 1426, and died in
 1503. R.

† His poem called Urania. B. ‡ Vesuvius. B.

|| Frederick king of Naples. See Guicciardini. B.

Oh

Oh treachery of human power ! forlorn,
 And last by death condemn'd to a precarious urn.
 How vain is man ! and in what depth of night
 The dark decrees of fate are hid from mortal sight !
 Could'st thou, who potent kingdoms didst command,
 Not find a tomb, but in a foreign land !
 Yet mourn not, happy shade ! thy cruel fate ;
 The loss is light of that superfluous state.
 Nature provides for all a common grave,
 The last retreat of the distress'd and brave.

Thus he,
 From the first ages and heroic times,
 Deduc'd in order his mysterious rhymes.
 Charin'd by his song, the billows ceas'd to roar,
 And loud applauses rung along the shore :
 Till the pale moon advanc'd her beauteous head,
 And all the Gods sunk to their watery bed.

SAPPHO'S ODE, FROM LONGINUS.

BY THE SAME.

TH E Gods are not more blest than he,
 Who, fixing his glad eyes on thee,
 With thy bright rays his senses cheers,
 And drinks with ever-thirsty ears
 The charming musick of thy tongue ;
 Does ever hear, and ever long ;
 That sees with more than human grace
 Sweet smiles adorn thy angel face.

II.

But when with kinder beams you shine,
 And so appear much more divine,
 My feeble sense and dazzled sight
 No more support the glorious light,
 And the fierce torrent of delight.
 Oh ! then I feel my life decay,
 My ravish'd soul then flies away,
 Then faintness does my limbs surprize,
 And darkness swims before my eyes.

III.

Then my tongue fails, and from my brow
 The liquid drops in silence flow ;
 Then wandering fires run through my blood,
 And cold binds up the stupid flood ;
 All pale and breathless then I lie,
 I sigh, I tremble, and I die.

ON THE PROTECTOR'S DEATH*.

BY MR. GODOLPHIN †.

'T IS well he's gone, (O ! had he never been !)
 Hurry'd in storms loud as his crying sin.
 The pine, the oak, fell prostrate for his urn,
 That with his soul his body too might burn.

Winds

* See Mr. Waller on the same subject, Poems, p. 145. N.

† Sidney Godolphin, esq. a younger brother of an ancient family in Cornwall, was chosen burges for Helston in 1661, and for several parliaments afterward ; was appointed a commissioner of the treasury in 1671 ; made secretary of state, April

Winds pluckt-up roots, and fixed cedars move,
 Roaring for vengeance to the heavens above.
 From guilt like his great Romulus did grow,
 And in like tempests to the shades did go.
 Strange ! that the lofty trees themselves should fell,
 Without the axe ; so Orpheus went to hell.
 At his descent the stoutest oaks were cleft,
 And this whole wood its wonted station left.
 On Charles's throne the proud usurper's dead,
 With ruin'd England's tears about him spread ;
 Those from our eyes his wrath and madness rent,
 And those alone upon his hearse are spent ;

Which,

April 7, 1684 ; placed at the head of the treasury, Aug. 25 ;
 and created baron Godolphin of Rialton, Sept. 8. On the
 accession of king James, he was constituted lord chamberlain
 to the queen, continued a commissioner of the treasury, and
 was much favoured by the king, who appointed him a com-
 missioner to treat with the prince of Orange ; on whose ad-
 vancement to the throne, he was still continued a commis-
 sioner of the treasury, and was four times one of the lords
 justices in that reign. He was appointed lord treasurer by
 queen Anne, May 12, 1702 ; elected knight of the Garter,
 July 6, 1704 ; created viscount Rialton and earl of Godol-
 phin, Dec. 5, 1706 ; dismissed from all employments, Aug. 8,
 1710 ; and died of the stone (with which he had been for
 many years afflicted) at the duke of Marlborough's seat near
 St. Alban's, Sept. 15, 1712. See the particulars of his poli-
 tical character, in the " Supplement to Swift." Bp. Burnet
 says, " He was the silentest and modestest man that was,
 " perhaps, ever bred in a court."—Notwithstanding he pos-
 sessed abilities of the first rate as a Statesman, he was re-

Which, mixt with sighs, do weeping clouds outvie,
 And lesser storms of wind and rain supply.
 In battle Hercules wore the lion's skin,
 But our fierce tyrant wore the beast within :
 Whose heart was brutish more than face, or eyes,
 And in the shape of man was in disguise.
 In civil broils he did us first engage,
 And made three kingdoms perish by his rage;
 Houses from widows, bread from orphans rest,
 And his last legacy to Richard left.
 One fatal stroke flew justice, and the cause
 Of truth, religion, and the sacred laws :
 So fell Achilles by the Trojan band,
 Though he still fought with heaven itself in 's hand.

markably attached to Horse-racing. To this part of his character Mr. Pope alludes, *Moral Essays*, Ep. i. 81.

“ Who would not praise PATRICIO's high desert,
 “ His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 “ His comprehensive head ! all interests weigh'd,
 “ All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd ?
 “ He thanks you not ; his pride is in piquette,
 “ Newmarket-fame, and judgement at a bett.”

Besides the poem here printed, Jacob says, he was author of,
 1. “ Cupid's Pastime ;” 2. “ The Passion of Dido for
 “ Æneas ;” 3. “ A Fable, of the Beasts sick of the Plague.”
 That “ Cupid's Pastime,” however, was not by lord Godolphin, see Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, vol. I. p. 317 ; and “ The
 “ Passion of Dido for Æneas” was written, in conjunction with Waller, by Sidney Godolphin, who died in February 1642-3. See Wood's *Athenæ*, vol. II. p. 23. The mistake of Jacob evidently arose from there having been two Sidneys. N.

Nor could domestic spoils confine his mind,
No limits to his fury but mankind.
The British youth to foreign coasts are sent,
Towns to destroy, but more to banishment;
Who, since they cannot in this isle abide,
Are confin'd prisoners to the world beside.
The rocks which from the world do Britain part
Were but weak bars against his harder heart;
Whose thoughts, nor laws, nor could the ocean bind;
Mad as the sea, and lawless as the wind.
Wherever men, wherever pillage lies,
Like ravenous vultures our wing'd navy flies.
Under the Tropic we are understood,
And bring home rapine through a purple flood.
New circulations form'd, our blood is hurl'd,
As round the lesser, so the greater world.
Thus has the rebel to his country show'd,
How to be slaves at home, and thieves abroad.
Such circuits makes the sun, but not such harms;
This burns the places, that the other warms.
Bad Phaeton a liker course did run,
Spoil'd equally, but less usurp'd the throne.
No wonder then, if we do tears allow
To him that gave us wars, and ruin too.
Tyrants, that lov'd him, grieve, concern'd to see
There must be punishment for cruelty.
Nature herself rejoiced at his death,
And on the waters sung with such a breath,
As made the sea dance higher than before,
While her glad news came leaping to the shore.

ON MR. WALLER.

BY MR. THOMAS RYMER*.

WALLER is dead; and lofty number's lost.
 Now English verse (with nothing left to boast) }
 May hobble on, and vex good Pindar's ghost.
 What was it *three* and *eighty* years to live?
 Short is this boon to what the Muses give:
 They so insur'd his immortality,
 That scarce he knew, in any kind, to die.
Two ages he the sacred garland bore;
 Peerless in this, and prince of that before.
 Rare genius, his; alike their glory made,
 In glittering courts, and in the country shade.
 There, by *four* kings belov'd, how high he shone!
 Inseparable jewel of the crown;

* A gentleman born in the North of England. On quitting the University, he became a member of Gray's Inn, and succeeded Mr. Shadwell as historiographer to K. William III. He wrote "The English Monarch," an heroic tragedy, 1678; several poems and translations; and "A View of the Tragedies of the last Age," which occasioned those admirable Remarks preserved in the preface to Mr. Colman's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, and since by Dr. Johnson in his "Life of Dryden," p. 316. On Mr. Rymer's Poetry much commendation cannot be bestowed, and therefore only a small portion of it is selected; but he was an excellent Antiquary and Historian. Some of his pieces relating to our Constitution are very good; and his valuable collection of the "Foedera," &c. will be a lasting monument of his worth. He died December 14, 1713. N.

Yet

Yet thence no borrow'd heat or lustre got,
 Warm of himself; and fun he wanted not.
 And if the diamond stood hard fortune's shock,
 Thanks to his *old* hereditary *rock*.
 For all the court, for all the Muse's snares;
 Our journals also tell his public cares.
 From James to James, they count him o'er and o'er,
 In *four* successive reigns, a senator.
 On him, amidst the legislative throng,
 Their eyes, and ears, and every heart, they hung.
 Within *those walls* if we Apollo knew,
 Less could he warm, nor throw a shaft so true.
 What life, what lightning, blanch'd around the *chair*?
 (It was no house if Waller was not there:)
 And that respect still to his speech, or nods,
 As he had come from councils of the Gods.
 How would he tune their contradicting notes!
 With ready wit facilitate the votes!
 And in his verse, so every where display
 An air of something great, and something gay?
 And, like Amphion, when he form'd a town,
 Put life in every stock, and every stone?
 Oh! had he liv'd one meeting more to sit,
 How would the *times* his generous mind have hit!
 What he so long contested for, in vain,
 Set loose from all ecclesiastic chain,
 With transport he would find religion free,
 And now no longer a *monopoly*.

" Watch home, and harbour; nay, shut up the sea:
 But who shall e'er with heaven our traffic stay,
 Or there erect a block-house in the way?

Our

Our stubborn body is not us'd so ill;
 It must no rack (that foreign engine) feel;
 And yet they bring poor conscience to the wheel.
 Error they scourge; so children whip their top:
 The certain only means to keep it up."

Thus would he play, and many a pointed jest
 Still fling against the persecuting beast.
 Easy to run in endless histories;
 Tracing a life of one who never dies.
 How he the orbs of courts and councils mov'd:
 But, Muses, how he *sung*, and how he *lov'd*!
 What spirit fills his verse, your care defines;
 Amongst the stars how Sacharissa shines:
 How still her altars fume with sacrifice,
 When gone are all the goddesses of Greece.
 Language and wit he rais'd to such an height,
 We should suspect, with him, the empire's fate,
 Did not auspicious James support the weight.
 This northern speech refin'd to that degree,
 Soft France we scorn, nor envy Italy:
 But for a fit comparison must seek
 In Virgil's Latin, or in Homer's Greek.

Anger is mad; and choler mere disease:
 His Muse saw what was sweet, and what would please:
 Still led where Nature's beauteous rays entice;
 Not touching vile deformities, or vice.
 Here no chimæra skips, no goblin frights;
 No Satyr's here, nor monster else, that bites.
 Sweetness his very vinegar allay'd;
 And all his snakes in ladies bosoms play'd.

Nature rejoic'd beneath his charming power;
 His lucky hand made every thing a flower.
 So every *shrub* to *jessamin* improves;
 And rudest *bolts* to goodly *myrtle* groves.
 Some, from a *sprig* he carelessly had thrown,
 Have furnish'd a whole *garden* of their own.
 Some, by a *spark* that from his *chariot* came,
 Take *fire*, and blaze, and raise a deathless name.
 Others a luckless imitation try;
 And, whilst they *soar*, and whilst they venture high,
 Flutter and flounce, but have not wing to *fly*.
 Some in loose *words* their empty fancies bind,
 Which whirl about, with chaff, before the wind.
 Here brave conceits in the expression fail;
 There, *big* the *words*, but with no *sense* at all.
 Still Waller's *sense* might Waller's language trust;
 Both pois'd, and always bold, and always just.
 None e'er may reach that strange felicity,
 Where thoughts are easy, verse so sweet and free,
 Yet not descend one step from majesty.

VERSES BY M. ST. EVREMONT. * 1684.

WALLER, qui ne sent rien des maux de la vieillesse,
 Dont la vivacité fait honte aux jeuns gens,
 S'attache à la beauté pour vivre plus long temps;
 Et ce qu'on nommeroit dans une autre foiblesse,
 Est en ce rare esprit une sage tendresse,
 Qui le fait résister à l'injure des ans.

* This celebrated French wit (the favourite of three suc-
 cessive kings of England) died at London, in his 91st year,
 Sept. 9, 1703. His Works are printed in 7 vols. 1726. N.

IN ENGLISH, BY MR. RYMER.

VAIN gallants, look on Waller, and despair :

He, only he, may boast the grand receipt ;
Of fourscore years he never feels the weight :
Still in his element, when with the fair ;
There, gay and fresh, drinks-in the rosy air :
There, happy he enjoys his leisure hours ;
Nor thinks of winter, whilst amidst the flowers.

TO MR. RILEY, BY THE SAME.

ON DRAWING MR. WALLER'S PICTURE.

NOT flesh and blood can Riley's * pride confine,

He must be adding still some ray divine :

Nor is content when he true likeness shews,

Unless that glory also crown the brows.

* John Riley was born in London, in 1646. He was one of the best native painters that had, until very lately, flourished in England. His style of painting was agreeable, and his colouring extremely pleasing ; but, by being preceded by several eminent artists in his profession, such as Vandyck, Dobson, and Lely, and contemporary with Kneller, his reputation was not advanced in proportion to his merit ; nor did his works engage the public attention so much as they really deserved. A very good judge says, " He made nature his
" principal study, without adopting the manner of any master,
" and as far as he thought it prudent, he improved or embellished it in his pictures ; and, like many other men of genius, he seems to be more respected by posterity, than by
" the age in which he flourished." He died in the year 1691. R.

This

This subject, Riley, this (for long has he
 Scour'd the bright roads of immortality)
 New rapture wants : no human touch can reach
 His laurels, and poetic triumph's pitch.
 On face and out-side stay thy bold design ;
 'Tis sacred, 'tis Apollo's all within.
 Thou may'st slight sketches of the surface shew,
 Not vex the mine, whence god-like treasures flow.
 Came twenty nymphs, his Muse contented all,
 None went away without her golden ball ;
 The Gods of old were not so liberal.
 How many, free from fate, enjoy his song,
 Drink nectar, ever gay, and ever young ?
 Though to thy genius no attempt is vain,
 Think not to draw the poet, but the man.
 Yet, Riley, thus our endless fame must share !
 His generous pen thy pencil shall prefer,
 It draw him man, and he make it a star.

T H E D E S E R T E D S W A I N.

TH E Muses darling, pride of all the plains,
 Daphnis, the soft, the sweetest of the swains,
 Long reign'd in love, for every nymph he view'd
 He caught, he only look'd, and he subdued :
 But now the melancholy youth retires
 Through shady groves, and wanders through the briars,
 Sad and alone : at last beneath a shade
 Of spreading elm and beech supinely laid
 He sigh'd, he shook his head, and thus he said :

“ When

“ When I so long, so faithfully did woo,
And did what constancy and truth could do,
Why is my suit refus’d, my prayers in vain,
And warm endeavours damp’d by cold disdain?
Must slights the lean rewards of virtue prove!
Unhappy Daphnis, fatal in thy love!
Long drought the flowers, and storms the labouring bee,
And unsuccessful love hath ruin’d thee.
This heaven (had I observ’d the omen well)
As conscious of my fate, did oft foretell;
It shew’d my flattering hope should disappear,
And waste like vapours tost in flitting air.
Last night, when, careful of my flocks, I went
To see my lambs were fed, and folds were pent,
A flame shone round my head; but soon the light
Decay’d, and all around stood deepest night.
But is Urania so averse to love?
Could none of all the rival shepherds move?
Ah, Ægon, how I envy thy success!
Thy fortune greater, though thy charms were less:
Without a long fatigue and tedious suit,
The door was open’d, and you reach’d the fruit:
Oh, how I pine at thy surprizing joys!
Die Daphnis! she is partial in her choice.
Yet once I hop’d (what cannot love persuade?)
More kind returns from the obliging maid:
Her looks were soft, smiles on her cheeks did lie,
No cloudy frowns obscur’d the pleasing sky:
Nor could I think that e’er the time would come
When constant love should prove the lover’s doom:

The

The flowers I pluckt, the garlands which I wove,
 She took, and wore as badges of my love:
 She heard my songs, nor did my art contemn,
 And sometimes she would stoop to be my theme:
 Damætas envy'd, Colin tun'd my lays,
 Whilst she sat by, and gladly heard her praise:
 Sooner shall dolphins o'er the mountains swim,
 Does graze on floods, and bees forget their thyme,
 Than I that day, when with a smile she led
 The joyful Ægon to her promis'd bed,
 With what a high disdain he march'd along,
 And proudly look'd on the despairing throng!
 Yet he ne'er fed the flocks, ne'er pent the fold,
 Nor bore the summer's heat, nor winter's cold;
 But he had wealth, and that alone betray'd
 The heedless mind of the unthinking maid.
 Curst be the wretch that first did gold disperse,
 And robd'd the happy plains of innocence!
 Am I refus'd because my suit was plain,
 The artless courtship of an humble swain?
 You know me not, nor yet the pains I took,
 Whilst Ægon slept, to feed the weary flock;
 How often have the nymphs beheld me sweat
 Beneath the fury of the summer's heat;
 How often seen the frost bind up my hair,
 And cry'd, Ah, Daphnis, worn with too much care!
 But what avails my care, what boots my pain,
 But only yields a larger subject to complain?"

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WALLER.

BY MR. BEVIL HIGGONS*.

AH! had thy body lasted, as thy name;
 Secure of life, as now thou art of fame;
 Thou hadst more ages than old Nestor seen:
 Nor had thy Phœbus more immortal been.

To

* A younger son of Sir Thomas Higgons (already mentioned, p. 42) by Bridget his second wife. At the age of 16, he became a commoner of St. John's College, Oxford, in Lent term 1686; and went afterwards to Cambridge. Wood enumerates five of his poems. He wrote some others; and was the author of a tragedy, intitled, "The Generous Conqueror, or the Timely Discovery," acted at Drury Lane, and printed in 4to, 1702. See the prologue to this tragedy in Lord Lansdowne's Poems, p. 220. He was a steady adherent to the cause of the exiled family; and accompanied K. James into France, where he maintained his wit and good-humour undepressed by his misfortunes. On the publication of Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times, he wrote some strictures on it, in a volume, intitled, "Historical and Critical Remarks;" the second edition of which was printed in 8vo, 1727; and, in the same year, published "A short View of the English History; with Reflections, Political, Historical, Civil, Physical, and Moral; on the Reigns of the Kings; their Characters, and Manners; their Successions to the Throne, and all other remarkable Incidents to the Revolution 1688. Drawn from authentic
 "Memoirs

To thee alone we are beholden more
 Than all the poets of the times before.
 Thy Muse, inspir'd with a genteeler rage,
 Did first refine the genius of our age.
 In thee a clear and female softness shin'd,
 With masculine vigour, force, and judgement join'd.
 You, in soft strains, for courts and ladies sung;
 So natural your thought, so sweet your song,
 The gentle sex did still partake your flame,
 And all the coyness of your mistress blame;
 Still mov'd with you, did the same passions find,
 And vow'd that Sacharissa was unkind.

Oh! may the world ne'er lose so brave a flame;
 May one succeed in genius, and in fame!
 May, from thy urn, some Phoenix Waller rise,
 Whom the admiring world like thee may prize!
 May he in thy immortal numbers sing,
 And paint the glories of our matchless king!
 Oh! may his verse of mighty Waller taste,
 And mend the coming age, as you the last!

Within that sacred pile † where kings do come,
 Both to receive their crowns, and find a tomb,
 There is a lonely aile; which holy place
 The lasting monuments of poets grace.

“Memoirs and MSS. By B. Higgons, of The Middle
 “Temple, Esq.”—“These papers,” he tells us in his Pre-
 face, “lay covered with dust 36 years, till every person con-
 “cerned in the transactions mentioned was removed from the
 “stage.” He died the 1st of March, 1735. N.

† Westminster-Abbey. N.

Thither amongst th' inspired train convey,
 And in their company his ashes lay :
 Let him with Spenser and great Cowley be,
 He who 's so much the greatest of the three.
 Though there so many crowns and mitres lie,
 (For kings and faints, as well as we, must die)
 Those venerable walls were never blest,
 Since their foundation, with a nobler guest.

With them, great soul, thou shalt immortal live,
 And, in thy deathless numbers, fate survive :
 Fresh, as thy Sacharissa's beauty, still
 Thy bays shall grow, which time can never kill.
 Far as our conquering British lion roars,
 Far as the poles, or the remotest shores,
 Where'er is known or heard the English name,
 The distant world shall hear of Waller's fame.
 Thou only shalt with nature's self expire,
 And all the world in the supremest fire ;
 When Horace and fam'd Virgil die, when all
 That's great or noble shall together fall.

O N S O L I T U D E*.

I.

O Solitude ! my sweetest choice,
 Places devoted to the night,
 Remote from tumult, and from noise,
 How you my restless thought delight !
 O heavens ! what content is mine,

* See a beautiful "Ode on Solitude," by Mr. Hammond,
 in the Poems of Lord Roscommon, p. 238. N.

To see those trees which have appear'd
From the nativity of time,
And which all ages have rever'd,
To look to-day as fresh and green
As when their beauties first were seen!

II.

A chearful wind does court them so,
And with such amorous breath enfold,
That we by nothing else can know
But by their height that they are old.
Hither the demi-gods did fly
To seek a sanctuary; when
Displeased Jove once pierc'd the sky,
To pour a deluge upon men,
And on these boughs themselves did save,
Whence they could hardly see a wave.

III.

Sad Philomel upon this thorn,
So curiously by Flora drest,
In melting notes, her case forlorn,
To entertain me, hath confests'd.
Oh! how agreeable a sight
These hanging mountains do appear,
Which the unhappy would invite
To finish all their sorrows here,
When their hard fate makes them endure
Such woes as only death can cure!

IV.

What pretty desolations make
These torrents vagabond and fierce,

Who in vast heaps their spring forsake

This solitary vale to pierce !

Then, sliding just as serpents do

Under the foot of every tree,

Themselves are chang'd to rivers too,

Wherein some stately Naiade,

As in her native bed, is grown

A queen upon a crystal throne.

V.

This den beset with river-plants,

O ! how it does my senses charm :

Nor elders, reeds, nor willows wants,

Which the sharp steel did never harm.

Here nymphs, which come to take the air,

May with such distaffs furnish'd be

As flags and rushes can prepare,

Where we the nimble frogs may see ;

Who, frighted, to retreat do fly,

If an approaching man they spy,

VI.

Here water-fowl repose enjoy,

Without the interrupting care

Lest fortune should their bliss destroy :

By the malicious fowler's snare :

Some, ravish'd with so bright a day,

Their feathers finely prune and deck,

Others their amorous heats allay,

Which yet the waters could not check :

All take their innocent content

In this their lovely element.

VII. Sum-

VII.

Summer's nor winter's bold approach
 This stream did never entertain;
 Nor ever felt a boat or coach
 Whilst either season did remain.
 No thirsty traveller came near,
 And rudely made his hand his cup;
 Nor any hunted hind hath here
 Her hopeless life resigned up;
 Nor ever did the treacherous hook
 Intrude, to empty any brook.

VIII.

What beauty is there in the sight
 Of these old ruin'd castle walls,
 In which the utmost rage and spight
 Of time's worst infurrection falls!
 The witches keep their sabbath here,
 And wanton devils make retreat,
 Who in malicious sport appear,
 Our senses both t' afflict and cheat.
 And here within a thousand holes
 Are nests of adders and of owls.

IX.

The raven with his dismal cries,
 That mortal augury of fate,
 Whose ghastly goblin gratifies,
 Which in these gloomy places wait.
 On a curs'd tree the wind does move
 A carcass, which did once belong
 To one that hang'd himself for love
 Of a fair nymph that did him wrong:

Who, though she saw his love and truth,
With one look would not save the youth.

X.

But Heaven, which judgeth equally,
And its own laws will still maintain,
Rewarded soon her cruelty
With a deserv'd and mighty pain:
About his squalid heap of bones,
Her wandering and condemning shade
Laments in long and piercing groans
The destiny her rigour made;
And, farther to augment her fright,
Her crime is ever in her sight.

XI.

There, upon Antick * marble trac'd,
Devices of pastimes we see;
Here age has almost quite defac'd
What lovers carv'd on every tree.
The cellar, here, the highest room
Receives whene'er its rafters fail,
Soil'd with the venom and the foam
Of the fly spider and the snail:
And th' ivy in the chimney we
Find shaded by a walnut-tree.

XII.

Below there does a cave extend,
Wherein there is so dark a grot,
That should the sun himself descend,
I think he could not see a jot.

* So printed by Dryden. Q. *Antique*, or *Attick*. N.

Here sleep within a heavy lid
 In quiet sadness locks up sense,
 And every care he does forbid,
 Whilst in the arms of negligence
 Lazily on his back he's spread,
 And sheaves of poppey are his bed.

XIII.

Within this cool and hollow cave,
 Where Love itself might turn to ice,
 Poor Echo ceases not to rave
 On her Narcissus, wild and nice:
 Hither I softly steal a thought,
 And by the softer musick made,
 With a sweet lute in charms well-taught,
 Sometimes I flatter her sad shade;
 Whilst of my chords I make such choice,
 To serve as body to her voice.

XIV.

When from these ruins I retire,
 This horrid rock I do invade,
 Whose lofty brow seems to enquire
 Of what materials mists are made:
 From thence descending leisurely,
 Under the brow of this steep hill,
 It with great pleasure I descry
 By waters undermin'd, until
 They to Palæmon's seat did climb,
 Compos'd of sponges and of slime.

XV.

How highly is the fancy pleas'd,
 To be upon the ocean's shore,

When she begins to be appeas'd,
 And her fierce billows cease to roar!
 And when the hairy Tritons are
 Riding upon the shaken wave,
 With what strange sound they strike the air,
 Of their trumpets hoarse and brave,
 Whose shrill report does every wind
 Unto his due submission bind!

XVI.

Sometimes the sea dispels the sand,
 Trembling and murmuring in the bay,
 And rolls itself upon the shells,
 Which it both brings and takes away.
 Sometimes exposes on the strand
 Th' effects of Neptune's rage and scorn,
 Drown'd men, dead monsters cast on land,
 And ships that were in tempests torn,
 With diamonds and amber-grease,
 And many more such things as these.

XVII.

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,
 A floating mirror she might be,
 And you would fancy all that while
 New heavens in her face to see:
 The sun himself is drawn so well,
 When there he would his picture view,
 That our eyes can hardly tell
 Which is the false sun, which the true;
 And, lest we give our sense the lye,
 We think he's fallen from the sky.

XVIII.

Bernieres ! for whose beloved sake,
 My thoughts are at a noble strife ;
 'This my fantastic landskip take,
 Which I have copied to the life.
 I only seek the desarts rough,
 Where all alone I love to walk,
 And, with discourse refin'd enough,
 My genius and the Muses talk ;
 But the converse most truly mine
 Is the dear memory of thine.

XIX.

'Thou may'st in this poem find,
 So full of liberty and heat,
 What illustrious rays have shin'd,
 To enlighten my conceit :
 Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
 Just as that fury does control ;
 And as the object I survey,
 The notions grow up in my soul,
 And are as unconfin'd and free
 As the flame which transported me.

XX.

Oh ! how I solitude adore,
 That element of noblest wit,
 Where I have learn'd Apollo's lore,
 Without the pains to study it !
 For thy sake I in love am grown,
 With what thy fancy does pursue ;
 But when I think upon my own,
 I hate it for that reason too,

Because

Because it needs must hinder me
From seeing and from serving thee.

A CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH.

BY ROBERT WOLSELEY, ESQ.*

TH E free-born English, generous and wise,
Hate chains, but do not government despise :
Rights of the crown, tribute and taxes, they,
When lawfully exacted, freely pay.
Force they abhor, and wrong they scorn to bear ;
More guided by their judgement than their fear ;
Justice with them is never held severe. }
Here power by tyranny was never got ;
Laws may perhaps ensnare them, force cannot :
Rash councils here have still the same effect ;
The surest way to reign, is to protect.
Kings are least safe in their unbounded will,
Join'd with the wretched power of doing ill ;

* Son of Sir Charles Wolseley of Staffordshire, a zealous parliamentarian, who for his services was made one of Cromwell's lords. Robert was a younger brother ; and, being in favour with King William, was sent envoy to Brussels about the year 1693. He was very much the man of pleasure, and occasionally invoked the Muse. He wrote the extraordinary Preface to Lord Rochester's *Valentinian* ; a translation from the sixth book of Virgil, on Æneas's meeting with Dido, not worth preserving ; and some other little pieces. The poem here printed is an allusion to Tacitus de Vitâ Agricolæ. N.

For-

Forsaken most when they 're most absolute :
 Laws guard the man, and only bind the brute.
 To force that guard, and with the worst to join,
 Can never be a prudent king's design ;
 What king would chuse to be a Catiline
 Break his own laws, stake an unquestiō'd throne,
 Conspire with vassals to usurp his own ?
 'Tis rather some base favourite's vile pretence,
 To tyrannize at the wrong'd king's expence.
 Let France grow proud beneath the tyrant's lust,
 While the rackt people crawl and lick the dust.
 The mighty Genius of this isle disdains
 Ambitious slavery and golden chains.
 England to servile yoke did never bow :
 What conquerors ne'er presum'd, who dares do now ?
 Roman nor Norman ever could pretend
 To have enslav'd, but made this isle their friend.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. WALLER

BY SIR JOHN COTTON, BART.*

NOT sleep, beneath the shade in flowery fields,
 To th' weary traveller more pleasure yields ;
 Nor, to assuage his thirst, the living spring,
 I' th' heat of summer, more delight does bring ;
 Than unto me thy well-tun'd numbers do,
 In which thou dost both please and profit too.

* Recorder of the town of Cambridge, and one of their
 representatives in parliament all king William's and part of
 queen Anne's reign. He died in January 1712. N.

Born

Born in a clime where storms and tempests grow;
 Far from the place where Helicon does flow :
 The Muses travel'd far to bless thy fight,
 And taught thee how to think, and how to write.
 Th' Ascræan* shepherd tells us, he indeed
 Had seen them dancing, while his flocks did feed.
 Not Petrarch's Laura, nor bright Stella's fame,
 Shall longer live than Sacharissa's name,
 Thou do'st not write like those, who brand the times,
 And themselves most, with sharp satyric rhymes :
 Nor does thy Muse, with smutty verses, tear
 The modest virgin's chaste and tender ear;
 Free from their faults, whate'er thy Muse indites,
 Not Ovid, nor Tibullus, softer writes.
 The choice of tuneful words t' express our thought,
 By thy example we have first been taught.
 Our English Virgil †, and our Pindar too,
 In this ('tis said) some negligence did shew.
 I'll add but this, lest, while I think to raise
 Thy worth, I kindly injure thee with praise :
 Thy verses have a genius, and must
 Live until all things crumble into dust.

* Hesiod.

† Cowley.

NEWS FROM HELL.

BY CAPTAIN RADCLIFF*.

SO dark the night was, that old Charon
 Could not carry ghostly fare on;
 But was forc'd to leave his souls,
 Stark stript of bodies, 'mongst the shoals
 Of black sea-toads, and other fry,
 Which on the Stygian shore do lie:
 Th' amazed spirits desire recess
 To their old batter'd carcases;
 But, as they turn about, they find
 The night more dismal is behind.

Pluto began to fret and fume,
 Because the tilt-boat did not come.
 To the shore's side he straitway trudges
 With his three soul-censuring judges,
 Standing on Acherontic strand,
 He thrice three times did waft his wand:
 From gloomy lake did straight arise
 A meagre fiend, with broad blue eyes;
 Approaching Pluto, as he bow'd,
 From 's head there dropt infernal mud;

* An officer of the army, devoted to Parnassus, of strong propensity to mirth and pleasure. His poetical performances abound in low humour. That which is here given as a specimen, being perhaps as unexceptionable as any other of this author's productions, is retained for the sake of the anecdotes it furnishes. "The Ramble," and "A Call to the Guard by a Drum," are the titles of two others. N.

Quoth

Quoth he, "*A tenebris & luto*

"I come." — "'Tis well, quoth furly Pluto.

"Go you to t'other side of Styx,

"And know why Charon's so prolix:

"Surely on earth there cannot be

"A grant of immortality!"

Away the wriggling fiend soon scuds

Through liquids thick as soap and fuds.

In the mean-while old Æacus,

Craftier far than any of us,

(For mortal men to him are filly;

Besides, he held a league with Lilly *;

And what is acted here does know

As well as t'other does below)

Thus spake, "Thou mighty king of Orcus,

"Who into any shape canst work us;

"I to your greatness shall declare

"My sentiments of this affair.

"Charon, you know, did use to come

"With some elucid spirit home;

"Some poet bright, whose glowing soul

"Like torch did light him cross the pool:

"Old Charon then was blithe and merry,

"With flame and rhapsody in ferry.

"Should he gross souls alone take in,

"Laden with heavy rubbish fin;

"Sin that is nothing but allay;

"'Tis ten to one he'd lose his way.

"But now such wights with souls so clear

"Must not have damnation here;

* The celebrated astrologer of the last century. N.

"Nor

"Nor can we hope they 'll hither move,
 "For know, grim Sir! they're damn'd above;
 "They're damn'd on earth by th' present age,
 "Damn'd in cabals, and damn'd o' th' stage.
 "Laureat *, who was both learn'd and florid,
 "Was damn'd long since for silence horrid:
 "Nor had there been such clutter made,
 "But that this silence did invade †:
 "Invade! and so 't might well, that's clear:
 "But what did it invade?—an ear.
 "And for some other things, 'tis true,
 "We follow fate that does pursue ‡."

A lord, who was in metre wont
 To talk of privy-member blunt,
 Whose verse, by women termed lewd,
 Is still preserv'd, not understood:

* Davenant and Dryden, both laureats, are here the objects of our poet's satire. N.

† Alluding to two lines in Dryden's poem called "Astræa Redux:"

"An horrid stilness first invades the ear,
 "And in that silence we a tempest fear;"

which are ridiculed in "The Rehearsal," A. 5.

"But stay, what sound is this *invades our ears*?"

The Key, however, to that witty performance refers to the following lines in "The Siege of Rhodes," as those intended to be burlesqued:

"What various noises *do my ears invade*,
 "And have a concert of confusion made!" R.

‡ A line in one of Mr. Dryden's Plays is here alluded to. R.

But

But that which made them curse and ban,
Was for his "Satire against Man *."

A third † was damn'd, 'cause in his plays
He thrusts old jests in Archee's days :
Nor, as they say, can make a chorus
Without a tavern or a whore-house ;
Which he, to puzzle vulgar thinking,
Does call by th' name of love and drinking.

A fourth ‡ for writing superfine,
With words correct in every line :
And one that does presume to say,
A plot's too gross for any play :
Comedy should be clean and neat,
As gentlemen do talk and eat.
So what he writes is but translation,
From dog and partridge conversation.

A fifth §, who does in 's last prefer
'Bove all, his own dear character :
And fain would seem upon the stage,
Too manly for this flippant age.

A sixth ||, whose lofty fancy towers
'Bove fate, eternity, and powers,

* See the Earl of Rochester's Poems, p. 318. N.

† Shadwell. ‡ Sir George Etherege ; of whom,
and of Shadwell, some account will be given hereafter. N.

§ Mr. Wicherley ; alluding to his Plain Dealer." N.

|| Nat Lee. See above, p. 46. His lunacy is compared
by Langbaine to the Divine Fury mentioned by Ovid,

"Est Deus in nobis, agitante calefcimus illo."

The description of madness in his "Cæsar Borgia," is admirably fine. N.

Rumbles i' th' sky, and makes a bustle;
So, "Gods meet Gods i' th' dark, and juggle."

A seventh *, because he'd rather chuse
To spoil his verse than tire his Muse:
Nor will he let heroics chime;
Fancy (quoth he) is lost by rhyme;
And he that 's us'd to clashing swords
Should not delight in founds of words:
Mars with Mercury should not mingle;
Great warriors should speak big, not jingle.
Amongst this heptarchy of wit,
The censuring age have thought it fit
To damn a woman †, 'cause 'tis said,
The plays she vends she never made;
But that a Grays-Inn lawyer ‡ does 'em,
Who unto her was friend in bosom.

* This was Sir Robert Howard, author of "The Com-mittee" and other pieces, and related to Mr. Dryden by that author's marriage. He had a controversy with Mr. Dryden on the propriety of verse in dramatic entertainments. In the dedication of his works, he says "that rhyme is
"such a confinement to a quick and luxuriant fancy, that
"it gives a stop to its speed till slow judgment comes in to
"assist it." And again, "Verses (I mean good ones) do, in
"their height of fancy, declare the labour that brought them
"forth like majesty that grows with care; and nature, that
"made the poet capable, seems to retire and leave its offers
"to be made perfect by pains and judgment." These passages appear to be alluded to above. See an account of Sir Robert, p. 147. R.

† Mrs. Behn. See above, p. 85. N.

‡ Mr. Hoyl.

VOL. I.

L

So,

So, not presenting scarf and hood,
New plays and songs are full as good.

These are the better sort, I grant,
Damn'd only by the ignorant :
But still there are a scribbling fry
Ought to be damn'd eternally ;
An unlearn'd tribe, o' th' lower rate,
Who will be poets spite of fate ;
Whose character's not worth reciting,
They scarce can read, yet will be writing :
As t' other day a silly oaf
Instead of *Jove* did call on *Jose* ;
Whose humble *Muse* descends to cellars,
Or at the best to Hercules' pillars.
Now Charon I presume does stop,
Expecting one of these would drop ;
For any such poetic damn'd-boy
Will light him home as well as flambeau.
Æacus just had made an end,
When did arrive the dripping fiend,
Who did confirm the judge's speech,
That Charon did a light beseech.
They fell to consultation grave,
To find some strange enlighten'd knave.
Faux had like t' have been the spark,
But that his lantern was too dark.
At last th' agreed a fullen Quaker
Should be this business-undertaker ;
The fittest soul for this exploit,
Because he had the newest light :

Him

Him soon from fable den they drag,
Who of his sufferings doth brag;
And, unto heel of fiend being ty'd,
To Charon's vessel was convey'd.
Charon came home, all things were well:
This is the only News from Hell!

NATURE'S CHANGES, LUCRET. BOOK V.

BY THE HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD*.

SINCE Earth and Water, more dilated Air,
And active Fire, mixt Nature's parts appear;
These all new form'd, and to destruction brought;
Why of the World may not the like be thought?

* A younger son of Thomas earl of Berkshire, and educated at Magdalen College in Oxford. During the civil wars he was a zealous royalist; and was knighted at the Restoration, and rewarded by the office of auditor of the exchequer. He was chosen member for Stockbridge in 1661; and for Castle Rising in 1679 and 1688. He was so strong an advocate for the Revolution, as to disclaim all manner of conversation with the Nonjurors; and, by his obstinacy and pride, made many enemies. His patron the duke of Buckingham had in 1663 exposed him under the name of *Bilboa* in "The Rehearsal;" but afterwards altered his resolution, and leveled his ridicule at a much greater name, under that of *Bayes*. He was also ridiculed in Shadwell's "Sullen Lovers," 1670, under the name of *Sir Positive At-all*. He published six plays, a volume of poems, and some treatises in prose; was four times married; and died Sept. 3, 1698.—In Dryden, vol. II. p. 117, is a beautiful epistle "To my honoured Friend Sir R. Howard, on his excellent Poems." N.

Reason presents this maxim to our view,
 What in each part, that in the whole is true:
 And therefore, when you see spring up and fall
 Nature's great parts, conclude the like of all:
 Know, heaven and earth on the same laws depend,
 In time they both began, in time shall end.
 But, Memmius, not t' assume what some deny,
 The proof on plain experience shall rely:
 I'll shew, these elements to change are prone;
 Rise in new shapes, continue long in none.

Then first of Earth: conclude that all must fail,
 Which differing parts, fermenting, can exhale:
 Much the reflected rays extract from thence;
 And from their burning heat no less th' expence.
 The dust and smoke in flying clouds appear,
 Which boisterous winds disperse through liquid air.
 Some parts dissolve and flow away in rain,
 And from their banks the rapid rivers gain.
 A diminution nothing e'er escapes;
 Which new existence gives to other shapes:
 Plants, minerals, and concretes, owe their birth,
 And animals their growth, in part to earth:
 Then, since from this their beings first did spring,
 Time all to this, their common grave, does bring.
 In these examples, not to mention more,
 Nature does earth consume, and earth restore.
 The springs, the rivers, and the seas are found,
 For earth's supply, with waters to abound;
 Renew'd, and flowing in continual round.
 Lest these, increasing, should at last prevail;
 The mighty ocean fiercer winds assail:

}
 Vast

Vast shoals of atoms thence away they bear,
And, raising them aloft, transform to air.
Much is extracted from the powerful sun,
More does in subterranean channels run:
In earth it first excessive saltnefs spends,
Then to our springs' and rivers' heads ascends;
These in the fruitful valleys turn and wind,
And still to new productions are inclin'd.

And next of Air: which, in its vast extent,
In changes infinite, each hour is spent:
For air's wide ocean still requiring more,
Fill'd with effluvia, should it not restore
The perish'd shapes, time's ruins to repair,
Long since had all things been dissolv'd to air.
From others loss its being it receives;
To these again its changing substance leaves:
So true it is, that nature ebbs and flows;
And, one part perishing, another grows.

The Sun, the fountain of the glorious rays,
Instead of vanish'd light, new light displays.
The brightness of the flying minute past,
Is now obscur'd, and to new forms does haste.
From hence it comes that, when black clouds draw near,
And banish'd sun-shine strait does disappear,
The earth's o'ershadow'd, as the storms are driven,
And rays new darted are requir'd from heaven.
Vision would cease (so soon would light expire)
Without recruits of bright etherial fire.
In our inferior and sulphureous light,
Of lamps and tapers chasing shades of night,

Continued fuel feeds the trembling flame
Which gives the light, nor is that light the same
Of sun, of moon, of stars; ne'er think it strange
That they are not secure from final change.
When what so late did smile this instant dies,
And new-born light still shines to mortal eyes.
Thus we observe hard rocks in time decay'd;
The marble monuments for heroes made,
And stately towers, in humble ruins laid.
Do Gods their images from age secure?
Or force their temples always to endure?
Thus when you see old rocks from mountains fall,
By this conclude their sure original;
For, were they from eternity so plac'd,
No chance could ruin them, no time could waste.
Next raise your eyes to earth-surrounding spheres,
From which (say some) springs all that now appears,
'To which at last their vanish'd parts ascend;
These, as they're form'd, to dissolution tend:
For all things must in such proportion cease,
As they to other beings give increase.

But then, if no beginning does appear
Of heaven and earth, but both eternal were;
Before the Theban war was e'er proclaim'd,
Or fatal siege of Troy by Homer fam'd,
Why did not far more antient poets sing
What revolutions elder times did bring?
Such men, such acts, how in oblivion drown'd,
As with immortal fame might well be crown'd?
No great antiquity the world has prov'd;
Eternity from this seems far remov'd:

All arts and science else would long ago
Have reach'd perfection, not now daily grow.
No ancient failors e'er like ours did steer:
No such harmonious musick charm'd the ear.
This nature of the world not ages past
Was brought to light, retarded for the last.
And these discoveries ordain'd by fate
To foreign climes, I with the first translate.

But still, if no beginning you believe,
And say, 'tis easier for us to conceive
Such conflagrations from sulphureous power,
As totally did human race devour:
Or general earthquakes did the world confound,
Or all in mighty deluges were drown'd;
This force of argument you then increase,
That heaven and earth in future time must cease.
For which such dreadful danger threaten'd all,
Though nature then escap'd a total fall,
Grant but the cause increas'd, and 'twill not fail,
As did the less, o'er all things to prevail.
What shews we cannot endless life enjoy,
But sense of ills which others did destroy?

If you the world's duration would extend
To all eternity, you must defend,
Its solid substance is so firmly bound,
No penetration can it ever wound
(Minute atoms, 'tis confess'd, are so,
But not the compound which from these did grow):
Or that 'tis immaterial you must prove,
And what no forcing agent can remove:

Or else you must all ambient space deny,
To which it may dissolv'd and ruin'd fly :
(Thus, Universal claims Eternal's place,
Because it ne'er can pass t' external space) :
But neither is this various globe so fix'd
(For much vacuity is intermix'd),
Nor is it void of matter, nor can be
From threatening power of penetration free ;
And powers unknown, from boundless ambient space,
This present state of nature may deface :
With dreadful hurricanes they may invade,
And turn to chaos all that e'er was made ;
Or by some other means, beyond the reach
Of man's conception, make the fatal breach.
Nor wants there space beyond the spheres of heaven,
To which the ruin'd parts may then be driven :
Whene'er these elements their mansions leave,
That vast abyss lies open to receive.
From hence to their beginning you're directed,
What magic charms have always so protected,
That, when the finite parts expiring lye,
The whole eternal ages should defy ?
Then, since the world's great parts at once engage,
And civil wars in its dominions rage,
We may foresee their strife, so long depending,
At last in general subversion ending ;
Rivers and seas consum'd, fierce fires may burn,
Till all their ashes meet in earth's great urn.
Ev'n now they strive the victory to gain ;
But still the ocean does the fight maintain,

And,

And, swell'd with rivers, hopes, by forces try'd,
To drown the rest, and sole in triumph ride
This to prevent, the swift exhausting wind
And radiant sun 'gainst liquid force are join'd.
Thus equal in appearance long they mov'd,
Each other's strength in mighty wars they prov'd.
At last the fire, 'tis said, did win the field:
And earth did once, o'erwhelm'd with waters, yield.
Long since when Phaeton, led by vain desire,
To drive the sun's great chariot did aspire,
'Twas then the world was hazarded by fire.
With head-strong force the winged horses flew;
O'er earth and heaven the burning planet drew.
What then had been the fate of all things here,
If angry Jove the daring charioteer
Had not dismounted by swift lightning's stroke,
And so at once the flaming progress broke?
Thus Phaeton slain was falling to the ground,
And furious horses dragg'd the chariot round,
When great Apollo reasum'd the chair;
Restor'd the sun that rov'd throughout the air;
With dextrous force reclaim'd his raging steeds,
And to this hour in annual course proceeds.
Greek poets thus the truth with lies confound;
To waking men like wandering dreams they sound;
But though, to grace their morals, they romance,
True fires did then from east to west advance.
Such magazines of sulphur earth contains,
That, if some stronger agent not restrains,
The fuel all inflam'd, and raging high,
Will ne'er be quench'd till all in ruins lie.

The

The water too did, as our authors tell,
 In ages past, to such proportion swell,
 That spacious empires wholly were destroy'd;
 The ocean then had sovereign right enjoy'd;
 But that some greater being soon arose
 From infinite space t' o'ercome th' invading foes.
 Bright heavens then triumph'd o'er the vanquish'd showers,
 And falling floods proclaim'd prevailing powers.

THE DUEL OF THE STAGS.

BY THE SAME*.

TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM †.

MY LORD, I should beg your pardon, could I apprehend it were an error to present any thing to your grace which comes from me, to whom I have made so entire a dedication of myself. But this advantage appears

* Sir Robert Howard was author of an excellent poem "against the Fear of Death;" which gained him a considerable degree of reputation. N.

† George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, a noble writer, a man of great wit and humour, and of the most whimsical caprice, was the admiration and the jest of the reign of Charles II. He was the alchemist and the philosopher; the fiddler and the poet; the mimic and the statesman. He has left us a specimen of his admirable wit in "The Rehearsal," which had a considerable effect in reforming the stage. It was finished before the end of 1664; but the great plague and other accidents prevented its being acted before 1671. He is said to have been assisted in this comedy by Dr. Spratt,

pears in all real esteems and friendships; they are as much above the ceremonies of the world, as the usual practice of it; but your grace has a farther title to this, being more yours than mine; as much as an image well shaped and polished is more properly due to him that gave it that perfection, than to him that first digged the stone out of the quarry. It was an ill-contrived house within, full of entries and unuseful passages, till your grace was pleased to take them away, and make it habitable for any candid opinion. At the same time when your grace made this your own, you made me more justly yours; it was in your confinement,

Spratt, Mr. Clifford, and the celebrated author of Hudibras.—The duke was born Jan. 30, 1627, the year before his father's assassination. After many sufferings in the royal cause, he solicited one of the daughters of Cromwell in marriage; but was mortified with a denial. He afterwards married the only daughter of lord Fairfax, and was soon committed to The Tower by the protector. On the Restoration, he was at first slighted by the king; but the charms of his wit and conversation soon prevailed, and he was appointed a lord of the bed-chamber. In May 1668, he purchased the office of master of the horse; was installed chancellor of Cambridge, June 7, 1671, and deprived of that office in 1674. He died, in contempt and misery, April 16, 1688; a melancholy example of the prostitution of talents. His end is pathetically described in Mr. Pope's Epistle to Lord Bathurst. And see some further particulars of a peer, "who was of so great and
"at the same time of so little a character," in Granger, vol. III. p. 192. His Works were published in 1775, in 2 vols. 8vo. N,

where,

where, after some concealment of yourself, to weigh the circumstances and causes of your persecution, you generously exposed yourself to stand all hazards and trials, from the assurance of your courage, and advice of your innocence; and as your grace in your adversity has found the advantage of an unshaken honour, I doubt not but your prince and nation will find an equal benefit in your better fortunes, by your counsel and service, which will always be directed by such a steady virtue. And may all advantages that you encrease in, and all the nation receives by you, be equalled by nothing but the content of, my lord, your grace's

Most humble and faithful servant,

ROBERT HOWARD.

IN Windsor forest, before war destroy'd
The harmless pleasure which soft peace enjoy'd;
A mighty stag grew monarch of the herd,
By all his savage slaves obey'd and fear'd;
And, while the troops about their sovereign fed,
They watch'd the awful nodding of his head.
Still as he passeth by, they all remove,
Proud in dominion, prouder in his love:
And while with pride and appetite he swells,
He courts no chosen object, but compels:
No subject his lov'd mistress dares deny,
But yields his hopes up to his tyranny.

Long had this prince imperiously thus sway'd,
By no set laws, but by his will obey'd;
His fearful slaves, to full obedience grown,
Admire his strength, and dare not use their own.

One

One subject most did his suspicion move,
 That shew'd least fear, and counterfeited love;
 In the best pastures by his side he fed,
 Arm'd with two large militias on his head:
 As if he practis'd majesty, he walk'd,
 And at his nod, he made not haste, but stalk'd.
 By his large shade, he saw how great he was,
 And his vast layers on the bended grafs.
 His thoughts as large as his proportion grew,
 And judg'd himself as fit for empire too.
 Thus to rebellious hopes he swell'd at length,
 Love and ambition growing with his strength.
 This hid ambition his bold passion shows,
 And from a subject to a rival grows;
 Solicits all his prince's fearful dames,
 And in his sight courts with rebellious flames.

The prince sees this with an inflamed eye,
 But looks are only signs of majesty:
 When once a prince's will meets a restraint,
 His power is then esteem'd but his complaint.
 His head then shakes, at which th' affrighted herd
 Start to each side; his rival, not afraid,
 Stands by his mistress's side, and stirs not thence,
 But bids her own his love, and his defence.

The quarrel now to a vast height is grown,
 Both urg'd to fight by passion, and a throne;
 But love has most excuse; for all, we find,
 Have passions, though not thrones alike assign'd.
 The sovereign stag, shaking his loaded head,
 On which his scepters with his arms were spread,

Wisely

Wisely by nature there together fix'd,
Where with the title the defence was mixt.
The pace which he advanc'd with to engage
Became at once his majesty and rage :
T' other stands still with as much confidence,
To make his part seem only his defence.

Their heads now meet, and at one blow each strikes
As many strokes as if a rank of pikes
Grew on his brows, as thick their antlers stand,
Which every year kind nature does disband.
Wild beasts sometimes in peace and quiet are,
But man no season frees from love or war.

With equal strength they met, as if two oaks
Had fell, and mingled with a thousand strokes.
One by ambition urg'd, t' other disdain,
One to preserve, the other fought to gain :
The subjects and the mistresses stood by,
With love and duty to crown victory :
For all affections wait on prosperous fame,
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets shame.

While thus with equal courages they meet,
The wounded earth yields to their struggling feet ;
And while one slides, t' other pursues the fight :
And thinks that forc'd retreat looks like a flight :
But then, asham'd of his retreat, at length
Drives his foe back, his rage renews his strength.

As even weights into a motion thrown,
By equal turns, drive themselves up and down ;
So sometimes one, then t' other stag prevails,
And victory, yet doubtful, holds the scales.

The prince, asham'd to be oppos'd so long,
With all his strength united rushes on ;
The rebel weaker than at first appears,
And from his courage sinks unto his fears.
Not able longer to withstand his might,
From a retreat at last steals to a flight.
The mighty stag pursues his flying foe,
Till his own pride of conquest made him slow ;
Thought it enough to scorn a thing that flies,
And only now pursued him with his eyes.

The vanquish'd, as he fled, turn'd back his fight,
Asham'd to fly, and yet afraid to fight :
Sometimes his wounds, as his excuse, survey'd,
Then fled again, and then look'd back and staid :
Blush'd that his wounds so slight should not deny
Strength for a fight, that left him strength to fly.
Calls thoughts of love and empire to his aid,
But fears more powerful than all those persuade,
And yet in spite of them retains his shame,
His cool'd ambition, and his half-quench'd flame.
There's none from their own sense of shame can fly,
And dregs of passions dwell with misery.

Now to the shades he bends his feeble course,
Despis'd by those that once admir'd his force :
The wretch that to a scorn'd condition's thrown,
With the world's favour, loses too his own.

While fawning troops their conquering prince inclos'd,
Now render'd absolute by being oppos'd ;
Princes by disobedience get command,
And by new-quench'd rebellions firmer stand ;

Till,

Till, by the boundless offers of success,
They meet their fate in ill-us'd happiness.

The vanquish'd stag to thickest shades repairs,
Where he finds safety punish'd with his cares ;
Thorough the woods he rushes not, but glides,
And from all searches but his own he hides ;
Asham'd to live, unwilling yet to lose
That wretched life he knew not how to use.

In this retirement thus he liv'd conceal'd,
Till with his wounds his fears were almost heal'd :
His ancient passions now began to move,
He thought again of empire and of love :
Then rous'd himself, and, stretch'd at his full length,
Took the large measure of his mighty strength ;
Then shook his loaded head ; the shadow too
Shook like a tree, where leafless branches grew.
Stooping to drink, he sees it in the streams,
And in the woods hears clashing of its beams :
No accident but does alike proclaim
His growing strength, and his increasing shame.

Now once again resolves to try his fate
(For envy always is importunate ;
And in the mind perpetually does move,
A fit companion for unquiet love.)
He thinks upon his mighty enemy
Circled about with power and luxury,
And hop'd his strength might sink in his desires ;
Remembering he had wasted in such fires :
Yet while he hop'd by them to overcome,
He wish'd the other's fatal joys his own.

Thus

Thus the unquiet beast in safety lay,
 Where nothing was to fear, nor to obey;
 Where he alone commanded, and was lord
 Of every bounty nature did afford,
 Chose feasts for every arbitrary sense,
 An empire in the state of innocence.

But all the feasts nature before him plac'd
 Had but faint relishes to his lost taste.
 Sick minds, like bodies in a fever spent,
 Turn food to the disease, not nourishment.

Sometimes he stole abroad, and shrinking stood
 Under the shelter of the friendly wood;
 Casting his envious eyes towards those plains,
 Where, crown'd with joys, his mighty rival reigns.
 He saw th' obeying herd marching along,
 And weigh'd his rival's greatness by the throng.
 Want takes false measures both of power and joys,
 And envy'd greatness is but croud and noise.

Not able to endure this hated sight,
 Back to the shades he flies to seek out night.
 Like exiles from their native soils, though sent
 To better countries, think it banishment.
 Here he enjoy'd what t'other could have there,
 The woods as shady, and the streams as clear,
 The pastures more untainted where he fed,
 And every night chose out an unpres'd bed.

But then his labouring soul with dreams was prest,
 And found the greatest weariness in rest;
 His dreadful rival in his sleep appears,
 And in his dreams again he fights and fears:

Shrinks at the strokes of t'other's mighty head,
 Feels every wound, and dreams how fast he fled.
 At this he wakes, and with his fearful eyes
 Salutes the light, that fleets the Eastern skies.
 Still half amaz'd looks round, and, held by fear,
 Scarce can believe no enemy was near.
 But when he saw his heedless fears were brought,
 Not by a substance, but a drowsy thought,
 His ample sides he shakes, from whence the dew
 In scatter'd showers like driven tempests flew;
 At which through all his breast new boldness spread,
 And with his courage rais'd his mighty head;
 Then, by his love inspir'd, resolves to try
 The combat now, and overcome or die.
 Every weak passion sometimes is above
 The fear of death, much more the noblest love.
 By hope 'tis scorn'd, and by despair 'tis fought,
 Pursued by honour, and by sorrow brought.

Resolv'd the paths of danger now to tread,
 From his scorn'd shelter and his fears he fled;
 With a brave haste now seeks a second fight,
 Redeems the base one by a noble flight.

In the mean time, the conqueror enjoy'd
 That power by which he was to be destroy'd.
 How hard 'tis for the prosperous to see
 That fate which waits on power and victory!

Thus he securely reign'd, when in a rout
 He saw th' affrighted herd flying about;
 As if some huntsmen did their chace pursue,
 About themselves in scatter'd rings they flew.

He, like a careful monarch, rais'd his head,
To see what cause that strange disturbance bred.

But when the search'd-out cause appear'd no more
Than from a slave he had o'ercome before,
A bold disdain did in his looks appear,
And shook his awful head to chide their fear.
The herd, afraid of friend and enemy,
Shrink from the one, and from the other fly ;
They scarce know which they should obey or trust,
Since fortune only makes it safe and just.

Yet, in despite of all his pride, he staid,
And this unlook'd-for chance with trouble weigh'd.

His rage and his contempt alike swell'd high,
And only fear'd his enemy should fly ;
He thought of former conquest, and from thence
Cozen'd himself into a confidence.

T'other, that saw his conqueror so near,
Stood still, and listen'd to a whispering fear ;
From whence he heard his conquest and his shame ;
But new-born hopes his ancient fears o'ercame.

The mighty enemies now meet at length,
With equal fury, though not equal strength ;
For now, too late, the conqueror did find,
That all was wasted in him but his mind.
His courage in his weakness yet prevails,
As a bold pilot steers with tatter'd sails ;
And, cordage crackt, directs no steady course,
Carried by resolution more than force.
Before his once-scorn'd enemy he reels,
His wounds increasing with his shame he feels.

The other's strength more from his weakness grows,
And with one furious push his rival throws.

So a tall oak, the pride of all the wood,
That long th' assault of several storms had stood,
Till, by a mighty blast more strongly push'd,
His root's torn up, and to the earth he rush'd.

Yet then he rais'd his head, on which there grew,
Once, all his power, and all his title too;
Unable now to rise, and less to fight,
He rais'd those scepters to demand his right:
But such weak arguments prevail with none,
To plead their titles, when their power is gone.

His head now sinks, and with it all defence,
Not only robb'd of power, but pretence.
Wounds upon wounds the conqueror still gives,
And thinks himself unsafe while t'other lives:
Unhappy state of such as wear a crown,
Fortune can never lay them gently down!

Now to the most scorn'd remedy he flies,
And for some pity seems to move his eyes;
Pity, by which the best of virtue's try'd,
To wretched princes ever is deny'd.

There is a debt to fortune, which they pay
For all their greatness, by no common way.

The flattering troops unto the victor fly,
And own his title to his victory;
The faith of most with fortune does decline,
Duty's but fear, and conscience but design.

The victor now, proud in his great success,
Hastes to enjoy his fatal happiness;

Forget

Forgot his mighty rival was destroy'd
By that which he so fondly now enjoy'd.

In passions thus nature herself enjoys,
Sometimes preserves, and then again destroys;
Yet all destruction which revenge can move,
Time or ambition, is supply'd by love.

TO COUNT MONTECUCCI;
AGAINST PRIDE UPON SUDDEN ADVANCEMENT.

BY AN UNKNOWN WRITER,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FULVIO TESTI.

I.

PROUD and foolish noisy stream!
Who to some muddy plash thy birth do'st owe,
Which casually a brook became,
Assisted by the rain and melting snow:

Though now thou boast thy swelling tide,
August will soon be here, and end thy short-liv'd pride.

II.

The Thames, great king of floods! the Thames
With peaceful course hastes gently to the main;

Yet he upon his silent streams
The tallest vessels does with ease sustain:

And, while one summer thee devours, [shores.
His flood shall ne'er decrease, nor time contract his

III.

Thou foam'st, and boil'st along the plain,
The flocks and shepherds threatening by the way;

Through borrow'd waters, basely vain,
Lift'st up thy head, and do'st regardless stray;

Troubled, oblique, and this alone,
Thy noisy pride is all which thou canst call thy own.

IV.

I know, Sir, you may well admire
To hear me reason with a deafening stream;
But thus the Muse oft strikes the lyre,
When she 'd most lofty and majestic seem,
And in mysterious numbers shrowd
Deep oracles, too deep for the unthinking croud.

V.

While thus I spake, there did appear
Phœbus, the God of every tuneful lay;
A laurel crown'd his beamy hair,
Which with a brighter light improv'd the day;
And thus he, what I saw, apply'd;
“Short is th' uncertain reign and pomp of mortal pride:”

VI.

New turns and changes every day
Are of inconstant chance the constant arts;
Soon she gives, soon takes away,
She comes, embraces, nauseates you, and parts:
But, if she stays, or if she goes,
The wise man little joy or little sorrow shows.

VII.

Good is the pilot, who preserves
His shatter'd vessel on the stormy main;
But he no less applause deserves,
Who fears the flattery of the watery plain;
Who never trusts the fairest gale,
But dreads to be o'erfet, and spreads but little sail.

VIII.

VIII.

Of all the heroes known of old,
 I honour most * Agathocles's name;
 Who, though he made the sparkling gold
 In polish'd goblets on his table flame;
 To temper and rebate its ray,
 He mixt his father's trade, the good old potter's clay."

IX.

While thus the charming God went on,
 And fix'd in wonder and delight I stood;
 Behold! the upstart stream was gone,
 No drop remain'd of it's insulting flood;
 But the worst cattle of the plain
 Trod o'er the thirsty sand, and spurn'd it with disdain.

CATULLUS, EPIG. XIX. BY THE SAME.

SUFFENUS, whom you know, the witty,
 The gay, the talkative, and pretty;
 And, all his wonders to rehearse,
 The thing which makes a world of verse;
 I'm certain I should not bely him,
 To say he 'as several thousands by him,
 Yet none deform'd with critic blot,
 Or wrote on vellum to rub out.
 Royal paper! scarlet strings!
 Gilded backs! and such fine things!
 But——When you read them, then the witty,
 The Suffenus, and the pretty,
 Is the dullest, heaviest clown,
 So alter'd, he can scarce be known.

* The tyrant of Sicily, and son of a potter. N.

This is strange! that he who now
 Could so flatter, laugh, and bow,
 So much wit, such breeding show,
 Should be so ungentle a wight,
 Whenever he attempts to write.

And yet the wretch is ne'er so pleas'd,
 As when he's with this madness seiz'd.

Faith, Sir, we're all deceiv'd alike,
 All labour in the same mistake;
 Nor is the best of men so clear
 From every folly, but somewhere
 Still the Suffenus will appear.
 Quickly we others' errors find,
 But see not our own load behind.

FROM THE GREEK OF MENAGE *.
 BY THE SAME.

WHILE here for the fair Amaryllis I die, [fly;
 She o'er rocks and o'er streams from my passion does
 O bring her, kind Venus! bring her here back again,
 And the best of my heifers on thy altar lies slain:
 But if she's pleas'd, if to love she incline,
 Take all my whole herd, my little herd is all thine.

IN-

* M. Menage (who for his great learning was called "The Varro of the 17th century") set out in life in the post of king's advocate at Angers; but soon exchanged the Law for the Church, where he cultivated an acquaintance with the beautiful, the learned, and the great. Besides a number of other ingenious performances, he published at
 Paris,

INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY.

BY THE SAME. *

GO — for I'm impatient grown,
 Bid him leave the noisy town.

Charge him, he no longer stay,
 But with haste devour the way.

Though a thousand times he's stay'd
 By that fond bewitching maid ;

Though she summon all her charms,
 Kifs him, prefs him in her arms ;

Let him not the Syren mind ;

Tears are water, sighs are wind.

Tell him how kind Nature here

Dresses up the youthful year,

Strowing on the thoughtless hours

Opening buds and new-born flowers :

Tell him, underneath this shade

Innocence and Mirth are laid,

Paris, in 1652, a quarto volume of "Miscellanea;" a collection of several pieces, in Greek, Latin, and French, in prose as well as verse, composed by him on different occasions; among which was "La Requete des Dictionnaires," one of the most ingenious pieces of raillery that ever was written; making all the Dictionaries complain that the Academy's Dictionary will be their ruin, and join in an humble petition to prevent it. It prevented, however, the ingenious author's obtaining a place in the Academy. He died July 23, 1692, at the age of 79. N.

* In imitation of Catullus, Epig. XXXIV. N.

Not

Not without forbidden claret,
 Books or music, if he'll hear it.
 See the laurel and the vine
 Round about that arbour twine;
 So we wit and pleasure join;
 So Horace and Anacreon meet
 The jolly God within that seat.
 Thus from noise and care set free,
 The snares of beauty we defy.
 Let him then no longer stay,
 But with haste devour the way.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XXIII.

PARAPHRASED BY DR. WALTER POPE*.

TH E wary Gods lock up in cells of night
 Future events, and laugh at mortals here.
 If they to pry into them take delight,
 If they too much presume, or too much fear;
 O man! for thy short time below
 Enjoy thyself, and what the Gods bestow:

Unequal

* Half-brother to Bp. Wilkins. He was born at Fawley in Northamptonshire, and elected from Westminster-school to Trinity College, Cambridge, 1645. He was afterward a scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B. A. July 6, 1649; was admitted probationer fellow July 3, 1651; and commenced B. A. on the 10th of the same month. In 1658, being junior proctor, an attempt was made to abrogate the statute for wearing caps and hoods. This was frustrated by his firmness, which he called "the most glorious action of his life." While Mr. Pope was in his
 proc-

Unequal fortunes here below are shar'd.
 Life to a river's course may justly be compar'd :
 Sometimes within its bed,
 Without an angry curl or wave,
 From the spring-head,
 It gently glides to the ocean, its grave.
 Then unawares, upon a sudden rain,
 It madly overflows the neighbouring plain ;

It

proctorship, Mr. Sprat (afterwards bishop) addressed to him
 " The Plague of Athens ;" which fixes the date of that poem
 to 1658. He was appointed dean of Wadham College in
 1660; astronomy professor in Gresham College, March 8,
 1660-1; created doctor of physic, Sept. 12, 1661; was ob-
 liged to give up his fellowship, June 27, 1662, as incompati-
 ble with the professorship. He was chosen one of the first fel-
 lows of the Royal Society, May 20, 1663; and soon after
 had license to travel for two years, during which time he
 made the tour of Italy. After the great fire, Sept. 2, 1666,
 the principal lodgings in Gresham College were taken up by
 the lord mayor and other persons of note; but those of Dr.
 Pope were preserved for the use of the professors and the Royal
 Society, who first assembled there on Tuesday the 11th of
 that month, but soon after removed to Arundel-House in the
 Strand. Dr. Pope was chosen into the council of the Royal
 Society in 1667; and appointed register of the diocese of
 Chester, March 16, 1668. He published, in 1670, " The
 " Memoirs of Monsieur Du Vall, with his last Speech and
 " Epitaph." [Claude Du Vall, a native of Normandy, was
 a brisk handsome fellow; but, being a notorious highway-
 man, was hanged at Tyburn, Jan. 21, 1669; and in this
 pamphlet the Doctor humourously raillied the fashion, then
 pre-

It ploughs up beauteous ranks
 Of trees, that shaded and adorn'd its banks :
 Overturns houses, bridges, rocks,
 Drowns shepherds and their flocks :
 Horror and death rage all the valley o'er,
 The forests tremble, and the mountains roar.

prevalent among the ladies, of admiring Frenchmen.] In 1686, Dr. Pope had very nearly lost his sight by an inflammation which had been of many years continuance ; but was cured by Dr. Turbervill, as he handsomely acknowledges in the epitaph he wrote on that eminent oculist. He resigned his professorship, Sept. 21, 1687 ; and in 1693 published " The Wish," a well-known little poem. On the 16th of November that year he lost all his books, by a fire in Lombard-street. He published the " Life of Bp. Ward in 1697 ;" and " Moral and Political Fables" in 1698. The next year he withdrew from the Royal Society, and resided principally at Epsom ; but settled at last in Buning-fields, in the suburbs of London, where he died at a very advanced age, and was buried at Cripplegate Church, June 25, 1714. He wrote a copy of Verses upon Anne Green, who was executed at Oxford, Dec. 14, 1650 ; and afterwards revived. [A narrative of this fact was printed at Oxford in 1651, 4to. intituled, " News from the Dead, &c.," reprinted in Morgan's " Phœnix Britannicus." See likewise in Heath's Chronicle, p. 278 ; Plot's Natural History of Oxfordshire, p. 201 ; and Warton's " Life of Dr. Bathurst." Sir Wm. Petty was one chiefly concerned in recovering her]. Dr. Pope was author of several humorous ballads, and of many serious treatises in prose ; which are enumerated in Dr. Ward's Lives of the Gresham Professors ; of which a valuable copy, with large MS additions by the author, is in The British Museum. N.

T H E

THE OLD MAN'S WISH*.

BY THE SAME.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate in a country town:
 May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
 With th' ocean at distance on which I may look;
 With a spacious plain without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;
 With a dish of roast-mutton, not venison nor teal,
 And clean though coarse linen at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

* Some additional stanzas to this poem were handed about in MS. in 1685, which were taken notice of by "The Observer."—It was afterwards enlarged to twenty stanzas, and published, in folio, 1693, under the title of "The Wish;" a poem which, if it had no other merit, deserves the highest praise, for having given rise to the truly classical imitation of it in the Latin poems of a distinguished ornament of Westminster School, the late Mr. Vincent Bourne. N.

With

With a pudding on Sunday, and stout humming liquor,
 And remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar;
 With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,
 To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
 And when I am dead may the better sort say, [low,
 "In the morning when sober, in the evening when mel-
 He is gone, and han't left behind him his fellow:
 For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay."

A S O N G.

ON the bank of a river close under the shade,
 Young Cleon and Sylvia one evening were laid;
 The youth pleaded strongly for proof of his love,
 But honour had won her his flame to reprove.
 She cried, "Where's the lustre, when clouds shade the sun,
 Or what is rich nectar, the taste being gone?
 'Mongst flowers on the stalk sweetest odours do dwell;
 But, if gather'd, the rose itself loses the smell."

"Thou dearest of nymphs, the brisk shepherd replied,
 If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side:
 In matters of state let grave reason be shewn,
 But love is a power will be ruled by none;
 Nor should a coy beauty be counted so rare,
 For scandal can blast both the chaste and the fair.
 Most fierce are the joys Love's alembick do fill,
 And the roses are sweetest when put to the still."

A S O N G.

I.

YOU I love, by all that's true,
More than all things here below;

With a passion far more great,

Than e'er creature loved yet :

And yet still you cry, "Forbear,

Love no more, or love not here !"

II.

Bid the miser leave his ore,

Bid the wretched sigh no more ;

Bid the old be young again,

Bid the nun not think of man :

Sylvia, this when you can do,

Bid me then not think of you.

III.

Love's not a thing of choice, but fate,

That makes me love, that makes you hate :

Sylvia, then, do what you will,

Ease or cure, torment or kill,

Be kind or cruel, false or true ;

Love I must, and none but you !

A S O N G.

FAIN would I, Chloris, ere I die,
 Bequeath you such a legacy,
 That you might say, when I am gone,
 None hath the like : my heart alone
 Were the best gift I could bestow,
 But that 's already yours, you know.
 So that 'till you my heart resign,
 Or fill with yours the place of mine,
 And by that grace my store renew,
 I shall have nought worth giving you ;
 Whose breast has all the wealth I have,
 Save a faint carcase and a grave :
 But had I as many hearts as hairs.
 As many lives as love has fears,
 As many lives as years have hours,
 They should be all and only yours.

HERO'S COMPLAINT TO LEANDER.

NOR com'st thou yet, my slothful love ! nor yet
 Leander ! Oh my Leander ! can'st thou forget
 Thy Hero ? Leander, why dost thou stay,
 Who holds thee ? cruel ! what hath begot delay ?
 Too soon, alas ! the rosy-finger'd morn
 Will chace the darksome night. Ah me ! I burn
 And die in this my languishing desire.
 See, see ! the taper wastes in his own fire,

Like

Like me; and will be spent before thou come:
Make haste then, my Leander, pr'ythee come.
Behold the winds and seas, deaf and enrag'd,
My imprecations have in part assuag'd;
Their fury's past; but thou, more deaf than they,
More merciless, torment'st me with delay.
If, far from hence, upon thy native shore,
Such high delight thou tak'st, why didst thou more
Incite my hot desires with faithless lines,
Flattering me with promise, that when the winds
Became less high, and shores had some repose,
If I did but the friendly torch expose
To be thy guide, thou would'st not fail to come?
The shores have peace, the winds and seas are dumb;
Thy Hero here attends thee, and the light
Invades the horror of the sable night;
Come quickly then, and in these arms appear,
That have been oft thy chiefest calm, thy sphere.
Wretch that I am! 'tis so, ye Gods! 'tis so!
Whilst here I vent to heaven and seas my woe,
He at Abydos in a newer flame
Forgets that e'er he heard poor Hero's name.
Ah! lighter than blossoms, or the fleeting air
That sheds them; how! O how canst thou repair
Thy broken faith! is this the dear respect
Thou bear'st to oaths and vows, thus to neglect
Both Cytherea and her nun! is this
Th' inviolable band of Hymen! this
That knot before the sacred altar made
Of sea-born Venus! Heavens, lend your aid,

And arm yourselves in thunder ! Oh ! but stay :
What vain fear transports thee, Hero, away
With jealous fury ; Leander's thine, thou his ;
And the poor youth at home lamenting is
The wary eyes of his old parents ; now
Steals from them apace unto the shore, now
With hasty hand doth fling his robes from him,
And even now, bold boy, attempts to swim,
Parting the swelling waves with ivory arms,
Borne up alone by Love's all-powerful charms.
Ye gentler peaceful winds, if ever Love
Had power in you, if ever ye did prove
Least spark of Cupid's flame, for pity's sake
With softer gales more smooth and easy make
The troubled flood unto my soul's delight.
Ye showers, ye storms and tempests black as night,
Retire your fury, till my love appear,
And bless these shores in safety, and I here
Within these arms enfold my only treasure ;
Then all in rage and horror send at pleasure
The frothy billows high as heaven, that he
May here be ever forc'd to dwell with me.
But hark ! O wonder ! what sudden storm is this ?
Seas menace heaven, and the winds do hiss,
In scorn of this my just request. Retire,
Retire, my too too venturous love, retire,
Tempt not the angry seas. Ah me ! ah me !
The light, the light's blown out ! O Gods ! O deadly
Night ! Neptune, Æolus, ye powerful deities,
Spare, O spare my jewel ! pity the cries

And

And tears of wretched Hero ! 'tis Leander
 Trusts you with his love and life, fair Leander,
 Beauty of these shores. See ! see the bashful morn,
 For sorrow of my sad laments, hath torn
 Through cloudy night a passage to my aid,
 And here beneath amidst the horrid shade,
 By her faint light something methinks I see
 Resembling my soul's joy. Woe's me ! 'tis he !
 Drown'd by th' impetuous flood. O dismal hour !
 Curs'd be these seas, these shores, this light, this tower !
 In spite of fates, dear love, to thee I come,
 Leander's bosom shall be Hero's tomb*.

S O N G.

I.

WHAT art thou, Love ? whence are those charms,
 That thus thou bear'st an universal rule ?
 For thee the soldier quits his arms,
 The king turns slave, the wise man fool.

II.

In vain we chace thee from the field,
 And with cool thoughts resist thy yoke ;
 Next tide of blood, alas ! we yield,
 And all those high resolves are broke.

III.

Can we e'er hope thou should'st be true,
 Whom we have found so often base ?
 Cozen'd and cheated, still we view
 And fawn upon thy treacherous face.

* This Epistle, it must be owned, furnishes numerous examples of the *false sublime* : it is preserved, however, as containing a poetical spirit, though wretchedly expressed. N.

IV.

In vain our nature we accuse,
 And doat because she says we must.
 This for a brute were an excuse,
 Whose very soul and life is lust.

V.

To get our likenesses, what is that?
 Our likeness is but misery:
 Why should I toil to propagate
 Another thing as vile as I?

VI.

From hands divine our spirits came;
 And Gods that made us did inspire
 Something more noble in our frame,
 Above the dregs of earthly fire.

WRITTEN IN A BOOK.

'TIS true — in these well-polish'd lines,
 The Author's noble genius shines:
 A happy wit, a thought well weigh'd,
 And in a charming dress convey'd,
 Adorn each curious page — 'tis true:
 But what's all this, fair Maid, to you?
 Have lovely faces need of paint?
 Are Manuals useful to a Saint?
 Let careless nymphs be ply'd with rules,
 Let wit be thrown among the fools:
 In both of these you boast a store,
 Compar'd with which, our Author's poor.

* "A Lady's New Year's Gift, or Advice to a Daughter,"
 by Lord Halifax, printed in his Miscellanies, 8vo, 1704. N.

Alas!

Alas ! as he directs his pen
To Maids, should you advise the men ;
Should you your easy minutes vex,
To make reprisals on the sex ;
We great pretenders then should find
Ourselves, our darling selves, out-shin'd.
Not more in body than in mind :
She-wit and sense would mount the throne,
And our lov'd Salique law be gone.

J. DRYDEN, OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR*,
UPON HIS DIVINE EPIGRAMS.

THOU hast inspir'd me with thy soul ; and I,
Who ne'er before could ken of poetry,
Am grown so good proficient, I can lend
A line in commendation of my friend ;
Yet 'tis but of the second hand ; if aught
There be in this, 'tis from thy fancy brought.

Good

* Prefixed to " The Poems of John Hoddesdon, London, " 12mo. 1650." — Neither these verses, nor the prologue and two epilogues to " The Duke of Guise," having yet found admittance among the Works of this great Poet ; I am happy in being thus able to supply the deficiency ; and of observing, that he was *not* the author of " An Elegy on the Usurper " O. C. by the Author of Absalom and Achitophel, published " to shew the Loyalty and Integrity of the Poet. 1681 ;" nor of " The Address of John Dryden, Laureat, to his " Highness the Prince of Orange, 1689 ;" nor of the

Good thief, who dar'st Prometheus-like aspire,
 And fill thy poems with celestial fire :
 Enliven'd by these sparks divine, their rays
 Add a bright lustre to thy crown of bays,
 Young eaglet, who thy nest thus soon forsook,
 So lofty and divine a course hast took
 As all admire, before the down begin
 To peep as yet upon thy smother chin ;
 And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the grace
 To look the sun of righteousness i' th' face.

“Familiar Epistle to Julian,” (erroneously ascribed to him in the sixth volume of his Miscellanies published by Tonson after the death of the person whose name they bear, and since continued in every edition of his Works. See vol. II. 1778, p. 157.) which was originally published about 1683, under the title of “An Exclamation against Julian, Secretary of the Muses ; with the Character of a Libeller [Sir Charles Scrope]. By a Person of Quality [Lord Mulgrave].” Having the original edition before me, I think it necessary to point out the following material errors in that of 1778 :
 P. 157. l. 15. r. “leaves” — l. 23. r. “wight” — l. 26. r. “the sung Euphelia's” — P. 158. l. 20. r. “his self-love,” — l. 21. r. “He dares” — l. 23. r. “the least” — After l. 27, r.

“But, by the monthly flowers discharg'd abroad,

“'Tis full, brimfull of Pastoral and Ode.

“Erewhile he honour'd Birtha,” &c.

P. 159. l. 7. r. “his squinting looks” — l. 8. r. “The very.”

P. 160. l. ult. r. “His mistress lost, yet still his pen,” &c.

I have been told that there is a poem by Dryden in the “Epithalamia Cantabrigiensa, 1662 ;” which I never saw. N.

What may we hope, if thou goest on thus fast?
 Scriptures at first, enthusiasms at last!
 Thou hast commenc'd, betimes, a saint: go on,
 Mingling diviner streams with Helicon;
 That they who view what Epigrams here be
 May learn to make like, in just praise of thee.
 Reader, I've done, nor longer will with-hold
 Thy greedy eyes: looking on this pure gold,
 Thou'lt know adulterate copper, which, like this,
 Will only serve to be a foil to his.

PROLOGUE TO THE DUKE OF GUISE.

BY THE SAME. 1683.

O UR play's a parallel: the Holy League
 Begot our Covenant: Guisards got the Whig:
 Whate'er our hot-brain'd sheriffs did advance
 Was, like our fashions, first produc'd in France;
 And, when worn-out, well scourg'd, and banish'd there,
 Sent over, like their godly beggars, here.
 Could the same trick, twice play'd, our nation gull?
 It looks as if the devil were grown dull,
 Or serv'd us up, in scorn, his broken meat,
 And thought we were not worth a better cheat.
 The fullsome Covenant, one would think in reason,
 Had given us all our bellies-full of treason:
 And yet, the name but chang'd, our nasty nation
 Chaws its own excrement, th' Association.
 'Tis true we have not learn'd their poisoning way,
 For that's a mode but newly come in play;

Besides, your drug's uncertain to prevail;
 But your true Protestant can never fail,
 With that compendious instrument a flail.
 Go on; and bite, e'en though the hook lies bare;
 Twice in one age expel the lawful heir:
 Once more decide religion by the sword;
 And purchase for us a new tyrant lord.
 Pray for your king; but yet your purses spare:
 Make him not two-pence richer by your prayer.
 To shew you love him much, chastise him more;
 And make him very great, and very poor.
 Push him to wars, but still no pence advance;
 Let him lose England, to recover France.
 Cry freedom up with popular noisy votes:
 And get enough to cut each other's throats.
 Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne;
 For fear of too much power, pray leave him none.
 A noise was made of arbitrary sway;
 But, in revenge, you Whigs have found a way,
 An arbitrary duty now to pay.
 Let his own servants turn, to save their stake;
 Glean from his plenty, and his wants forsake.
 But let some Judas near his person stay,
 To swallow the last sop, and then betray.
 Make London independent of the crown:
 A realm apart; the kingdom of the town.
 Let ignoramus juries find no traitors:
 And ignoramus poets scribble satires.
 And, that your meaning none may fail to scan,
 Do what in coffee-houses you began;
 Pull down the master, and set up the man.

EPILOGUE. BY THE SAME.

MUCH time and trouble this poor play has cost;
 And, faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
 Yet no one man was meant; nor great nor small;
 Our poets, like frank gamesters, threw at all.
 They took no single aim——
 But, like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,
 Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
 Duels are crimes; but, when the cause is right,
 In battle every man is bound to fight.
 For what should hinder me to sell my skin
 Dear as I could, if once my hand were in?
Se defendendo never was a sin. }
 'Tis a fine world, my masters, right or wrong,
 The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
 They must do all they can——
 But we, forsooth, must bear a christian mind;
 And fight, like boys, with one hand ty'd behind.
 Nay, and when one boy's down, 't were wondrous nice,
 To cry *box fair*, and give him time to rise.
 When fortune favours, none but fools will dally:
 Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally }
 Tipt you th' inviting wink, stand shall I; shall I?
 A trimmer cry'd (that heard me tell the story),
 Fie, mistress * Cooke! faith, you're too rank a Tory!
 Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard cases;
 You women love to see men make wry faces.
 Pray sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
 I say no more, but give the devil his due.

* The actresses, who spake the epilogue. N.

Loni-

Lenitives, says he, suit best with our condition.
 Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician.
 I love no blood — Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
 But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.
 We Trimmers are for holding all things even:
 Yes — just like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven.
 Have we not had men's lives enough already?
 Yes sure: — but you 're for holding all things steady:
 Now, since the weight hangs all on our side, brother,
 You Trimmers should, to poize it, hang on t'other.
 Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,
 Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring:
 Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
 Not birds, nor beasts; but just a kind of bat,
 A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
 With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

A N O T H E R E P I L O G U E,
 B Y T H E S A M E:

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN TO THE PLAY,
 BEFORE IT WAS FORBIDDEN LAST SUMMER.*

TWO houses join'd, two poets to a play?
 You noisy Whigs will sure be pleas'd to-day;
 It looks so like two shrieves the city way.
 But, since our discords and divisions cease,
 You, Bilboa gallants, learn to keep the peace:
 Make here no tilts: let our poor stage alone;
 Or, if a decent murder must be done,
 Pray take a civil turn to Marybone.

* Langbaine says, this play found many enemies at its first appearance on the Stage. N.

If not, I swear, we'll pull up all our benches;
 Not for your sakes, but for our orange-wenchies:
 For you thrust wide sometimes; and many a spark,
 That misses one, can hit the other mark.
 This makes our boxes full; for men of sense
 Pay their four shillings in their own defence;
 That safe behind the ladies they may stay,
 Peep o'er the fan*, and judge the bloody fray.
 But other foes give beauty worse alarms;
 The *posse poetarum*'s up in arms:
 No woman's fame their libels has escap'd;
 Their ink runs venom, and their pens are clapt.
 When sighs and prayers their ladies cannot move,
 They rail, write treason, and turn Whigs to love.
 Nay, and I fear they worse designs advance, [France;
 There's a damn'd love-trick now brought o'er from
 We charm in vain, and dress, and keep a pother,
 Whilst those false rogues are ogling one another.
 All sins besides admit some expiation;
 But this against our sex is plain damnation.
 They join for libels too these women-haters;
 And, as they club for love, they club for satires:
 The best on't is they hurt not: for they wear
 Stings in their tails, their only venom's there.
 'Tis true, some shot at first the ladies hit,
 Which able marksmen made, and men of wit:

* Hence Mr. Pope's couplet, *Essay on Criticism*, ver. 543.

“The modest fan was lifted up no more,

“And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.” N.

But

But now the fools give fire, whose bounce is louder :
 And yet, like mere train-bands, they shoot but powder.
 Libels, like plots, sweep all in their first fury ;
 Then dwindle like an ignoramus jury :
 Thus age begins with touzing and with tumbling ;
 But grunts, and groans, and ends at last in fumbling.

HUNTING THE HARE.

SONGS of sonnets and rustical roundelays,
 Forms of fancies, are whistled on reeds ;
 Songs to solace young nymphs upon holidays
 Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.

Phœbus ingenious,
 With witty Silenus,
 His haughty Genius taught to declare,
 In words better coined,
 And verse better joined,
 How stars divined the hunting the Hare.

II.

Stars enamour'd with pastimes Olympical,
 Stars and Planets yet beautiful shone,
 Would no longer endure that mortal men only
 Should swim in pleasures, while they but look on.
 Round about horned
 Lucina they swarmed,
 And her informed, how minded they were,
 Each God and Goddess
 To take human bodies,
 As Lords and Ladies, to follow the Hare.

III.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
 And pale Proserpina fate in her place,
 Which guides the welkin and governs the ocean,
 Till she conduct her nephews in chace;
 Till, by her example,
 Their Father, to trample
 The Earth old and ample, leave them the Air;
 Neptune the Water,
 And Wine Liber Pater,
 And Mars the Slaughter, to follow the Hare.

IV.

Young God Cupid, mounted on Pegafus,
 Beloved of Nymphs, with kisses and praise;
 Strong Alcides, upon cloudy Caucasus,
 Mounted a Centaur, which proudly him bare;
 Postilion of the Sky,
 Swift-footed Mercury,
 Makes his course fly fleet as the air;
 Yellow Apollo
 The kennel doth follow,
 With whip and hollow, after the Hare.

V.

Young Amyntas thought the Gods came to breathe,
 After their battle, themselves on the ground:
 Thyrsis did think the Gods came here to dwell beneath,
 And that hereafter the world would go round.
 Corydon aged,
 With Phyllis engaged,

Was

Was much enraged with jealous despair :

But Fury was faded,

And he was persuaded,

When he found they applauded the hunting the Hare.

VI.

Cunning Melampus, and fortunate Lelaps,

Trowler, and Tiger, and Harper, the skies

Rend with roaring, while hunter-like Hercules

Winds his plentiful horn to their cries.

Till with varieties,

To solace their Deities,

Their weary Pieties refreshed were ;

We Shepherds were seated,

Whilst we repeated

How we conceited the hunting the Hare.

VII.

Stars but shadows were, joys were but sorrows,

They without motion, these wanting delight ;

Joys are jovial, delights are the marrows

Of life and motion, the axle of might.

Pleasure depends

Upon no other friends,

But still freely lends to each virtue a share :

Alone is Pleasure

The Measure of Treasure ;

Of Pleasure the Treasure is hunting the Hare.

VIII.

Drown'd Narcissus from his Metamorphosis,

Rous'd by Echo new manhood did take ;

And snoring Somnus up-started from Cimmeris,

The which this thousand year was not awake,

To see club-footed
Old Mulciber booted,
And Pan promoted on Corydon's mare;
Proud Pallas pouted,
And Æolus shouted,
And Momus flouted, yet follow'd the Hare.

IX.

Hymen ushers the Lady Astræa,
The jest takes hold of Minerva the old,
Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea,
With Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold,
Shamefac'd Aurora,
With witty Pandora,
And Maia with Flora did company bear;
But Juno was flated
Too high to be mated,
Although she hated not hunting the Hare.

X.

Three broad bowls to th' Olympical Rector,
The Troy-born Eagle presents on his knee;
Jove to Phœbus carouses in nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;
Wherewith infused,
I piped and mused,
In language unused, their sports do declare,
Till the House of Jove
Like the Spheres round do move,
Health to all those who love hunting the Hare.

S O N G,

BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE*.

I.

CEASE, anxious world, your fruitless pain,
 To grasp forbidden store;
 Your study'd labours shall prove vain,
 Your alchemy unblest;
 Whilst seeds of far more precious ore
 Are ripen'd in my breast:

* This celebrated wit was born near London about the year 1634; and, after receiving some part of his education at Cambridge, travelled into France and Flanders. At his return, he studied the law for some time; which he soon exchanged for the belles lettres, and commenced dramatic writer in 1664. His first comedy, "The Comical Revenge," secured to him the general esteem of the publick. He was married young to a widow of considerable fortune, who would not consent to the match unless he could make her a lady by obtaining the honour of knighthood; which he applied for, and succeeded. His accomplishments procured him the favour of James the Second's queen, to whom (whilst she was only daughter of the duke of Modena) he had dedicated his "Man of Mode," 1676; and, by her interest and recommendation, he was sent envoy to Hamburgh. On the Revolution he followed the fortunes of James II. and died either in France, or very soon after his arrival in England from thence; but there was a report that he came to an untimely end by an accident in consequence of inebriation after a social dinner he had given to some friends at Ratisbon. He wrote three plays, and a number of sprightly poems. N.

II. My

II.

My breast, the forge of happier love,

Where my Lucinda lives ;

And the rich stock does so improve,

As she her art employs,

That every smile and touch she gives

Turns all to golden joys.

III.

Since thence we can such treasures raise,

Let's no expence refuse ;

In love let's lay out all our days ;

How can we e'er be poor,

When every blessing that we use

Begets a thousand more ?

SONG. BY THE SAME.

IN some kind dream upon her, Slumber, steal,

And to Lucinda all I beg reveal :

Breathe gentlest words into her ears,

Words full of love, but full of fears ;

Such words as may prevail, like prayers

From a poor dying martyr's tongue,

By the sweet voice of Pity sung ;

Touch, with the voice, the more enchanting lute,

To make the charms strike all repulses mute :

These may insensibly impart

My tender wishes to her heart,

And by a sympathetic force

So tune its strings to Love's discourse,

That, when my griefs compel a groan,

Her sighs may echo to my moan.

SONG. BY THE SAME.

YE happy swains, whose hearts are free
From Love's imperial chain,

Take warning, and be taught by me,

T' avoid th' enchanting pain.

Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,

Fierce winds to blossoms prove,

To careless seamen hidden rocks,

To human quiet Love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize,

The snake's beneath the flower;

Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes,

That tasted quiet more?

How faithless is the lover's joy!

How constant is their care!

The kind with falsehood do destroy,

The cruel with despair.

SONG. BY THE SAME.

TELL me no more you love in vain;

Fair Celia, you this passion feign.

Can they pretend to love, who do

Refuse what love persuades them to?

Who once has felt his active flame,

Dull laws of honour will disdain.

You will be thought his slave, and yet

You will not to his power submit.

More cruel than those beauties are,

Whose coyness wounds us to despair;

For

For all the kindness which you shew,
 Each smile and kiss which you bestow,
 Are like those cordials which we give
 To dying men, to make them live,
 And languish out an hour in pain :
 Be kinder, Celia, or disdain.

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF NEWCASTLE*,
 ON HER INCOMPARABLE POEMS.
 BY THE SAME.

MADAM, with so much wonder we are struck,
 When we begin to read your matchless book ;
 A while your own excess of merit stays
 Our forward pens, and does suspend your praise,
 Till time our minds does gently recompose,
 Allays this wonder, and our duty shows ;

* Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, married to the marquis (afterwards duke) of Newcastle in 1645. Jacob says, she had a great deal of wit, and was the most voluminous dramatic writer of our female poets ; and Langbaine tells us, that all the language and plots of her plays were her own, a commendation which will atone for some faults in her numerous productions ; consisting of letters, plays, poems, philosophical discourses, and orations ; all which are enumerated in Ballard's "Memoirs of learned Ladies." Amongst them are, "Poems and Phancies," fol. 1653 and 1664 ; 19 plays ; her own life 1656, and that of the duke her husband 1667. Mr. Ballard also refers to two volumes of her Grace's poems in MS. She was buried in Westminster-Abbey, Jan. 7, 1673-4. N.

Instructs us how your virtues to proclaim,
 And what we ought to pay to your great fame;
 Your fame, which in your country has no bounds,
 But wheresoever Learning's known resounds.

Those graces Nature did till now divide,
 Your sex's glory, and our sex's pride,
 Are join'd in you, and all to you submit,
 The brightest beauty, and the sharpest wit:
 No faction here, or fiery envy sways;
 They give you myrtle, while we offer bays.
 What mortal dares dispute those wreaths with you,
 Arm'd thus with lightning, and with thunder too?

This made the great Newcastle's heart your prize;
 Your charming soul, and your victorious eyes,
 Had only power his martial mind to tame,
 And raise in his heroic breast a flame,
 A flame, which with his courage still aspires,
 As if immortal fuel fed those fires.

This mighty chief, and your great self, made one,
 Together the same race of glory run;
 Together in the wings of fame you move,
 Like yours his virtue, and like yours his love.

While we, your praise endeavouring to rehearse,
 Pay that great duty in our humble verse;
 Such as may justly move your anger; you,
 Like heaven, forgive them, and accept them too.
 But what we cannot, your brave hero pays,
 He builds those monuments we strive to raise;
 Such as to after-ages shall make known,
 While he records your deathless fame, his own.

So when an artist some rare beauty draws,
Both in our wonder share and our applause:
His skill from time secures the glorious dame,
And makes himself immortal in her fame.

THE FORSAKEN MISTRESS.

BY THE SAME.

PHYLLIS.

TELL me, gentle Strephon, why
You from my embraces fly:
Does my love thy love destroy?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O stay, and I will feign
(Though I break my heart) disdain;
But lest I too unkind appear,
For every frown I'll shed a tear.
And if in vain I court thy love,
Let mine, at least, thy pity move:
Ah, while I scorn, vouchsafe to woo;
Methinks, you may dissemble too.

STREPHON.

Ah, Phyllis, that you would contrive
A way to keep my love alive!
But all your other charms must fail,
When kindness ceases to prevail.
Alas! no less than you I grieve:
My dying flame has no reprieve;
For I can never hope to find,
Should all the nymphs I court be kind,

One beauty able to renew
 Those pleasures I enjoy in you,
 When love and youth did both conspire
 To fill our breasts and veins with fire.

'Tis true, some other nymph may gain
 That heart which merits your disdain;
 But second love has still allay,
 The joys grow aged, and decay:
 Then blame me not for losing more
 Than love and beauty can restore;
 And let this truth thy comfort prove,
 I would, but can no longer, love.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

SWEETEST bud of beauty, may
 No untimely frost decay
 The early glories which we trace,
 Blooming in thy matchless face;
 But, kindly opening, like the rose,
 Fresh beauties every day disclose,
 Such as by nature are not shown
 In all the blossoms she has blown!
 And then what conquest shall you make,
 Who hearts already daily take!
 Scorch'd in the morning with thy beams,
 How shall we bear those sad extremes,
 Which must attend thy threatening eyes,
 When thou shalt to thy noon arise?

THE

THE DIVIDED HEART.

BY THE SAME.

AH! Celia, that I were but sure
 Thy love, like mine, could still endure;
 That time and absence, which destroy
 The cares of lovers, and their joy,
 Could never rob me of that part
 Which you have given me of your heart;
 Others unenvy'd might possess
 Whole hearts, and boast that happiness.

'Twas nobler fortune to divide
 The Roman empire in her pride,
 Than, on some low and barbarous throne,
 Obscurely plac'd, to rule alone.

Love only from thy heart exacts
 The several debts thy face contracts,
 And, by that new and juster way,
 Secures thy empire and his sway:
 Favouring but one, he might compel
 The hopeless lover to rebel.

But should he other hearts thus share,
 That in the whole so worthless are;
 Should into several squadrons draw
 That strength, which kept intire could awe;
 Men would his scatter'd powers deride,
 And, conquering him, those spoils divide.

ON THE TRANSLATIONS OF MR. J. N. *
OUT OF THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE others toil, our country to supply
With what we need only for luxury;
Spices and filk, in the rich East, provide,
To glut our avarice, and feed our pride:
You foreign learning prosperously transmit,
To raise our virtue, and provoke our wit.
Such brave designs your generous soul inflame
To be a bold adventurer for fame:
How much oblig'd are Italy and France,
While with your voice their musick you advance!
Your growing fame with envy can oppose,
Who sing with no less art than they compose.
In these attempts so few have had success,
Their beauties suffer in our English dress;
By artless hands spoil'd of their native air,
They seldom pass from moderately fair:
As if you meant these injuries to atone,
You give them charms more conquering than their own.
Not like the dull laborious flatterer,
With secret art those graces you confer:
The skilful painters with slight strokes impart
That subtle beauty which affects the heart.
There are, who publicly profess they hate
Translations, and yet all they write translate;
So proud, they scorn to drive a lawful trade,
Yet by their wants are shameless pirates made:
These you incense, while you their thefts reveal,
Or else prevent in what they meant to steal

* I cannot discover these initials. N.

From

From all besides : you are secure of praise,
 But you so high our expectation raise,
 A general discontent we shall declare,
 If such a workman only should repair.
 You to the dead your piety have shewn,
 Adorn'd their monuments, now build your own.
 Drawn in the East, we in your lines may trace
 That genius which of old inspir'd the place :
 The banish'd Muses back to Greece you bring,
 Where their best airs you so divinely sing ;
 The world must own they are by you restor'd
 To sacred shades, where they were first ador'd.

VOITURE'S * URANIA.

BY THE SAME.

HOPELESS I languish out my days,
 Struck with Urania's conquering eyes :
 The wretch at whom she darts these rays,
 Must feel the wound until he dies.

* This polite and elegant writer, who was born at Amiens in 1591, and died in 1648, was famous for introducing new and easy graces into the French language, and giving a more agreeable turn to many trite and familiar modes of expression, by a happiness peculiar to himself. His irony has been particularly admired for its singularity and address ; but it has been observed, that few authors have suffered so much by translation, his native beauties being of too delicate a kind to be copied in a foreign language. Voiture, as well as the courtly Waller, was the poet of the fair ; and both, Mr. Granger observes, have celebrated the charming countess of Carlisle. N.

Though

Though endless be her cruelty,
 Calling her beauties to my mind;
 I bow beneath her tyranny,
 And dare not murmur she's unkind.

Reason this tameness does upbraid,
 Proffering to arm in my defence;
 But, when I call her to my aid,
 She's more a traitor than my sense.

No sooner I the war declare,
 But strait her succour she denies;
 And, joining forces with the fair,
 Confirms the conquest of her eyes.

T O S Y L V I A.

B Y T H E S A M E.

TH E nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd;
 She's the grief of my heart, the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,
 Has the beautiful blush and the smell of the rose:
 Love and destiny both attend on her will;
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
 Where beauty and rigour are both in excess;
 In Sylvia they meet: so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

T O

TO A LADY, WHO FLED THE SIGHT OF HIM!

B Y T H E S A M E.

IF I my Celia could persuade
 To see those wounds her eyes have made,
 And hear, whilst I that passion tell,
 Which, like herself, does so excel;
 How soon we might be freed from care,
 She need not fear, nor I despair.

Such beauty does the nymph protect,
 That all approach her with respect:
 And can I offer violence,
 Where love does join in her defence?
 This guard might all her fears disperse,
 Did she with savages converse.
 Then my Celia would surprize
 With what's produc'd by her own eyes;
 Those matchless flames which they inspire
 In her own breast should raise a fire;
 For love, but with more subtle art,
 As well as beauty, charms the heart.

T O A L A D Y,

ASKING HIM HOW LONG HE WOULD LOVE HER.

B Y T H E S A M E.

IT is not, Celia, in our power
 To say how long our love will last;
 It may be we within this hour
 May lose those joys we now do taste:

The

The blessed, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then, since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But, while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past:
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we are sure to die?

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. DRYDEN.*

IF generous gratitude could e'er excuse
The fallies of a long-neglected Muse,
Mine pleads that cause alone, and so should be
From censure, or malicious pity free:
For all the pleasures she from Dryden knew,
She pays this tribute, and she thinks it due.

Still had she slept, unmov'd by all beside,
No rhymes attempted, and no numbers try'd,
If to another man he could impart
His real nature, and his wondrous art:
Both did he temper right, and raise from thence
Unrival'd numbers and unequal sense.

Most that remain (for so to me they seem)
Are but the shadows and the ghosts of him:
Some few, it is confess'd, have gain'd their cause,
And justify'd their merit by applause.
'Tis true, their diction's good, their style is clear,
And art and labour through the whole appear;

* I am sorry that I cannot trace out the author of this excellent poem. N.

But let us search them well, where shall we find
His force of thought, his energy of mind?
The words that move us with mysterious charms?
The soul that actuates, and the fire that warms?
A ghost sometimes appears to mortal view, [too.
And bears the shape of human-kind, but not the substance

Words are like colours in two artists' hands,
Of different skill, where each the best commands.

One paints and pleases, but the pleasure lies
Not in the mind, but only in the eyes;
The colours, justly mix'd, delude the sight,
And, gaily shining, give a false delight:
For far from thence is honest Nature chac'd,
Asham'd to see herself so much disgrac'd.

Not so the other, whose superior art
To lifeless colours can a living soul impart:
Bold are his strokes, but manag'd still with care,
For Nature always claims the better share;
Colours, proportion, distance, are combin'd
To please the sight, and strength to charm the mind.

Yet not the best a full perfection gain'd,
But in one province still the painter reign'd:
Water and land a different master own,
And history is always found alone:
Peculiar hands give trees and flowers the best,
The mimic drolls below, distinguish'd from the rest.

Our wondrous bard, whose comprehending soul
Could reach all Nature, and describe her whole;
To single beauties scorn'd to be confin'd,
But shew'd the vigour of extensive mind;

In all the nice proportions we behold,
Like Angelo correct, like Titian bold.

If homely cots, or humble shepherds ways,
Employ'd his Muse, how calmly did they please,
And sink our passions to a rural ease!

Or, when he sung th' excesses of the great,
High palaces, the trifling pomp of state,
Th' ungovern'd soul her reason laid aside,
Took the fond hint, and was debas'd to pride.
Landskip in all its various face he shew'd,
Here winding rivers through the meadows flow'd,
And there the fruitful trees complain'd th' unequal
load;

Here mountains rise aloft, and dare the sky,
There dreary caves the face of Nature fly;
Here night a pleasing horror does display,
And with its gloomy charms excels the day;
There the bright morn expands its radiant wings,
And gives new vigour with the light it brings:
His universal Muse with equal ease
Could paint or dismal storms or calmest seas,
The miseries of war, and joys of peace.

But what nor paint can tell, nor pencil reach,
His larger genius could divinely teach;
Describe the inner passions of the man,
And show the steps from whence they first began.

Love he describ'd, though different are its ways,
How the first fluttering pain disturbs our days,
And gives our nights but half their usual ease.

Then our kind thoughts improve the passion higher,
 'Tis restless rage, 'tis covetous desire,
 And love unbounded, and impetuous fire :
 Till at the last with extasy we find
 Extremest pleasures in one moment join'd,
 And joys immense, which leave all other joys behind.

O Anthony ! how nobly dost thou charm !
 O Cleopatra ! how dost thou disarm
 The roughest spirits, and the coldest warm ! *
 Nor shall † she pass unmention'd, who maintain'd
 The cause of love, and shew'd her love unfeign'd ;
 Who scorn'd t'excuse what she with reason sought,
 A certain pleasure, and imagin'd fault ;
 But boldly urg'd the argument she should,
 Th' impulse of nature, and the force of blood.
 So did he move the soul, so touch the heart
 With virgin passions, not debauch'd by art.

Thus could he talk of love, and lovers' deeds,
 Yet give a loose to rage, and manly rage succeeds.

His satire, free, impartial, and severe,
 At once gave pleasure, and created fear :
 Who would not read what he so justly writ ?
 But who would be the subject of his wit ?

Could but our modern satirists have known
 His way of satire, they 'd despise their own ;

* " All for Love, or the World well lost," a tragedy by Mr. Dryden, 1678, in imitation of Shakspeare's " Anthony and Cleopatra." N.

† See the " Fable of Sigismonda and Guiscardo," in Dryden's Poems, vol. III. p. 228. N.

Soon would they see the sharpest Muse disclaims
 Ill-manner'd language, and opprobrious names;
 That fordid railing is the poor retreat
 Of angry malice, or unmanly wit.
 He shews, what we from him alone can feel,
 Satire may bite, and yet may be genteel.

Audacious fancy fain would hurry on,
 And tread those paths which reason ought to shun;
 For Homer and the Mantuan are in view,
 A dangerous chace, nor must my Muse pursue:
 O'er steepy hills, tremendous to the sight,
 Their fiery courfers kept an equal flight,
 His close pursued, nor fear'd the dismal height.
 My humble Muse looks upward with despair,
 Admires their strength, but wonders how they dare
 Attempt the regions of the upper air.
 Suffice it her to say, he never fail'd
 Wherever his adventurous Muse assail'd,
 And, all attempting, he in all prevail'd.

What more had he to do? his conquering lays
 Were above censure, and commanded praise:
 Secure of fame, he laid the laurel down,
 Enough distinguish'd by his sense alone;
 And smil'd to see, with a disdainful air,
 Contending rhymers use their utmost care
 To reach that bays they want the head to bear.

Fatigu'd with life, with pleasure he retir'd
 From the vain world, both envy'd and admir'd.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XI. IMITATED.

BY JOHN HOWE*, ESQ.

WHAT is 't to us who guides the state,
 Who's out of favour, or who great;
 Who are the ministers and spies,
 Who votes for places, or who buys?
 The world will still be rul'd by knaves,
 And fools contending to be slaves.
 Small things, my friend, serve to support
 Life, troublesome at best, and short:

Our

* “ Younger brother of Sir Scroop Howe, a good family in Nottinghamshire; but this gentleman settled in Gloucestershire, where being chosen a member of parliament, he soon made a good figure in the House of Commons. He seemed to be pleased with, and joined in the Revolution, and was made vice-chamberlain to Queen Mary; but having asked a grant, which was refused him, and given to Lord Portland, he fell from the court, and was all that reign the most violent and open antagonist King William had in the House. A great enemy to Foreigners settling in England; most clauses in acts against them being brought in by him. He is indefatigable in whatever he undertakes; witness the Old East India Company, whose cause he maintained till he fixed it upon as sure a foot as the New; even when they thought themselves past recovery. He lives up to what his visible estate can afford; and yet purchases, instead of running in debt. He is endued with good natural parts, attended with an unaccountable boldness; daring to say what he pleases, and will be heard out; so that he passeth with

Our youth runs back, occasion flies,
 Grey hairs come on, and pleasure dies.
 Who would the present blessings lose
 For empires which he cannot use?
 Kind Providence has us supply'd
 With what to others is deny'd,
 Virtue, which teaches to condemn,
 And scorn ill actions and ill men.
 Beneath this lime-tree's fragrant shade,
 On beds of flowers supinely laid,
 Let's then all other cares remove,
 And drink and sing to those we love.

some for the shrew of the House. On the Queen's accession to the throne, he was made a privy-counsellor; and paymaster of the guards and garrisons. He is a tall, thin, pale-faced man, with a very wild look; brave in his person, bold in expressing himself, a violent enemy, a sure friend, and seems to be always in a hurry. Near fifty years old." Such is the character given of this gentleman by Macky in 1703.—Mr. Howe was author of "A Panegyric on King William," and of several little poems; and is introduced in Swift's celebrated little ballad "On the Game of Traffic:"

"My Lord, to find out who must deal,
 "Delivers cards about;
 "But the first knave does seldom fail
 "To find the Doctor out.
 "But then his Honour cry'd, Gadzooks!
 "And seem'd to knit his brow:
 "For on a knave he never looks,
 "But he thinks upon JACK HOW." N.

Here's

Here's to Neæra, heaven design'd
Perfection of the charming kind,
Whose beauty, voice, and wondrous wit,
Lays all adoring at her feet;
Makes angels envy, nature vain,
And me delight in hopeless pain.
May she be blest'd, as she is fair,
And pity me as I love her!
The rest let's leave to th' unseen powers;
This moment and this glass is ours.

SONG, BY THE SAME.

I.

HOW can they taste of joys or grief,
Who beauty's power did never prove?
Love's all our torment, our relief;
Our fate depends alone on Love.

II.

Were I in heavy chains confin'd,
Neæra's smiles would ease that state;
Nor wealth, nor power, could bless my mind,
Curs'd by her absence, or her hate.

III.

Of all the plants which shade the field,
The fragrant myrtle does surpass;
No flower so gay, that does not yield
To blooming roses gaudy drefs.

IV.

No star so bright that can be seen,
When Phœbus' glories gild the skies;
No nymph so proud adorns the green,
But yields to fair Neæra's eyes.

V.

The amorous swains no offerings bring
 To Cupid's altar as before ;
 To her they play, to her they sing,
 And own in love no other power.

VI.

If thou thy empire wilt regain,
 On thy conqueror try thy dart ;
 Touch with pity for my pain
 Nexera's cold disdainful heart.

SONG, BY THE SAME.

IN Chloris all soft charms agree,
 Inchanting humour, powerful wit,
 Beauty from affectation free,
 And for eternal empire fit.
 Where'er she goes, Love waits her eyes,
 The women envy, men adore ;
 But did she less the triumph prize,
 She would deserve the conquest more.

The pomp of Love so much prevails,
 She begs what none else would deny her,
 Makes such advances with her eyes,
 The hope she gives prevents desire ;
 Catches at every trifling heart,
 Seems warm with every glimmering flame,
 The common prey so deads the dart,
 It scarce can pierce a noble game.

I could

I could lie ages at her feet,
 Adore her, careless of my pain,
 With tender vows her rigours meet,
 Despair, love on, and not complain.
 My passion, from all change secure,
 No favours raise, no frown controls,
 I any torment can endure,
 But hoping with a croud of fools.

H O R A C E, BOOK II. ODE XIV.

AH! friend, the passing years how fast they fly!
 Nor can the strictest piety
 Defer incroaching age,
 Or Death's resistless rage:
 If you each day
 A hecatomb of bulls should slay,
 The smoking host could not subdue
 The tyrant to be kind to you.
 From Geryon's head he snatch'd the triple crown,
 Into th' infernal lake the monarch tumbled down.
 The prince and peasant of this world must be
 Thus waisted to eternity.

In vain from bloody wars are mortals free,
 Or the rough storms of the tempestuous sea;
 In vain they take such care
 To shield their bodies from autumnal air.
 Dismal Cocytus they must ferry o'er,
 Whose languid stream moves dully by the shore.
 And in their passage we shall see
 Of tortur'd ghosts the various misery.

Thy stately house, thy pleasing wife
 And children (blessings dear as life),
 Must all be left, nor shalt thou have,
 Of all thy grateful plants, one tree;
 Unless the dismal cypress follow thee,
 The short-liv'd lord of all, to thy cold grave.
 But the imprison'd Burgundy
 Thy jolly heir shall straight set free.
 Releas'd from lock and key, the sparkling wine
 Shall flow, and make the drunken pavement shine.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIII.

I.

LYCE, the Gods have heard my prayer,
 Lyce the proud, the charming, and the fair,
 Lyce is old ! though, wanton still and gay,
 You laugh, and sing, and play.
 Now beauty fails, with wine you'd raise desire,
 And with your trembling voice would fan our dying fire.

II.

In vain ! for Love long since forsook
 Thy snowy hair, thy falling teeth, and withering look ;
 He Chia's blooming face
 Adorns with every grace,
 Her wit, her eyes, her every glance, are darts,
 That with resistless force invade our hearts.

III.

Not all your art nor all your drefs
 (Though grown to a ridiculous excess,

Though

Though you, by lovers' spoils made fine,
In richest filks and jewels shine,
And with their borrow'd light
Surprize the dazzled sight)

Can your fled youth recal, recal one day
Which flying Time on his swift wings has borne away.

IV.

Ah ! where are all thy beauties fled !
Where all the charms that so adorn'd the tender maid !

Ah ! where the nameless graces that were seen
In all thy motions and thy mien ;

What now, oh ! what is of that Lyce left,
By which I once was of my sense and of my soul bereft !

V.

Of her, who with my Cynara strove,
And shar'd my doubtful love !

Yet fate, and the last unrelenting hour,
Seiz'd her gay youth, and pluck'd the springing flower.

But angry heaven has reserv'd thee,
That you with rage might see,

With rage might see your beauties fading glory fly,
And your short youth and tyrannous power before
you die.

VI.

That your insulting lovers might return
Pride for your pride, and with retorted scorn

Glut their revenge, and satiate all their pain ;

With cruel pleasure, and with sharp disdain,

Might laugh, to see that fire, which once so burn'd,

Shot such resistless flames, to ashes turn'd.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE VII.

WINTER 's dissolv'd, behold a world's new face!
 How grafs the ground, how leaves their branches
 grace.

That earth, which would not to the plough-share yield,
 Is softer now and easy to be till'd.

And frozen streams, thaw'd by th' approaching fun,
 With whispering murmurs in their channels run:

The naked nymphs and graces dance around,

And o'er the flowery meadows nimbly bound.

The months that run on Time's immortal wheels,

The seasons treading on each other's heels,

The winged hours that swiftly pass away,

And spitefully consume the smiling day,

Tell us, that all things must with them decay.

The year rolls round us in a constant ring,

And sultry summer wastes the milder spring:

Whose hot meridian, quickly overpast,

Declines to autumn, which with bounteous haste

Comes crown'd with grapes, but suddenly is crost,

Cold winter nips his vintage with a frost.

The moon renews its orb to shine more bright;

But when death's hand puts out our mortal light,

With us, alas, 'tis ever, ever night!

With Tullus and with Ancus we shall be,

And the brave souls of vanish'd heroes see.

Who knows if Gods above, who all things sway,

Will suffer thee to live another day?

Then

Then please thy genius, and betimes take care
 To leave but little to thy greedy heir.
 When among crouds of ghosts thou shalt appear,
 And from the judge thy fatal sentence hear,
 Not birth, nor eloquence, nor wealth, nor all
 That thou canst plead, can the pass'd doom recal.
 Diana, though a Goddess, cannot take
 Her chaste Hippolytus from Lethe's lake.
 Perithous bound in fetters must remain;
 Theseus no more can break his adamantine chain.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE X.

WE must all live, and we would all live well,
 But how to do it very few can tell;
 He sure does best, who a true mean can keep,
 Nor boldly fails too far into the deep,
 Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the land,
 And runs the danger of the rocks and sand,
 Who to that happy medium can attain,
 "Who neither seeks for nor despises gain,
 "Who neither sinks too low, nor aims too high,"
 He shuns th' unwholesome ills of poverty;
 And is secure from envy, which attends
 A sumptuous table and a croud of friends.
 Their treacherous height doth the tall pines expose
 To the rude blait of every wind that blows:
 And lofty towers, unfortunately high,
 Are near their ruin as they 're near the sky;

And

And when they fall, what was their pride before
 Serves only then t' increase their fall the more.
 Who wisely governs and directs his mind
 Never despairs, though Fortune be unkind ;
 He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
 He bears it patiently, and hopes again.
 And if at last a kinder fate conspires,
 To heap upon him more than he desires ;
 He then suspects the kindness he enjoys,
 Takes it with thanks, but with such care employs,
 As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
 Would once resume what it bestow'd before.
 He finds man's life, by an eternal skill,
 Is temper'd equally with good and ill.
 Fate shapes our lives, as it divides the years,
 Hopes are our summer, and our winter's fears ;
 And 'tis by an unerring rule decreed,
 That this shall that alternately succeed.
 Therefore, when Fate's unkind, dear friend, be wise,
 And bear its ills without the least surprize.
 The more you are oppress'd, bear up the more,
 Weather the tempest till its rage be o'er.
 But, if too prosperous and too strong a gale
 Should rather ruffle than just fill your sail,
 Lessen it ; and let it take but so much wind,
 As is proportion'd to the course design'd ;
 " For 'tis the greatest part of human skill,
 " To use good fortune, and to bear our ill."

HORACE,

H O R A C E, B O O K I. E P. XVIII.

DE A R friend, for surely I may call him so,
 Who doth so well the laws of friendship know,
 I'm sure you mean the kindness you profess,
 And to be lov'd by you's a happiness;
 Not like him who with eloquence and pains
 The specious title of a friend obtains,
 And the next day, to please some man of sense,
 Breaks jests at his deluded friend's expence;
 As jilts, who, by a quick compendious way,
 To gain new lovers, do the old betray.
 There is another failing of the mind,
 Equal to this, of a quite different kind;
 I mean that rude uncultivated skill,
 Which some have got, of using all men ill;
 Out of a zealous and unhewn pretence
 Of freedom, and a virtuous innocence;
 Who, 'cause they cannot fawn, betray, nor cheat,
 Think they may push and juggle all they meet,
 And blame whate'er they see, complain, and brawl,
 And think their virtues make amends for all;
 They neither comb their head, nor wash their face,
 But think their virtuous nastiness a grace :
 Whenas true virtue in a medium lies,
 And that to turn to either hand's a vice.
 Others there are, who, too obsequious grown,
 Live more for others pleasure than their own;

Applauding whatsoe'er they hear or see,
 By a too nauseous civility :
 And if a man of title or estate
 Doth some strange story, true or false, relate ;
 Obsequiously they cringe, and vouch it all,
 Repeat his words, and catch them as they fall :
 As school-boys follow what the masters say,
 Or like an actor prompted in a play.
 Some men there are so full of their own sense,
 They take the least dispute for an offence ;
 And if some wiser friend their heat restrains,
 And says the subject is not worth their pains ;
 Straight they reply, What I have said is true,
 And I'll defend it against him and you ;
 And if he still dares say 'tis not, I'll die,
 Rather than not maintain he says a lye.
 Now, would you see from whence these heats arise,
 And where th' important contradiction lies ;
 'Tis but to know, if, when a client's prest,
 Sawyer * or Williams † pleads his cause the best :
Or

* Sir Robert Sawyer, Attorney General from 1681 to 1687. He was the manager for James the Second in depriving the city of London of its charter. Burnet represents him as a dull hot man, and forward to serve all the designs of the court ; Granger, as a man of general learning, and of an integrity that nothing could corrupt. He died at Highcleer, in Hampshire, 1692. His only daughter married the earl of Pembroke. R.

† Sir William Williams had been Speaker of two successive parliaments, a zealous promoter of the Exclusion bill, and

Or if to Windsor he most minutes gains,
 Who goes by Colebrook, or who goes by Staines;
 Who spends his wealth in pleasure, and at play,
 And yet affects to be well-cloath'd and gay,
 And comes to want; and yet dreads nothing more,
 Than to be thought necessitous and poor:
 Him his rich kinsman is afraid to see,
 Shuns like a burthen to the family;
 And rails at vices, which have made him poor,
 Though he himself perhaps hath many more:
 Or tells him wisely, Cousin, have a care,
 And your expences with your rents compare;
 Since you inherit but a small estate,
 Your pleasures, cousin, must be moderate.
 I know, you think to huff, and live like me,
 Cousin, my wealth supports my vanity:
 But they, who've wit, and not estate enough,
 Must cut their coat according to their stuff;
 Therefore forbear t' affect equality,
 Forget you've such a foolish friend as me.

There was a courtier, who, to punish those
 Whom, though below him, he believ'd his foes,
 and a bold pleader in all causes against the court. Burnet
 says, he was a corrupt and vicious man, who had no prin-
 ciples, but followed his own interests. At the latter part of
 king James's reign, he veered towards the court, was ap-
 pointed Solicitor General, and had the management of the
 famous Trial of the Seven Bishops wholly given to him.
 After this period he sunk into obscurity, and we hear no
 more of him. R.

And, more effectually to vent his rage,
Sent them fine cloaths and a new equipage ;
For then the foolish sparks, courageous grown,
Set up for roaring bullies of the town ;
Must go to plays, and in the boxes sit,
Then to a whore, and live like men of wit ;
Till at the last, their coach and horses spent,
Their cloaths grown dirty, and their ribbons rent ;
Their fortune chang'd, their appetite the same,
And 'tis too late their follies to reclaim ;
They must turn porters, or in taverns wait,
And buy their pleasures at a cheaper rate ;
And 'midst their dirty mistresses and wives
Lead out the rest of their mistaken lives.

Never be too inquisitive to find
The hidden secrets of another's mind,
For when you 've torn one secret from his breast,
You run great risque of losing all the rest ;
And if he should unimportun'd impart
His secret thoughts, and trust you with his heart,
Let not your drinking, anger, pride, or lust,
Ever invite you to betray the trust.
First never praise your own designs, and then
Ne'er lessen the designs of other men ;
Nor when a friend invites you any where,
To set a partridge, or to chace a hare,
Beg he'd excuse you for this once, and say,
You must go home, and study all the day.
So 'twas that once Amphion, jealous grown
That Zethus lov'd no pleasures but his own,

Was forc'd to give his brother's friendship o'er,
 Or to resolve to touch his lyre no more;
 He chose the safest and the wisest way,
 And, to oblige his brother, left his play.
 Do you the same, and for the self-same end,
 Obey your civil importuning friend;
 And, when he leads his dogs into the plain,
 Quit your untimely labours of the brain,
 And leave your serious studies, that you may
 Sup with an equal pleasure on the prey.
 Hunting's an old and honourable sport,
 Lov'd in the country, and esteem'd at court;
 Healthful to th' body, pleasing to the eye,
 And practis'd by our old nobility:
 Who see you love the pleasures they admire,
 Will equally approve what you desire;
 Such condescension will more friendship gain,
 Than the best rules which your wise books contain.
 Talk not of others lives, or have a care
 Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where;
 For you don't only wound the man you blame,
 But all mankind; who will expect the same.
 Shun all inquisitive and curious men,
 For what they hear they will relate again;
 And he who hath impatient craving ears,
 Hath a loose tongue to utter all he hears;
 And words, like th' moving air of which they're fram'd,
 When once let loose, can never be reclaim'd.
 Where you've access to a rich powerful man,
 Govern your mind with all the care you can;

And

And be not by your foolish lust betray'd,
To court his cousin, or debauch his maid ;
Lest with a little portion, and the pride
Of being to the family ally'd,
He gives you either ; with which bounty blest,
You must quit all pretensions to the rest ;
Or lest, incens'd at your attempt, and griev'd
You should abuse the kindness you receiv'd,
He coldly thwarts your impotent desire,
Till you at last chuse rather to retire,
Than tempt his anger any more ; and so
Lose a great patron and a mistress too.
Next have a care, what men you recommend
To th' service or esteem of your rich friend ;
Lest, for his service or esteem unfit,
They load you with the faults which they commit.
But as the wisest men with all their skill
May be deceiv'd, and place their friendship ill ;
So when you see you've err'd, you must refuse
To defend those whom their own crimes accuse.
But if through envy of malicious men
They be accus'd, you must protect them then,
And plead their cause yourself ; for when you see
Him you commend attack'd with infamy,
Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame ;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim ;
And when your neighbour's house is set on fire,
You must his safety as your own conspire.
Such hidden fires, though in the suburbs cast,
Neglected may consume the town at last.

They

They who don't know the dangers, which attend
The glittering court of a rich powerful friend,
Love no estate so much, and think they're blest
When they make but a leg amongst the rest;
But they who've try'd it, and with prudent care
Do all its honours and its ills compare,
Fear to engage, lest with their time and pain
They lose more pleasure than they hop'd to gain.
See you, that while your vessel's under sail,
You make your best advantage of the gale;
Lest the wind changes, and some stormy rain
Should throw you back to your first port again.
You must endeavour to dispose your mind
To please all humours of a different kind:
Whose temper's serious, and their humour sad,
They think all blithe and merry men are mad;
They who are merry, and whose humour's free,
Abhor a sad and serious gravity;
They who are slow and heavy can't admit
The friendship of a quick and ready wit;
The slothful hate the busy active men,
And are detested by the same again.
They whose free humour prompts them to be gay,
To drink all night, and revel all the day,
Abhor the man that can his cups refuse;
Though, his untimely virtue to excuse,
He swears that one such merry drinking feast
Would make him sick for a whole week at least.
Suffer no cloud to dwell upon your brow;
The modest men are thought obscure and low;

And they, who an affected silence keep,
Are thought to be too rigid, sour, and deep.
Amongst all other things, do not omit
To search the writings of great men of wit,
And in the conversation of the wise
In what true happiness and pleasure lies ;
Which are the safest rules to live at ease,
And the best way to make all fortunes please ;
Lest, through the craving hopes of gaining more,
And fear of losing what you gain'd before,
Your poor unsatisfy'd misguided mind,
To needy wishes and false joys confin'd,
Puts its free boundless searching thoughts in chains,
And where it sought its pleasure finds its pains.
If virtuous thoughts, and if a prudent heart,
Be given by nature, or obtain'd by art ;
What lessens care, the mind's uneasy pain,
And reconciles us to ourselves again ;
Which doth the truest happiness create,
Unblemish'd honour, or a great estate ;
Or a safe private quiet, which betrays
Itself to ease, and cheats away the days.
When I 'm at ———, where my kind fate
Hath plac'd my little moderate estate,
Where nature's care hath equally employ'd
Its inward treasures and its outward pride ;
What thoughts d' ye think those easy joys inspire ?
What do you think I covet and desire ?
'Tis, that I may but undisturb'd possess
The little I have, and, if heaven pleases, less ;

That

That I to nature and myself may give
 The little time that I have left to live;
 Some books, in which I some new thoughts may find,
 To entertain and to refresh my mind;
 Some horses, which may help me to partake
 The lawful pleasures which the seasons make;
 An easy plenty, which at least may spare
 The frugal pains of a domestic care;
 A friend, if that a faithful friend there be,
 Who can love such an idle life and me;
 Then, heaven, give me but life and health, I'll find
 A grateful soul, and a contented mind.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE III.

I.

BE calm, my Delius, and serene,
 However Fortune change the scene
 In thy most dejected state,
 Sink not underneath the weight;
 Nor yet, when happy days begin,
 And the full tide comes rolling in,
 Let a fierce unruly joy
 The settled quiet of thy mind destroy:
 However Fortune change the scene,
 Be calm, my Delius, and serene!

II.

Be thy lot good, or be it ill,
 Life ebbs out at the same rate still:

Whether, with busy cares oppress'd,
You wear the fullen time away ;
Or whether to sweet ease or rest
You sometimes give a day ;
Carelessly laid,
Underneath a friendly shade,
By pines and poplars mixt embraces made ;
Near a river's sliding stream,
Fetter'd in sleep, blest'd with a golden dream.

III.

Here, here, in this much-envy'd state,
Let every blessing on thee wait ;
Bid the Syrian nard be brought,
Bid the hidden wine be fought,
And let the rose's short-liv'd flower,
The smiling daughter of an hour,
Flourish on thy brow :
Enjoy the very, very now !
While the good hand of life is in,
While yet the fatal sisters spin.

IV.

A little hence, my friend, and thou
Must into other hands resign
Thy gardens and thy parks, and all that now
Bears the pleasing name of thine !
Thy meadows, by whose planted tides,
Silver Tyber gently glides !
Thy pleasant houses ; all must go ;
The gold that 's hoarded in them too :
A jolly heir shall set it free,
And give th' imprison'd monarchs liberty.

V. Nor

V.

Nor matters it, what figure here
 Thou dost among thy fellow-mortals bear;
 How thou wert born, or how begot;
 Impartial Death matters it not:
 With what titles thou dost shine,
 Or who was first of all thy line:
 Life's vain amusements! amidst which we dwell;
 Nor weigh'd, nor understood, by the grim god of hell!

VI.

In the same road, alas! all travel on!
 By all alike the same sad journey must be gone!
 Our blended lots together lie,
 Mingled in one common urn:
 Sooner or later out they fly;
 The fatal boat then wafts us to the shore,
 Whence we never shall return,
 Never! ——— never more!

T H E G R O V E.

SEE how Damon's age appears,
 This grove declares his fading years;
 For this he planted once, and eat
 The maiden fruits of what he set.
 Young it was then, like him; but now,
 Sapless and old is every bough.
 Thus, my Lesbia, will it be,
 In time to come, with thee, and me.
 Come, then, in love and youthful play
 Let's pass the smiling hours away,

Before this tender amorous mark
 Grow wide upon its fading bark;
 And shew, like Damon's grove, that we
 Are old and gray, as well as he.

PART OF VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGICK.

BY MR. CREECH*.

Aristæus, having lost his bees, goes by his mother's direction to Proteus, to know why the Gods had sent this plague. Proteus tells him they sent it to revenge the injury he had done Orpheus, in being the cause of his bride's death, and so goes on with the story of his passion.

NOW scorching Sirius burnt the thirsty moors,
 And seas contracted left their naked shores;
 The earth lay chopp'd, no spring supply'd his flood,
 And mid-day rays boil'd-up the streams to mud :

When

* Born near Sherborne in Dorsetshire in 1659, and bred up at the Free-school in that town, under Mr. Curganven, to whom he gratefully inscribed an Idyllium of Theocritus. He was sent by Colonel Strangeways to Wadham College in Oxford, where he was admitted a scholar on the foundation 1675, and took the degree of B. A. June 13, 1683. The reputation acquired by his Lucretius, which he published when very young, recommended him to All Souls College, where he was elected Fellow in 1689; proceeded B. D. March 18, 1696; and was presented by that College to the living of Welwyn in Hertfordshire; but, through some disappointment either in love or in his expectations, laid violent

When Proteus coming to his usual cave,
 The sea-calf following spouts the brackish wave :
 Spread o'er the sand the scatter'd monsters lay,
 He (like a shepherd at the close of day,
 When heifers seek their stalls, and round a rock
 The bleating lambs the hungry wolves provoke)
 Sits midst the beach, and counts the scaly flock. }
 Scarce was he laid, scarce sleep had seal'd his eyes,
 When Aristæus, eager to surprize,
 Invades and binds him : straight he starts and roars,
 And with shrill noises fills the echoing shores :
 He flies to his old arts, and strives to 'scape
 By frequent change, and varying of his shape :
 All monstrous forms put on, he would appear
 A flame, a flood, a lion, or a bear :
 When nought avail'd, he turn'd himself again ;
 And thus spoke with the accent of a man :

hands on himself in 1701, before he had taken possession of his living. "He was a man," says Jacob, "of excellent parts, sound judgement, and perfectly master of the Greek and Latin languages ; but naturally of a morose temper, and too apt to despise the understandings and performances of others. This made him less esteemed than his great merit deserved ; and his resentments on this account frequently engaged him in those heats and disputes which in the end proved fatal to him." On his father's monument at Blandford, he is called "The learned, much-admired, and much-envied Mr. Creech." — He translated Lucretius, Theocritus, and Horace ; some eclogues of Virgil ; and some of the satires of Juvenal. N.

By whose advice hast thou so rashly prest,
 Bold youth; on me? And what do'st thou request?

You know, great God, you know, the swain reply'd,
 For who can cheat you? who his wants can hide?
 But strive to change no more: I humbly come,
 And by the Gods commands, to know my doom:
 For what I'm punish'd, whence these plagues arose,
 And by what means I may retrieve my loss.

This said, the angry God with fury shook,
 His eyes shot flame, and horror chang'd his look,
 He gnash'd his teeth, and thus at last he spoke:

No common Gods, no common Gods pursue,
 Thou suffer'st what to thy great crimes is due;
 At wretched Orpheus' suit these plagues commence,
 Though (fate being kind) too small for thy offence.
 To heaven's strict justice he his wrongs apply'd,
 And call'd down vengeance for his perish'd bride:
 She, while she fled from thee, unhappy maid,
 By heedless fear to treacherous banks betray'd,
 Ne'er saw the snake glide o'er the grassy ground,
 But, ere she knew the foe, she felt the wound:
 Her fellow Dryads fill'd the hills with cries,
 In groans the soften'd Rhodope replies;
 Rough Thrace, the Getes, and Hebrus' streams lament,
 Forget their fury, and in grief consent:
 While he to doleful tunes his strings does move,
 And strove to solace his uneasy love:
 Thee, thee, dear bride, on desert shores alone
 He mourn'd at rising and at setting sun:
 His restless love did natural fears expel,
 He dar'd to enter the black jaws of hell,

He

He saw the grove, where gloomy horrors spread,
 The ghost and ghastly tyrant of the dead;
 With those rough powers, that there severely reign,
 Unus'd to pity, when poor men complain.

He strook his harp, and strait a numerous throng
 Of airy people fled to hear the song,
 Thither vast troops of wretched lovers came,
 And shriek'd at the remembrance of their flame;
 With heavy grief and gloomy thoughts oppress'd,
 Meagre each shape, and wounds in every breast;
 (How deep, ah me! and wide must mine appear,
 If so much beauty can be so severe!)

With these, mixt troops of fathers, husbands, wives,
 As thick as swarms of bees, fly round their hives
 At evening close, or when a tempest drives: }
 With ghosts of heroes, and of babes expos'd,
 And sons whose dying eyes their mothers clos'd:
 Which now the dull unnavigable flood,
 With black Cocytus' horrid weeds and mud,
 And Styx, in nine large channels spread, confine*.

The wondrous numbers softened all beneath,
 Hell, and the inmost flinty seats of death:

Snakes round the Furies heads did upward rear,
 And seem'd to listen to the pleasing air;
 While fiery Styx in milder streams did roll,
 And Cerberus gap'd, but yet forbore to howl;
 Ixion's wheel stood still, all tortures ceas'd,
 And hell amaz'd knew an unusual rest.

* There is no line corresponding with this in any edition
 that I have seen. N.

All

All dangers past, beyond the reach of fear,
 Restor'd Eurydice breath'd the upper air,
 Following behind (for, mov'd by his complaint,
 Hell added this condition to the grant)
 When Fury soon the heedless lover seiz'd,
 (To be forgiven, if hell could be appeas'd)
 For near the confines of ætherial air,
 Unmindful, and unable to forbear,
 He stopt, look'd back, (what cannot Love persuade ?)
 To take one view of the unhappy maid :
 Here all his pains were lost, one greedy look
 Defeats his hopes, and hell's conditions broke,
 Thrice Styx refounded, thrice Avernus shook :
 A fatal messenger from Pluto flew,
 And snatch'd the forfeit from a second view.

Backward she fell; ah me! too greedy youth,
 (She cry'd) what Fury now hath ruin'd both!
 Death summons me again, cold fates surprize,
 And icy sleep spreads o'er my nodding eyes:
 Wrapt up in night I feel the Stygian shore,
 And stretch my arms to thee in vain, ah thine no more!

This scarce pronounc'd, like smoke dispers'd in air,
 So vanish'd the twice-lost unhappy fair;
 And left him catching at the flying shade:
 He stood distracted, much he would have said,
 In vain; for Charon would not waft him o'er,
 Once he had pass'd, and now must hope no more.
 What should he do? Where should he seek repose?
 Where fly the trouble of his second loss?
 In what soft numbers should the wretch complain,
 And beg his dear Eurydice again!

She

She now grew cold in Charon's boat beneath,
And sadly fail'd to the known seats of death :
But while nine circling months in order turn'd,
Beneath black rocks (thus fame reports) he mourn'd :
By freezing Strymon's unfrequented stream,
Eurydice, his lost Eurydice, his theme ;
And while he sang this sad event of love,
He tam'd fierce tigers, and made oaks to move :
With such soft tunes, and such a doleful song,
Sweet nightingales bewail their ravish'd young,
Which some hard-hearted swain hath borne away
While callow birds, or kill'd the easy prey ;
Restless they sit, renew their mournful strains,
And with sad passion fill their neighbouring plains.

No face could win him, and no charms could move,
He fled the heinous thoughts of second love ;
In vain the Thracians woo'd ; wit, wealth, esteem,
Those great enticers, lost their force on him :
Alone he wander'd through the Scythian snows,
Where icy Tanaïs freezeth as it flows ;
Through fields still white with frost, or beat with hail,
Constant to grief, and eager to bewail :
Eurydice, the Gods vain gift, employs
His thoughts, and makes him deaf to other joys.

The slighted Thracians heat this scorn encreas'd,
They breath'd revenge, and fir'd at Bacchus' feast,
(For what so soon as wine makes fury burn ?
And what can wound a maid so deep as scorn ?)
Full of their God, they wretched Orpheus tore,
Scatter'd his limbs, and drank his reeking gore :

His

His head torn off, as Hebrus roll'd along,
Eurydice fell from his dying tongue.

His parting soul, when flying through the wound,
Cry'd, Ah, Eurydice ! the floods around
Eurydice, Eurydice the banks resound.

ECLOGUE, BY LORD FALKLAND*,

ON THE DEATH OF BEN JONSON†.

MELIBOEUS.

HYLAS, the clear day boasts a glorious sun,
Our troop is ready, and our time is come :
That fox, who hath so long our lambs destroy'd,
And daily in his prosperous rapine joy'd,

Is

* Lucius Cary, eldest son of the first lord viscount of Falkland, was born about 1610; and received his academical learning first at Trinity College Dublin, and then at St. John's Cambridge. He entered early into the service of Charles I; and was shot at the battle of Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643. "The character of Lord Falkland by the Earl of Clarendon is the completest, if not the finest, of any in his admirable history. He is represented as an assemblage of almost every virtue and excellency that can dignify or adorn a man. This encomium is doubtless somewhat exaggerated; but there seems to be much truth in it with respect to the private part of his life, as it appears to have been taken from near and repeated views. A great man in public rather appears to be what it is his interest or inclination to be thought, than what he is. The Earl of Clarendon, who knew Lord Falkland in private life, seems
"there-

Is earth'd not far from hence; old Ægon's son,
Rough Corilas, and lusty Corydon,

In

“therefore to have given us a juster portrait of him than if
“he had seen him only in his public character. It must be
“acknowledged, that he has drawn him to great advantage :
“but we are not to impute this to the least disregard to
“truth, but to the amiable lights in which his friendship
“had placed him. A friend who draws the portrait of
“another friend, is apt to bestow as much heightening upon
“it as a painter would in finishing the picture of his mis-
“tress.” This extract from Mr. Granger is given without
the most distant inclination of “throwing a shade on a
“virtue the brightest and purest that hath done honour to
“these later ages;” [see Bp. Hurd’s excellent Dialogues,
vol. I. p. 78.]—Before he was twenty-three years of age, he
had read over all the Greek and Latin fathers, and was inde-
fatigable in collecting books of value. He has given specimens
of his own abilities as a poet, a politician, and a polemic
writer; but his “Discourse of the Infallibility of the Church
“of Rome,” which is written in an easy and familiar
style, without the least affectation of learning, is the most
considerable of his Works. It is remarked by Doctor Swift,
that in some of Lord Falkland’s writings, “when he doubted
“whether a word was perfectly intelligible or no, he used
“to consult one of his lady’s chambermaids (not the waiting-
“woman, because it was possible she might be conversant in
“romances), and by her judgment was guided whether to
“receive or reject it.” N.

† Ben Jonson, a most celebrated English poet in his
time, died Aug. 6, 1637, in his 63d year. He is gene-
rally represented as surly and morose by the writers of the
present

In part the sport, in part revenge desire,
 And both thy tarrier and thy aid require.
 Haste, for by this, but that for thee we staid,
 The prey-devourer had our prey been made.

H. Y. L. A. S.

Oh ! Melibœus, now I list not hunt,
 Nor have that vigour as before I wont ;

present time, though, from the attention shewn to him by his contemporaries, it might be suspected that the charge was not well founded. Certain it is that he died much lamented ; and in the beginning of 1638 his memory was embalmed by the tears of the Muses, in a collection of elegies and poems under the title of “ Jonsonius Virbius, or The “ Memorie of Ben Jonson revived by the Friends of the “ Muses.” In this collection were poems by most of the men of genius of that age. One by Mr. Waller is in his Poems, p. 104 ; another by Cartwright in this volume, p. 63. Those of the Lords Falkland and Buckhurst, Bp. King, and Dr. Mayne, are here exhibited. Sir John Beaumont, Sir Thomas Hawkins, H. Coventry, T. May, D. Diggs, G. Fortescue, W. Abington, J. Vernon, J. Butler, Owen Feltham (who had been a very violent enemy to him), G. Donne, Shackerley Marmion, J. Ford (with whom he had the literary altercation mentioned in Shakspeare, edit. 1778, vol I. p. 219.), R. Brideoake, R. West, R. Meade, H. Ramsay, Sir Fr. Wortley, T. Terrent, W. Bew, S. Evans, R. Warying the author of “ Effigies Amoris,” James Howel, and some others, employed their pens in this collection ; which was published by Dr. Duppa, bishop of Chichester, and tutor to Charles II. then prince of Wales. N.

My

My presence will afford them no relief,
That beast I strive to chace is only grief.

M E L I B O E U S.

What mean thy folded arms, thy down-cast eyes,
Tears which so fast descend, and sighs which rise?
What mean thy words, which so distracted fall,
As all thy joys had now one funeral?
Cause for such grief can our retirements yield?
That follows courts, but stoops not to the field.
Hath thy stern step-dame to thy fire reveal'd
Some youthful act, which thou could'st with conceal'd?
Part of thy herd hath some close thief convey'd
From open pastures to a darker shade?
Part of thy flock hath some fierce torrent drown'd?
Thy harvest fail'd? or Amaryllis frown'd?

H Y L A S.

Nor love nor anger, accident nor thief,
Hath rais'd the waves of my unbounded grief:
To cure this cause, I would provoke the ire
Of my fierce step-dame, or severer fire,
Give all my herds, fields, flocks, and all the grace
That ever shone in Amaryllis' face.
Alas! that Bard, that glorious Bard is dead,
Who, when I whilom cities visited,
Hath made them seem but hours which were full days,
Whilst he vouchsaf'd me his harmonious lays:
And when he liv'd, I thought the country then
A torture, and no mansion but a den.

M E L I B O E U S.

JONSON you mean, unless I much do err;
I know the person by the character.

H Y L A S.

H Y L A S.

You guess aright, it is too truly so;
From no less spring could all these rivers flow.

M E L I B O E U S.

Ah, Hylas! then thy grief I cannot call
A passion, when the ground is rational.
I now excuse thy tears and sighs, though those
To deluges, and these to tempests rose:
Her great instructor gone, I know the age
No less laments than doth the widow'd stage:
And only vice and folly now are glad,
Our Gods are troubled, and our prince is sad:
He* chiefly who bestows light, health, and art,
Feels this sharp grief pierce his immortal heart;
He his neglected lyre away hath thrown,
And wept a larger, nobler Helicon,
To find his herbs, which to his wish prevail
For the less lov'd, should his own favourite fail:
So moan'd himself when Daphne he ador'd,
That arts, relieving all, should fail their lord.

H Y L A S.

But say, from whence in thee this knowledge springs,
Of what his favour was with Gods and Kings.

M E L I B O E U S.

Dorus, who long had known books, men, and towns,
At last the honour of our woods and downs,
Had often heard his songs, was often fir'd
With their enchanting power, ere he retir'd,
And ere himself to our still groves he brought
To meditate on what his Muse had taught:

* Apollo. N.

Here

Here all his joy was to revolve alone
All that her music to his soul had shewn,
Or in all meetings to divert the stream
Of our discourse, and make his friend his theme,
And, praising works which that rare loom hath weav'd,
Impart that pleasure which he had receiv'd.
So in sweet notes (which did all tunes excel
But what he prais'd) I oft have heard him tell
Of his rare pen what was the use and price,
The bays of virtue and the scourge of vice :
How the rich ignorant he valued least,
Nor for the trappings would esteem the beast :
But did our youth to noble actions raise,
Hoping the meed of his immortal praise :
How bright and soon his Muse's morning shone,
Her noon how lasting, and her evening none :
How speech exceeds not dumbness, nor verse prose,
More than his verse the low rough rhimes of these,
(For such, his seen, they seem'd,) who, highest rear'd,
Possess Parnassus ere his power appear'd :
Nor shall another pen his fame dissolve,
Till we this doubtful problem can resolve,
Which in his works we most transcendent see,
Wit, judgement, learning, art, or industry,
Which *till* is never, so all jointly flow,
And each doth to an equal torrent grow :
His learning such, no author old or new
Escap'd his reading that deserv'd his view ;
And such his judgement, so exact his taste.
Of what was best in books, as what books best,

That, had he join'd those notes his labours took,
From each most prais'd and praise-deserving book,
And could the world of that choice treasure boast,
It need not care though all the rest were lost;
And such his wit, he writ past what he quotes,
And his productions far exceed his notes :
So in his works where aught inserted grows,
The noblest of the plants ingrafted shows
That his adopted children equal not
The generous issue his own brain begot :
So great his art, that much which he did write
Gave the wise wonder, and the croud delight :
Each sort, as well as sex, admir'd his wit,
The hees and shees, the boxes and the pit ;
And who less lik'd within, did rather chuse
To tax their judgements than suspect his Muse :
How no spectator his chaste stage could call
The cause of any crime of his, but all
With thoughts and wills purg'd and amended rise
From th' ethic lectures of his comedies ;
Where the spectators act, and the sham'd age
Blusheth to meet her follies on the stage ;
Where each man finds some light he never fought,
And leaves behind some vanity he brought ;
Whose politicks no less the minds direct
Than these the manners, nor with less effect :
When his majestic tragedies relate
All the disorders of a tottering state,
All the distempers which on kingdoms fall,
When ease, and wealth, and vice are general,

And

And yet the minds against all fear assure,
 And, telling the disease, prescribe the cure:
 Where, as he tells what subtle ways, what friends
 (Seeking their wicked and their wish'd-for ends)
 Ambitious and luxurious persons prove,
 Whom vast desires or mighty wants do move,
 The general frame to sap and undermine,
 In proud Sejanus, and bold Catiline;
 So in his vigilant prince and consuls parts,
 He shews the wiser and the nobler arts,
 By which a state may be unhurt, upheld,
 And all those works destroy'd, which hell would build.
 Who (not like those who with small praise had writ,
 Had they not call'd-in judgement to their wit)
 Us'd not a tutoring hand his to direct,
 But was sole workman and sole architect:
 And sure, by what my friend did daily tell,
 If he but acted his own part as well
 As he writ those of others, he may boast,
 The happy fields hold not a happier ghost.

H Y L A S.

Strangers will think this strange, yet he (dear youth)
 Where most he past belief, fell short of truth:
 Say on, what more he said; this gives relief,
 And though it raise my cause, it 'bates my grief,
 Since fates decreed him now no longer liv'd,
 I joy to hear him by thy friend reviv'd.

M E L I B O E U S.

More he would say, and better (but I spoil
 His smother words with my unpolish'd style).

And having told what pitch his worth attain'd,
He then would tell us what reward it gain'd :
How in an ignorant, and learn'd age he sway'd
(Of which the first he found, the second made) ;
How he, when he could know it, reap'd his fame,
And long out-liv'd the envy of his name.
To him how daily flock'd, what reverence gave,
All that had wit, or would be thought to have,
Or hope to gain, and in so large a store,
That to his ashes they can pay no more,
Except those few who censuring thought not so,
But aim'd at glory from so great a foe :
How the wise too did with mere wits agree,
As Pembroke, Portland, and grave Aubigny ;
Nor thought the rigid'st senator a shame,
To contribute to so deserv'd a fame :
How great Eliza, the retreat of those,
Who weak and injur'd her protection chose,
Her subjects joy, the strength of her allies,
The fear and wonder of her enemies,
With her judicious favours did infuse
Courage and strength into his younger Muse :
How learned James, whose praise no end shall find,
But still enjoy a fame pure like his mind,
Who favour'd quiet and the arts of peace
(Which in his halcyon days found large increase),
Friend to the humblest if deserving swain,
Who was himself a part of Phœbus' train,
Declar'd great Jonson worthiest to receive
The garland which the Muses' hands did weave ;

And

And though his bounty did sustain his days,
 Gave a more welcome pension in his praise :
 How mighty Charles (amidst that weighty care
 In which three kingdoms as their blessing share,
 Whom as it tends with ever-watchful eyes,
 That neither power may force, nor art surprize,
 So bounded by no shore, grasps all the main,
 And far as Neptune claims extends his reign)
 Found still some time to hear and to admire
 The happy sounds of his harmonious lyre,
 And oft has left his bright exalted throne,
 And to his Muses' feet * combin'd his own :
 As did his queen, whose person so disclos'd
 A brighter nymph than any part impos'd,
 When she did join by an harmonious choice
 Her graceful motions to his powerful voice :
 How above all the rest was Phœbus fir'd
 With love of arts which he himself inspir'd,
 Nor oftener by his light our sense was cheer'd,
 Than he in person to his sight appear'd ;
 Nor did he write a line, but to supply
 With sacred flame the radiant God was by.

H Y L A S.

Though none I ever heard this last rehearse,
 I saw as much when I did see his verse.

M E L I B O E U S.

Since he, when living, could such honours have,
 What now will piety pay to his grave ?

* King Charles and his Queen condescended to take a part in some of Jonson's Masques ; as Queen Elizabeth and the Queen of James had done before them. N.

Shall of the rich (whose lives were low and vile,
 And scarce deserv'd a grave, much less a pile)
 The monuments possess an ample room,
 And such a wonder lie without a tomb?
 Raise thou him one in verse, and there relate
 His worth, thy grief, and our deplored state,
 His great perfections, our great loss recite,
 And let them merely weep who cannot write.

H Y L A S.

I like thy saying, but oppose thy choice,
 So great the task as this requires a voice
 Which must be heard, and list'ned to by all,
 And fame's own trumpet but appears too small:
 Then for my slender reed to sound his name,
 Would more my folly than his praise proclaim;
 And when you wish my weakness sing his worth,
 You charge a mouse to bring a mountain forth:
 I am by Nature form'd, by woes made dull;
 My head is emptier than my heart is full;
 Grief doth my brain impair, as tears supply,
 Which makes my face so moist, my pen so dry:
 Nor should this work proceed from woods and downs,
 But from the academies, courts, and towns;
 Let Digby, Carew, Killigrew, and Mayne,
 Godolphin, Waller, that inspired * train,

* Waller and Mayne are the only two of this set whose
 Muses were inspired on this occasion. See a specimen of Go-
 dolphin's poetry, p. 116; and of Mayne's, p. 252. Digby,
 Carew, and Killigrew, will appear in a future volume. N.
 Or

Or whose rare pen beside deserves the grace,
Or of an equal or a neighbouring place,
Answer thy wish, for none so fit appears
To raise his tomb, as who are left his heirs :
Yet for this cause no labour need be spent,
Writing his works, he built his monument.

M E L I B O E U S.

If to obey in this thy pen be loth,
It will not seem thy weakness, but thy sloth :
Our towns press'd by our foes' invading might,
Our ancient Druids and young virgins fight,
Employing feeble limbs to the best use ;
So, Jonson dead, no pen should plead excuse :
For elegies, howl all who cannot sing ;
For tombs bring turf, who cannot marble bring
Let all their forces mix, join verse to rhyme,
To save his fame from that invader, Time ;
Whose power though his alone may well restrain,
Yet to so wish'd an end no care is vain ;
And Time, like what our books act in our fight,
Oft sinks the weighty, and upholds the light :
Besides, to this thy pains I strive to move
Less to express his glory than thy love :
Not long before his death, our woods he meant
To visit, and descend from Thames to Trent,
Meet with thy elegy his pastoral,
And rise as much as he vouchsaf'd to fall :
Suppose it chance no other pen do join
In this attempt, and the whole work be thine.

When the fierce fire the rash boy kindled reign'd,
 The whole world suffer'd; Earth alone complain'd:
 Suppose that many more intend the same,
 More taught by art, and better known to fame,
 To that great deluge which so far destroy'd,
 The earth her springs, as heaven his showers employ'd;
 So may, who highest marks of honour wears,
 Admit mean partners in this flood of tears:
 So oft the humblest join with loftiest things,
 Nor only princes weep the fate of kings.

H Y L A S.

I yield, I yield, thy words my thoughts have fir'd,
 And I am less persuaded than inspir'd;
 Speech shall give sorrow vent, and that relief,
 The woods shall echo all the city's grief:
 I oft have verse on meaner subjects made;
 Should I give presents, and leave debts unpaid?
 Want of invention here is no excuse,
 My matter I shall find, and not produce,
 And (as it fares in crouds) I only doubt,
 So much would pass, that nothing will get out,
 Else in this work which now my thoughts intend
 I shall find nothing hard but how to end:
 I then but ask fit time to smoothe my lays
 (And imitate in this the pen I praise),
 Which, by the subject's power embalm'd, may last,
 Whilst the sun light, the earth doth shadows cast,
 And, feather'd by those wings, fly among men,
 Far as the fame of Poetry and BEN.

TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON,
BY LORD BUCKHURST*.

IF Romulus did promise in the fight
To Jove the Stator, if he held from flight
His man, a Temple, and perform'd his vow :
Why should not we, learn'd Jonson, thee allow
An Altar at the least ; since by thy aid
Learning, that would have left us, has been stay'd ?
The actions were different ; that thing
Requir'd some mark to keep 't from perishing :
But letters must be quite defac'd, before
Thy memory, whose care did them restore.

O N B E N J O N S O N.

BY MR. HENRY KING†.

ISEE that wreath, which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off Death's pale dart : for, Jonson, then
Thou hadst been number'd still with living men :
Time's

* Richard Lord Buckhurst (a nobleman unnoticed in the "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors") obtained the title of Earl of Dorset in 1652, on the death of Edward his father (who is mentioned by Mr. Walpole with respect, vol. II. p. 96). He died in August 1677, and was succeeded in the title by Charles the celebrated poet. N.

† Son of Dr. John King, bishop of London from 1611 to 1621. Henry was born in January 1591 ; educated partly at Thame, and partly at Westminster ; elected student of Christ

Time's scythe had fear'd thy laurel to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.

Amongst those many votaries that come
To offer up their garlands at thy tomb,
Whilst some more lofty pens in their bright verse
(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy hearse)
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see
How great a maim it suffers (wanting thee);
Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I
Pay meaner rites unto thy memory:
And since I nought can add but in desire,
Restore some sparks which leapt from thine own fire.

What ends soever other quills invite,
I can protest, it was no itch to write,

Christ Church in 1608. He was made chaplain to James I. archdeacon of Colchester, residentiary of St. Paul's, and canon of Christ Church; D. D. in 1625; chaplain to Charles I; dean of Rochester in 1638; and in 1641, when episcopacy was sinking, was advanced to the bishoprick of Chester, "it being conceived," says Jacob, "the most effectual method for the restitution of that order, to prefer persons not only of unblameable lives and eminent for their learning, but also such as were generally beloved by all disinterested people. The king's choice amongst these was very happy in this great Divine, who lived a most religious life, and did not die till after his order was restored." His death happened October 1, 1669; after having published a new metrical translation of the Psalms, 1651, 12mo; "Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, Sonnets, 1657," 8vo; "Divers Latin and Greek Poems;" some Sermons, and religious treatises. N.

Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But merely love and justice to the dead,
Which rais'd my fameless Muse ; and caus'd her bring
These drops, as tribute thrown into that spring,
To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
The purest streams of language which can flow.
For 'tis but truth ; thou taught'st the ruder age
To speak by grammar ; and reform'dst the stage :
Thy comic sock induc'd such purged sense,
A Lucrece might have heard without offence.
Amongst these soaring wits that did dilate
Our English, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thyself was one
Help'd lift it up to such proportion,
That thus refin'd and rob'd it shall not spare
With the full Greek or Latin to compare.
For what tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
Great Tully's eloquence, or Homer's state ?
Both which in their unblemish'd lustre shine,
From * Chapman's pen, and from thy Catiline.

All I would ask for thee, in recompence
Of thy successful toil, and time's expence,
Is only this poor boon : that those who can
Perhaps read French, or talk Italian,
Or do the lofty Spaniard affect,
(To shew their skill in foreign dialect)
Prove not themselves so unnaturally wise
They therefore should their mother-tongue despise

* A specimen of Chapman shall be given hereafter. N.

(As

(As if her poets both for style and wit,
 Not equal'd, or not pass'd their best that writ)
 Until by studying Jonson they have known
 The height, and strength, and plenty of their own.
 Thus in what low earth, or neglected room,
 So e'er thou sleep'st, thy book shall be thy tomb.
 Thou wilt go down a happy corse, bestrew'd
 With thine own flowers, and feel thyself renew'd ;
 Whilst thy immortal, never-withering bays
 Shall yearly flourish in thy reader's praise.
 And when more spreading titles are forgot,
 Or, spite of all their lead and fear-cloth, rot ;
 Thou wrapt and shrin'd in thine own sheets wilt lie
 A relick fam'd by all posterity.

TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

BY JASPER MAYNE*.

AS, when the vestal hearth went out, no fire
 Less holy than the flame that did expire
 Could kindle it again : so at thy fall
 Our wit, great Ben, is too apocryphal
 To celebrate the loss, since 'tis too much
 To write thy epitaph, and not be such.

What

* Born at Hatherlagh, in Devonshire, 1608 ; elected from Westminster-school to Christ Church Oxford, as a servitor, in 1623 ; and in the next year was chosen a student. He took the degrees of B. and M. A, and was presented by the College to the livings of Cassington and Pyrton in Oxfordshire. In the civil wars he preached before the king at Oxford,

What thou wert, like th' hard oracles of old,
 Without an extasy cannot be told.
 We must be ravish'd first, thou must infuse
 Thyself into us, both the theme and Muse:
 Else (though we all conspir'd to make thy hearse
 Our works) so that 't had been but one great verse,
 Though the priest had translated for that time
 The Liturgy, and bury'd thee in rhyme,
 So that in metre we had heard it said,
 Poetic dust is to poetic laid: [have
 And though, that dust being Shakespeare's, thou might'st
 Not his room, but the poet for thy grave;

ford, and was made D. D.; but was soon after ejected from
 his livings by Cromwell's visitors. He found an asylum with
 the Earl of Devonshire; and at the Restoration obtained his
 livings again, was made canon of Christ Church, arch-
 deacon of Chichester, and chaplain to Charles II. He died
 December 6, 1672; and is called by Wood "a quaint
 "preacher and a noted poet." Five only of his sermons are
 in print, and his poems are not numerous. He published two
 plays; a poem on the Naval Victory over the Dutch by the
 Duke of York; translated some of Lucian's Dialogues, 1638;
 and Donne's Latin Epigrams, 1652, which he called "A
 "Sheaf of Miscellany Epigrams." Though very orthodox in
 his opinions, and severe in his manners, he was a facetious
 companion, and his propensity to mirth attended him in his
 last moments; for to a servant who had lived long with him
 he "bequeathed a trunk, with something in it to make him
 "drink;" which being opened by the expecting servant, he
 found the legacy to be nothing but a red herring. N.

So

So that, as thou didst prince of numbers die,
And live, so now thou might'st in numbers lie,
'T were frail solemnity ; verses on thee,
And not like thine, would but kind libels be ;
And we (not speaking thy whole worth) should raise
Worse blots than they that envied thy praise.
Indeed, thou need'st us not, since, above all
Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.
Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy tomb,
Th' inscription worn out, and the marble dumb ;
So that 't would pose a critic to restore
Half words, and words expir'd so long before ;
When thy maim'd statue hath a sentenc'd face,
And looks that are the horror of the place,
That 't will be learning and antiquity,
And ask a * Selden to say, This was thee,
Thou 'lt have a whole name still, nor need'st thou fear
That will be ruin'd, or lose nose or hair.
Let others write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no posterity
Can add to thy works ; th' had their whole growth then
When first born, and came aged from thy pen.
Whilst living thou enjoy'dst the fame and sense
Of all that time gives, but the reverence.
When thou 'rt of Homer's years, no man will say
Thy Poems are less worthy, but more gray :
'Tis bastard-poetry, and o' th' false blood
Which can't without succession be good.
Things that will always last do thus agree
With things eternal ; they' at once perfect be.

* An honourable testimony to contemporary merit. N.

Scorn

Scorn then their censures, who gave 't out, thy wit
 As long upon a comedy did sit
 As elephants bring forth; and that thy blots
 And mendings took more time than Fortune * plots :
 That such thy drought was, and so great thy thirst,
 That all thy plays were drawn at th' Mermaid * first :
 That the king's yearly butt wrote, and his wine
 Hath more right than thou to thy Catiline.
 Let such men keep a diet, let their wit
 Be rack'd, and while they write, suffer a fit.
 When they 've felt tortures which out-pain the gout,
 Such, as with less, the state draws treason out;
 Though they should the length of consumptions lie
 Sick of their verse, and of their poem die,
 'Twould not be thy worst scene, but would at last
 Confirm their boastings, and shew made in haste.
 He that writes well, writes quick, since the rule 's true,
 Nothing is slowly done, that's always new.
 So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,
 Each day was first, but that 't was cheaper seen.
 And so thy Alchymist play'd o'er and o'er
 Was new o' th' stage when 't was not at the door.
 We, like the actors, did repeat; the pit
 The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy wit :
 Which was cast in those forms, such rules, such arts,
 That but to some not half thy acts were parts :
 Since of some filken judgments we may say,
 They fill'd a box two hours, but saw no play.
 So that th' unlearned lost their money, and
 Scholars sav'd only, that could understand.

* See p. 256.

Thy scene was free from monsters, no hard plot
 Call'd down a God t' unty th' unlikely knot.
 The stage was still a stage, two entrances
 Were not two parts o' th' world, disjoin'd by seas.
 Thine were land tragedies, no prince was found
 To swim a whole scene out, then o' th' stage drown'd;
 Pitch'd fields, as * Red bull wars, still felt thy doom,
 Thou laid'st no sieges to the music-room;
 Nor would'st allow to thy best comedies
 Humours that should above the people rise:
 Yet was thy language and thy style so high,
 Thy sock to th' ancle, buskin reach'd to th' thigh;
 And both so chaste, so 'bove dramatic clean,
 That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy scene.
 No foul loose line did prostitute thy wit,
 Thou wrot'st thy comedies, did'st not commit.
 We did the vice arraign'd not tempting hear,
 And were made judges, not bad parts by th' ear.
 For thou ev'n sin didst in such words array,
 That some who came bad parts, went out good play.
 Which ended not with th' Epilogue, the age
 Still acted, which grew innocent from th' stage.
 'Tis true thou hadst some sharpness, but thy salt
 Serv'd but with pleasure to reform the fault.
 Men were laugh'd into virtue, and none more
 Hated Face † acted than were such before.

* The Red Bull in St. John's Street was one of the old play-houses. R. — And so the Fortune and Mermaid, p. 255. N.

† A finished character in The Alchymist. N.

So did thy sling not blood, but humours draw,
 So much doth satire more correct than law;
 Which was not nature in thee, as some call
 Thy teeth, who say thy wit lay in thy gall:
 That thou didst quarrel first, and then, in spight,
 Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write:
 That 'twas revenge, not truth; that on the stage
 Carlo was not presented, but thy rage:
 And that, when thou in company wert met,
 Thy meat took notes, and thy discourse was net.
 We know thy free vein had this innocence,
 To spare the party, and to brand th' offence.
 And the just indignation thou wert in
 Did not expose Shift, but his tricks and ginn.
 Thou might'st have us'd th' old comic freedom; these
 Might have seen themselves play'd, like Socrates.
 Like Cleon, Mammon might the knight have been,
 If, as Greek authors, thou hadst turn'd Greek spleen;
 And hadst not chosen rather to translate
 Their learning into English, not their rate:
 Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft
 Of thy humanity, might be call'd theft.
 The other was not; whatsoe'er was strange
 Or borrow'd in thee did grow thine by th' change;
 Who without Latin helps hadst been as rare
 As Beaumont, Fletcher, or as Shakspeare were:
 And, like them, from thy native stock could'st say,
 Poets and Kings are not born every day.

DESCRIPTION OF FORTUNE.

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON*, ESQ.

FORTUNE as blinde as he whom she doth lead,
 Her feature chaung'd each minute of the houre,
 Her riggish feete fantastically would tread :
 Now would she smile, and suddenly would lowre,
 And with one breath her words are sweete and sqwre.
 Upon her foes she amorously doth glaunce,
 And on her followers coyly looke askaunce,
 About her necke (it seem'd as for a chaine)
 Some princes crownes and broken scepters hung.

* "The reputation of Drayton in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. stood on much the same level with that of Cowley in the reigns of Charles I. and II. but it has declined considerably since that period. He frequently wants that elevation of thought which is essential to poetry ; though, in some of the stanzas of his "Barons Wars," he is scarce inferior to Spenser. In his "England's Heroical Epistles," written in the manner of Ovid, he has been, in general, happier in the choice, than the execution of his subjects ; yet some of his imitations are more in the spirit of a poet, than several of the English translations of him. His "Nymphidia, or Court of Fayrie," seems to have been the greatest effort of his imagination, and is the most generally admired of his works. His character among his friends was that of a modest and amiable man." GRANGER.—Drayton, who on his monument in Westminster Abbey is styled "a memorable poet of his age," was born at Atherston in Warwickshire, in 1563 ; and is said on his epitaph to have "exchanged his laurel for a crown of glory, 1631." His "Nymphidia" shall be printed in a future volume. N.

Upon

Upon her arme a lazie youth did leane,
 Which scornfully unto the ground she flung,
 And with a wanton grace passing alone,
 Great bags of gold from out her bosome drew,
 And to base pefants and fond idiots threw.
 A duskie vale, which hid her fightlesse eies
 Like cloudes, which cover our uncertaine lives,
 Painted about with bloodie tragedies,
 Fooles wearing crownes and wise men clog'd in gives.
 Now how she gives againe, how she deprives:
 In this blacke map this she her might discovers,
 In camps and courts, on souldiers, and on lovers.

THYRSIS'S PRAISE TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY MR. WILLIAM BROWNE*.

ON a hill that grac'd the plaine
 Thyrsis fate, a comely swaine,
 Comelier swaine ne'er grac'd a hill:
 Whilst his flocke, that wandred nie,
 Cropt the green grasse busilie;
 Thus he tun'd his oaten quill:

Ver

* An excellent writer, whose fate was as uncommon as it was unmerited. He who was admired and beloved by all the best writers of his time, who was esteemed and highly recommended by the critical Jonson and the learned Selden, was in a few years after his death almost forgotten. To the small credit of Mr. T. Davies, his writings were for the

Ver hath made the pleasant field
 Many several odours yeeld,
 Odors aromatical:
 From faire Astra's cherrie lip,
 Sweeter smells for ever skip,
 They in pleasing passen all.

Leavie groves now mainely ring,
 With each sweet bird's sonneting,
 Notes that make the ecchos long:
 But when Astra tunes her voice,
 All the mirthful birds rejoice,
 And are listening to her song.

Fairely

First time completely collected in 1772, in three neat volumes, of a size which makes them a proper companion for the "English Poets," and consequently renders it unnecessary to print here any more than a specimen of his poetry. But a few particulars of his life shall be given in the words of Mr. Davies: "William Browne, descended of a good family, was born at Tavistock in Devonshire, in the year 1590; his father, according to Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," being probably of the knightly family of Browne, of Browne's-Ish, in the parish of Langtree, near Great-Torrington. After he had passed through the Grammar-school, he was sent to Exeter College in the University of Oxford, about the beginning of the reign of king James the First, where he became a great proficient in classical learning, and in the Belles Lettres was scarcely equalled; from hence, however, before he had taken any academical degree, he removed to the Inner-Temple, London, where

" he

Fairely spreads the damaske rose,
 Whose rare mixture doth disclose
 Beauties, pencills cannot faine.
 Yet, if Astra passe the bush,
 Roses have been seen to blush.
 She doth all their beauties staine.

Phœbus shining bright in skie,
 Gilds the floods, heates mountaines hie
 With his beames all quick'ning fire :
 Astra's eyes (most sparkling ones)
 Strikes a heat in hearts of stones,
 And enflames them with desire.

Fields

“ he more particularly devoted himself to the Muses. In the
 “ beginning of the year 1624, he returned again to Exeter
 “ College, and became tutor to Robert Dormer, who was af-
 “ terwards earl of Carnarvon, and who lost his life at New-
 “ bury Fight, on the 20th of September, 1643. On the 25th
 “ of March, 1624, our author received permission to be actu-
 “ ally created a Master of Arts, although the degree was not
 “ conferred upon him till the November following. He is
 “ styled, in the public register of the University, a man well
 “ skilled in all kinds of polite literature and useful arts ;
 “ *vir omni humanâ literaturâ et bonarum artium cognitione in-*
 “ *structus.* After he had left College with his pupil, he was
 “ gladly received into the family of William earl of Pem-
 “ broke, who had a great respect for him ; and here, ac-
 “ cording to the author of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, he made
 “ his fortune so well that he purchased an estate ; he also
 “ adds, that he had a great mind in a little body ; but with

Fields are blest with flowrie wreath,
 Ayre is blest when she doth breath,
 Birds make happy ev'ry grove,
 She each bird when she doth sing,
 Phœbus' heate to Earth doth bring,
 She makes marble fall in love.

Those blessings of the Earth we swaines do call,
 Astra can blesse those blessings, Earth and all.

“ regard to the time of his death, he is very doubtful, for
 “ all that he says of the matter is, that in his searches he
 “ finds that one William Browne, of Ottery St. Mary in De-
 “ vonshire, died in the year 1645; but that he cannot tell
 “ whether he was the same with our poet.” To this ac-
 count I shall only add that Mr. Warburton the herald ap-
 pears to have been possessed of some MS. poems by this au-
 thor, which were sold, with the rest of his library, about the
 year 1759 or 1760. I cannot but wish that Mr. Davies had
 met with sufficient encouragement to have proceeded with the
 work he announced at the conclusion of his preface, under
 the title of “ England’s Helicon.” He published, however,
 in the same size, the whole works of Suckling, in 1770;
 the poems of Marvell and Carew in 1772; and those of Sir
 John Davies in 1773. A small portion, therefore, of each of
 these writers will be sufficient for this collection. N.

TO MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQ.

BY MR. JOHN SELDEN*.

I MUST admire thee (but to praise were vain
 What every tasting palate so approves)
 Thy martial Pyrrhick, and thy Epick strain
 Digesting wars with heart-uniting loves,
The

* This famous antiquary, descended from a good family, was born at Salvington in Suffex, December 16, 1585; educated at Chichester free-school, and admitted of Hart-Hall, Oxon, in 1598; removed to Clifford's Inn in 1602, to study the law; admitted of the Inner Temple in May 1604. He soon commenced writer; and published a considerable number of valuable works, which it is needless here to enumerate. In 1612 he published notes and illustrations on the first eighteen songs in "his worthy friend Michael Drayton's" Poly-Olbion, and the year after wrote verses in Greek, Latin, and English, upon Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals;" which, with divers poems prefixed to the works of other authors, occasioned Sir John Suckling to give him a place in his "Session of the Poets." Mr. Selden, when not above three and thirty years of age, had shewn himself a great philologist, antiquary, herald, and linguist; and his name was so wonderfully advanced, not only at home, but in foreign countries, that he was actually then, what he was afterwards usually stiled, the great dictator of learning to the English nation. In 1618, when he was in his thirty-fourth year, he published his "History of Tithes;" which alarming the clergy, and offending king James I, it

The two first authors of what is compos'd
 In this round system all; its antient lore
 All arts in discords and concerts are clos'd
 (And when unwinged souls the fates restore

To

was suppressed, and the author forced to make public submission. He again offended that monarch in 1621, by an opinion he gave against the crown as counsel in the house of lords, and was committed into the custody of the sheriff of London; but was released in five weeks by the favour of the lord keeper Williams. He was chosen member for Lancaster that year; but neglected all public business to apply himself to study. In 1624 he was appointed, by the Inner Temple, reader at Lyon's Inn; but refused to accept that office. In 1625 he was chosen burgess for Great Bedwin, Wiltshire, and again in 1626, when he was an active manager against the duke of Buckingham. In 1627 he was counsel for Mr. Hampden; and in the third parliament of king James was again elected for Lancaster, and had a considerable hand in the Petition of Rights. After the prorogation in June, retiring to Wrest in Bedfordshire, he finished his Commentaries on the Arundelian Marbles. In the next session he warmly opposed the court, and was committed to the Tower, and had his study sealed up, March 24, 1628. He was closely confined three months, but magnificently supported at the king's expence; and being afterwards allowed the use of such books as he desired, he proceeded in his studies. In Hilary Term, 1629, declining to give security for his good behaviour (as unwarrantable by law), he was committed to the King's Bench prison. He was released the latter end of the year, though it does not appear how; only

To th' earth for reparation of their flights,
 The first musicians, scholars, lovers make
 The next rank destinate to Mars's knights
 The following rabble meaner titles make)
 I see thy temples crown'd with Phœbus' rites,
 Thy bay 's to th' eye with lily mix'd and rose;
 As to the ear a *diapason* close.

TO

only that the parliament in 1646 ordered him £. 5000. for the losses he had sustained on that occasion. In 1630 he was again committed to custody, with the earls of Bedford and Clare, Sir Robert Cotton, and Mr. St. John, being accused of having dispersed a libel, intituled, "A Proposition for his Majesty's service to bridle the impertinency of Parliaments;" but it was proved that Sir Robert Dudley, then living in the duke of Tuscany's dominions, was the author. All these various imprisonments and tumults gave no interruption to his studies; but he proceeded, in his old way, to write and publish books. In 1640 he was chosen member of parliament for the University of Oxford; and though he was against the court, yet in 1642 the king had thoughts of taking the seal from the lord keeper Littleton, and giving it to him. In 1643 he was appointed one of the lay-members to sit in the assembly of divines at Westminster, in which he frequently perplexed those divines with his vast learning. About this time he took the covenant; and the same year, 1643, was by the parliament appointed keeper of the records in the Tower. In 1644 he was elected one of the twelve commissioners of the Admiralty; and the same year was nominated to the mastership of Trinity College in Cambridge, which he did not think proper to accept. In the beginning of 1653 his health began to decline; and he died the 30th
of

TO MR. WILLIAM BROWNE.

BY THE SAME.

SO much a stranger my severer Muse
Is not to love-strains, or a shepherd's reed,
But that she knows some rites of Phœbus' dues,
Of Pan, of Pallas, and her sister's meed.

Read, and commend she durst these tun'd essays
Of him that loves her (she hath ever found
Her studies as one circle). Next she prays

His readers be with rose and myrtle crown'd !
No willow touch them ! As his * bays are free

From wrong of bolts, so may their chaplets be !

of November that year, at the Friary House in White-Friars, where he had resided for some years, being possessed of it in the right of Elizabeth countess dowager of Kent, who had appointed him executor of her will, having before, from the first of her widowhood, committed the management of her affairs to him. He was buried in the Temple church, where a monument was erected to him. He left a most valuable and curious library to his executors ; which they generously would have bestowed on the society of the Inner Temple, if a proper place had been provided to receive it ; but, this being neglected, they gave it to the University of Oxford. A good edition of his Works was published by Dr. Wilkins, 1726, in three volumes, folio. N.

* Bays (fair readers) being the materials of poet's garlands (as myrtle and roses are for enjoying lovers, and the fruitless willow for them which your unconstancy, too oft, makes most unhappy) are supposed not subject to any hurt of Jupiter's thunderbolts, as other trees are. SELDEN.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. SELDEN.

BY DR. BATHURST*, 1654.

SO fell the sacred Sibyl, when of old
 Inspir'd with more than mortal breast could hold
 The gazing multitude stood doubtful by,
 Whether to call it death, or ecstasy :
 She silent lies, and now the nations find
 No oracles but i' th' leaves she left behind.

Monarch of times and arts, who travell'dst oer
 New worlds of knowledge, undescry'd before,
 And hast on everlasting columns writ
 The utmost bounds of learning and of wit ;

Hadst

* President of Trinity College, Oxford, and vice-chancellor of that University. “ Dr. Bathurst, in the early part of his
 “ life, applied himself to the study of divinity, in which he
 “ made a very considerable progress. But when he saw that
 “ some churches were defaced or demolished, and others con-
 “ verted into barracks and stables, and that a learned mi-
 “ nistry was held in the utmost contempt, he changed the
 “ course of his studies, and applied himself to physick. He
 “ took a doctor's degree in that faculty, in which he rose to
 “ such eminence, that he was, in the time of the Usurpation,
 “ appointed physician to the state. Upon the Restoration, he
 “ quitted his profession of physick, was elected a fellow of the
 “ Royal Society, and president of his college : and having
 “ entered into holy orders, he was made chaplain to the
 “ king, and installed dean of Wells, June 28, 1670. His
 “ learning

Hadst thou been more like us, or we like thee,
 We might add something to thy memory.
 Now thy own tongues must speak thee, and thy praise
 Be from those monuments thyself did raise;
 And all those * titles thou didst once display,
 Must yield thee titles greater far than they.

Time, which had wings till now, and was not known
 To have a being but by being gone,
 You did arrest his motion, and have lent
 A way to make him fix'd and permanent;
 Whilst by your labours ages past appear,
 And all at once we view a Plato's year.
 Actions and fables were retriev'd by you;
 All that was done, and what was not done too;

“learning and talents were various: he was the orator and
 “the poet, the philosopher and the divine. He possessed an
 “inexhaustible fund of wit, and was the facetious companion
 “at eighty years of age. Ridicule was the weapon that he
 “made use of to correct the delinquents of his college; and
 “he was so absolute a master of it, that he had it always at
 “hand. His poetical pieces in the “*Musæ Anglicanæ*”
 “are excellent in their kind: they are much in the spirit of
 “Ovid, who was his favourite poet. His “*Diatribæ Theo-*
 “*logicæ*” in manuscript, which he began at twenty-three
 “years of age, are much commended by Mr. Warton. He
 “died greatly lamented by all that knew his worth, and
 “particularly by the society over which he presided, the
 “14th of June, 1704, in the 84th year of his age.”
 GRANGER.—His Life has been elegantly written by Mr.
 Warton. N.

* “Titles of Honour.” BATHURST.

White

Which in your breast did comprehended lie,
 As in the bosom of eternity:
 You purg'd records and * authors from their rust,
 And sifted pearls out of Rabbinick dust †:
 By you the ‡ Syrian Gods do live, and grow
 To be immortal, since you made them so.
 Inscriptions, medals, ¶ statues, look fresh still,
 Taking new brasse and marble from your quill;
 Which so unravels time, that now we do
 Live our own age, and our forefathers' too.
 And, thus enlarg'd by your discoveries, can
 Make that an ell, which nature made a span.
 If then we judge, that to preserve the state
 Of things, is every moment to create,
 The world's thus half your creature, whilst it stands
 Rescued to memory by your learned hands.
 And unto you, now fearless of decay,
 Times past owe more, than times to come can pay.
 How might you claim your country's just applause,
 When you stood square and upright as your cause
 In doubtful times, nor ever would forego
 Fair Truth and Right, whose bounds you best did know:
 You in the Tower did stand another tower,
 Firm to yourself and us, whilst jealous Power
 Your very soul imprison'd, that no thought
 By books might enter, nor by pen get out;
 And, stripp'd of all besides, left you confin'd
 To the one volume of your own vast mind;

* Eadmerus, Fleta. BATHURST.

† In his learned treatise "De Synedriis Ebraeorum." N.

‡ De Diis Syris. BATHURST. ¶ Marmora Arundelia. Ibid.

There Virtue and stout Honour pass'd the guard,
 (Your only friends that could not be debarr'd)
 And dwelt in your retirement; arm'd with these,
 You stood forth more than admiral of our seas.
 Your hand inclos'd the * watery plains, and thus
 Was no less fence to them, than they to us;
 Teaching our ships to conquer, while each fight
 Is but a comment on those books you write.
 No foul disgraces, nor the worst of things,
 Made you, like him, whose anger Homer sings,
 Slack in your country's quarrel, who adore
 Their champion now, their martyr heretofore:
 Still with yourself contending, whether you
 Could bravelier suffer, or could bravelier do.
 We ask not now for ancestors, nor care
 Though Selden do nor kindred boast, nor heir;
 Such worth best stands alone, and joys to be
 To 'tself both founder and posterity.
 As when old Nilus, who with bounteous flows
 Waters an hundred nations as he goes,
 Scattering rich harvests, keeps his sacred head
 Amongst the clouds still undiscovered.

Be't now thy Oxford's pride, that, having gone
 Through East and West, no tongue nor art unknown;
 Laden with spoils thou hang'st thy † arms up here,
 But sett'st thy great example every where.

Thus, when thy monument shall itself lie dead,
 And thy own ‡ epitaph no more be read;

* Mare Clausum. BATHURST.

† His library was given to the University. Ibid.

‡ His epitaph, made by himself, in the Temple chapel. Ibid.

When all thy statues shall be worn out so,
 That even Selden would not Selden know;
 Ages to come shall in thy virtue share:
 He that dies well makes all the world his heir.

VERSES BY GEORGE CHAPMAN*,

ANNEXED TO HIS BATRACHOMYOMACHIA.

THE Worke that I was borne to doe, is done.
 Glory to him, that the conclusion
 Makes the beginning of my life: and never
 Let me be said to live; till I live ever.

Where's

* This writer, who obtained much applause in his time, and was greatly praised by his contemporaries, was born at Hitching-hill, in the county of Hertford, some time in the year 1557. After being well grounded in school-learning, he was sent to the University, but whether to Oxford or Cambridge was unknown to Anthony Wood, who declares himself certain he resided some time at the former, where he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in Logic or Philosophy, which may be presumed to be the reason he took no degree there. He appears to have been a man of a very respectable character, being countenanced and patronized by several eminent persons, particularly Sir Thomas Walsyngham and his son, and by Prince Henry, son of James the First. Wood imagines that he was a sworn servant either to James the First or his Queen, and says he was highly valued, but not so much as Ben Jonson. The same writer adds, that "he was a person of most reverend
 " aspect.

Where's the outliving of my fortunes then,
Ye errant vapors of Fames Lernean-fenn?

“aspect, religious and temperate qualities, rarely meeting in
“a poet.” After living to the age of 77 years, he died
on the 12th day of May, 1634, in the parish of St. Giles in
the Fields, and was buried on the South-side of the Church-
yard there. His friend Inigo Jones erected a monument to
his memory near the place of his interment. His translation
of Homer acquired him a considerable degree of reputation.
Mr. Dryden tells us, that Waller used to say he never could
read it without incredible transport. It is much censured by
Mr. Pope, who, notwithstanding, acknowledges that there is
a daring, fiery spirit, which animates it, something like what
one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before
he arrived at years of discretion. He translated also the
Batrachomyomachia, and all the Hymns of Homer, to which
he annexed the verses here printed; finished Marlow's Trans-
lation of Musæus; produced several original Poems, and
some other Translations; was the author of seventeen dra-
matick performances, and assisted Shirley in two others. For
this note I am indebted to the new edition of Doddsley's Old
Plays, vol. IV. p. 113. where the reader will find some other
curious particulars of Chapman, and an exact list of his dra-
matick writings.

Of the Batrachomyomachia and Hymns, I have the
copy presented to Lord Russell, with the following MS. dedi-
cation: “For the many noble favors, receiv'd of the righte
“honorable the Lord RUSSELL; and desirouse by all best
“services, to crowne his Lordship's free graces with con-
“tinewance; GEORGE CHAPMAN humblie inscribes this
“crowne of all the Homericall Graces and Muses to his
“Lordship's Honor: wishing the same, crownde above title,
“and establishte past marble.” N.

That (like poffest ftormes) blaft all ; not in herde
 With your abhorr'd heads ; who, becaufe cafter'de
 By men, for monfters ; thinck men, monfters all,
 That are not of your pyed hood, and your hall.
 When you are nothing but the fcumm of things,
 And muft be caft off : drones, that have no ftings,
 Nor any more foule then a ftone hath wings.

Avant ye hagg ; your hates, and fcandalls are,
 The crownes and comforts of a good mans care ;
 By whole impartial perpendiculare ;
 All is extuberance, and excretion all,
 That you your ornaments and glories call.
 Your wrie mouthes cenfure right ? your blister'd tongues,
 That licke but itches ? and whole ulcerous lungs
 Come up at all things permanent and found ?
 O you (like flies in dreggs) in humors droun'd ;
 Your loves, like atoms, loft in gloomie ayre ;
 I would not retrive with a wither'd haire.
 Hate, and caft ftill your ftings then ; for your kifles
 Betray but truth ; and your applauds are hiffes.

To fee our fupercilious wizerds frowne ;
 Their faces falne like foggs ; and coming downe,
 Stincking the funn out ; make me fhine the more :
 And like a checkt flood, beare above the fhore,
 That their prophane opinions faine would fet,
 To what they fee not ; know not ; nor can let.
 Yet then, our learn'd men, with their torrents come
 Roring from their forc't hills, all crown'd with fome,
 That one not taught like them, fhould learne to know
 Their Greeke rootes, and from thence the groves that grow,

Casting such rich shades, from great Homers wings :
 That first, and last, command the Muses springs.
 Though he 's best scholler, that through paines and vows,
 Made his own master onely, all things knows.
 Nor pleades my poore skill, forme, or learned place ;
 But dantlesse labor, constant prayer, and grace.
 And what 's all their skill, but vast varied reading ?
 As if brode-beaten high waies had the leading
 To truths abstract, and narrow path, and pit ?
 Found in no walke of any worldly wit.
 And without truth, all 's onely sleight of hand,
 Or our law-learning, in a forraine land ;
 Embroderie spent on cobwebs ; braggart show
 Of men that all things learne, and nothing know.
 For Ostentation, humble Truth still flies,
 And all confederate fashionists defies.
 And as some sharpe-browd doctor (English-borne)
 In much learn'd Latine idioms can adorne
 A verse with rare attractions ; yet become
 His English Muse, like an Arachnean loome,
 Wrought spight of Pallas ; and therein bewraies
 More tongue then truth ; beggs, and adopts his bayes ;
 So Ostentation, bee hee never so
 Larded with labour, to suborne his showe ;
 Shall soothe within him but a bastard soule,
 No more Heaven heyring, then Earths sonne the moule.
 But as in dead calmes emptiest smokes arise
 Uncheckt and free, up strait into the skies ;
 So drousie Peace, that in her humor sleepes
 All she affects, lets such rise while she sleepes.

Many,

CONCLUSION OF CHAPMAN'S HOMER. 273

Many, and most men, have of wealth least store,
But none the gracious shame that fits the pore;
So most learn'd men, enough are ignorant;
But few the grace have to confesse their want,
Till lives and learnings come concomitant.
For from mens knowledges their lives-acts flowe;
Vaineglorious acts then, vaine prove all they know.
As Night the life-enclining starrs best shoves,
So lives obscure, the starriest soules disclose.

For me, let just men judge by what I show
In acts expos'd, how much I erre, or knowe;
And let not Envie make all worse then nought
With her meere headstrong and quite braineles thought:
Others, for doing nothing, giving all,
And bounding all worth in her bursten gall.

God and my deare Redeemer, rescue me
From mens immane and mad impietie;
And by my life and soule (sole knowne to them)
Make me of palme, or yew, an anadem.
And so, my sole God, the thrice sacred Trine,
Beare all the ascription of all me and mine.

TO BEAUTY. BY THE SAME.

O BEAUTIE, how attractive is thy power?
For as the lives heat clings about the hart,
So all mens hungry eyes do haunt thy bower:
Raigning in Greece, Troy swumme to thee in art.
Removed to Troy, Greece followed thee in feares,
Thou drewest ech fyrelesse sword, ech childlesse dart,
And puldst the towres of Troy about thine eares.

CONCLUSION OF *NOSCE TEIPSUM*.

BY SIR JOHN DAVIES*.

O *Ignorant* poor man ! what dost thou bear
 Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast,
 What jewels, and what riches, hast thou there ?
 What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest ?
 Look in thy *Soul*, and thou shalt *beauties* find,
 Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood :
Honour and *pleasure* both are in thy mind,
 And all that in the world is counted *good*.

Think

* Son of a wealthy tanner of Chisgrove in Wiltshire, and born there about 1569 ; commoner of Queen's College, Oxford, in Michaelmas term 1585. When he had taken the degree of B. A. he removed to the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar. Being expelled thence on account of a quarrel, he returned to Oxford. He was afterwards reinstated in the Temple, practised as a barrister, and was chosen a burges in the parliament held at Westminster in 1601. Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth, our author went with Lord Hunsdon into Scotland, to congratulate King James. That prince was learned himself, and a great encourager of learned men ; when Hunsdon and his retinue were admitted into the king's presence, his majesty enquired the names of the gentlemen who accompanied him ; his lordship naming among the rest John Davies, the king presently asked whether he was *Nosce Teipsum*, which was the title of his poem on the Immortality of the Soul, and being answered that he

was

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,

This worthy mind should worthy things embrace :

Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,

Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her *quickenings* power with fufteitings :

Mar not her *fenfe* with fenfuality :

Caft not her wit on idle things :

Make not her *free-will* flave to vanity.

And

was, he graciously embraced him, and affured him of his favour. The king prefently after promoted him to the office of folicitor and then attorney-general in Ireland, where in 1606 he was made ferjeant at law, and afterwards fpeaker of the houfe of commons in that kingdom ; the year following he received the order of knighthood from the king at Whitehall. In the year 1612 he publifhed a very valuable book, called, “ A Difcovery of the true Caufes why Ireland was never entirely fubdued, nor brought under obedience of the Crown of England, until the beginning of his Majesty’s happy Reign ;” reprinted in 12mo, 1747. Sir John, in 1612, quitted Ireland, and was made one of his majesty’s Englifh ferjeants at law. After his fettling in England he was often appointed one of the judges of affize in the circuits. He married Eleanor Tonchet, youngelt daughter of George, Lord Audley, by whom he had a fon an ideot, who died young, and a daughter named Lucy, married to Ferdinand, Lord Haftings, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon. In 1626 Sir John was appointed Lord Chief Juftice of the King’s Bench ; but, before the ceremony of his installation could be performed, he died fuddenly of an apoplexy, the 7th of December, at his houfe in the Strand, in the 57th year of his age.

And when thou think'st of her *eternity*,
 Think not that *death* against her nature is;
 Think it a *birth*: and, when thou go'st to die,
 Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.
 And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
 Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see;
 Now I have brought thee *torch-light*, fear no more;
 Now, when thou dy'st, thou canst not hood-wink'd be.
 And thou, my *Soul*, which turn'st with curious eye,
 To view the beams of thine own form divine,
 Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
 While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Sir John Davies, besides his Poems and his Account of the reduction of Ireland before-mentioned, published reports and other books relating to the constitution and laws of this kingdom. Anthony Wood says, there were several of his manuscripts on various subjects, which were formerly in the library of Sir James Ware, and since that in the possession of Edward Earl of Clarendon; besides these, which were chiefly of the political kind, the same author says there were also some epigrams written by Sir John, and a metaphrase of several of King David's Psalms, but never published. The poem on the Soul, which he called *Nosce Teipsum*, was first published in 1599, and afterwards in 1622 with Hymns to *Astrea* in acrostic verse; and *Orchestra*, a poem expressing the antiquity and excellence of dancing, in a dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers, containing one hundred and thirty-one stanzas unfinished. See the Life prefixed by Mr. Davies to the complete edition of his poems, 1773. N.

Take heed of *over-weening*, and compare

Thy *peacock's* feet with thy gay *peacock's* train :
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise

The glory of thy Maker's sacred name :
Use all thy powers, that blessed Power to praise,
Which gives thee power to *be*, and *use the same*.

DETRACTION EXECRATED.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING*.

THOU vermin Slander, bred in abject minds
Of thoughts impure, by vile tongues animate,
Canker of conversation ! could'st thou find
Nought but our love, whereon to shew thy hate ?

Thou

* A poet of great vivacity and some elegance, and one of the finest gentlemen of his time. He was son to Sir John Suckling, comptroller of the household to king Charles the First ; and was born at Witham in Essex in 1613. He spoke Latin at five years of age, and wrote it when nine. He had a general knowledge of polite literature ; but applied himself more particularly to music and poetry. In the course of his foreign travels, he made a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus ; and, at his return, raised a splendid troop of horse, at the expence of twelve thousand pounds, for the service of the king. This troop, with Sir John at its head, behaved so ill in the engagement with the Scots, upon the English borders,

Thou never wert, when we two were alone;
 What canst thou witness then? Thy base dull aid
 Was useless in our conversation,
 Where each meant more than could by each be said.
 Whence hadst thou thy intelligence? From earth?
 That part of us ne'er knew that we did love:
 Or from the air? Our gentle sighs had birth
 From such sweet raptures as to joy did move.

in 1639, as to occasion the famous lampoon by Sir John Mennis, "Sir John he got him an ambling nag," &c. which was set to an Irish tune, and much sung by the Parliamentarians. This disastrous expedition, and the ridicule that attended it, was supposed to have hastened his death, which happened in 1641, at the age of twenty-eight. His prose writings, particularly his "Discourse of Religion," addressed to lord Dorset, are thought equal to the best of his poetical performances. His ballad on a wedding, and his "Session of the Poets," are oftener remembered than any of his works. This ballad was occasioned by the marriage of Roger Boyle, the first earl of Orrery, with lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the earl of Suffolk. There was a great intimacy betwixt Sir John and the earl of Orrery, then lord Broghill. In his "Session of the Poets," he has given us some traits of the characters of his poetical brethren. This article is principally compiled from Jacob and Granger. The whole of Sir John Suckling's Works, containing his "Poems, Letters, and Plays," were published several times by Mr. Tonson; and in two neat volumes, by Mr. Davies, 1770. N.

Our thoughts, as pure as the chaste morning's breath,
 When from the night's cold arms it creeps away,
 Were cloath'd in words; and maiden's blush, that hath
 More purity, more innocence, than they.

Nor from the water could'st thou have this tale :
 No briny tear has furrow'd her smooth cheek ;
 And I was pleas'd. I pray, what should he ail
 That had her love ? for what else could he seek ?

We shorten'd days to moments by love's art,
 Whilst our two souls in amorous ecstasy
 Perceiv'd no passing time, as if a part
 Our love had been of still eternity.

Much less could'st have it from the purer fire :
 Our heat exhales no vapour from coarse sense,
 Such as are hopes, or fears, or fond desire ;
 Our mutual love itself did recompence.

Thou hast no correspondence had in heaven,
 And th' elemental world, thou see'st, is free :
 Whence hadst thou then this talking monster ? even
 From hell, a harbour fit for it and thee.

Curst be th' officious tongue that did address
 Thee to her ears, to ruin my content :
 May it one minute taste such happiness,
 Deserving loss, unpitied it lament !

I must forbear the sight, and so repay
 In grief those hours joy shorten'd to a dram :
 Each minute I will lengthen to a day,
 And in one year out-live Methusalem.

SONG, BY THOMAS CAREW*, ESQ.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose :
 For in your beauty's orient deep
 These flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atomes of the day :
 For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask

* Thomas Carew, a poet of real elegance, was a younger son of the family of the Carews in Devonshire. He was born in 1589 ; and after receiving some part of his education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, he spent many years in France and Italy. Returning from travel, he followed the court, which, says Lord Clarendon, "the modesty of that time disposed men to do some time, before they pretended to be of it ; and he was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked upon by the King himself, some years before he could obtain to be Sewer to the King ; and when the King conferred that place upon him it was not without the regret even of the whole Scotch nation, which united themselves in recommending another gentleman to it ; and of so great value were those relations held in that age, when majesty was beheld with the reverence it ought to be." Wood, the celebrated Oxford Biographer, says that "he was adored by the poets of his time." Which seems to be true, as we well know that his admirers were the first men of the age ;
 that

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale, when May is past :
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

that Montague, the Lord Abbot of Pontois, carested him ;
 that Donne, D' Avenant, and May, loved him. Suckling
 too admired him ; and yet, in his Session of the Poets, says,

“ Tom Carew came next, but he had a fault
 “ That would not well stand with a Laureat ;
 “ His Muse was hide-bound, and the issue of 's brain
 “ Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.”

Suckling knew otherwise : but we must remember, that the
 poet, when he wrote this, was writing a satire. The ele-
 gance of his love-sonnets made them familiar to his Majesty
 and his nobles ; they were sought after, read, and rehearsed ;
 and by his Majesty's command were set to music, or (as
 Wood expresses it) wedded to the charming notes of Mr.
 Henry Lawes, who was gentleman of the King's chapel, and
 at that time the greatest musical composer in England. Lord
 Clarendon says, “ Carew was a person of a pleasant and face-
 “ tious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous
 “ way) which, for the sharpness of the fancy, and the ele-
 “ gance of the language in which that fancy was spread,
 “ were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time : but
 “ his glory was, that after fifty years of his life had been
 “ spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have
 “ been, he died with the greatest remorse for that license,
 “ and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his
 “ best friends could desire.” He died in the year 1639. I
 have already mentioned that his poems were published in
 1772 by Mr. Davies. N.

Ask

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night:
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if East or West,
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest:
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

T H E P R I M R O S E.

B Y T H E S A M E.

ASK me why I fend you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I fend to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I strait will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of Love are wash'd with tears:
Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

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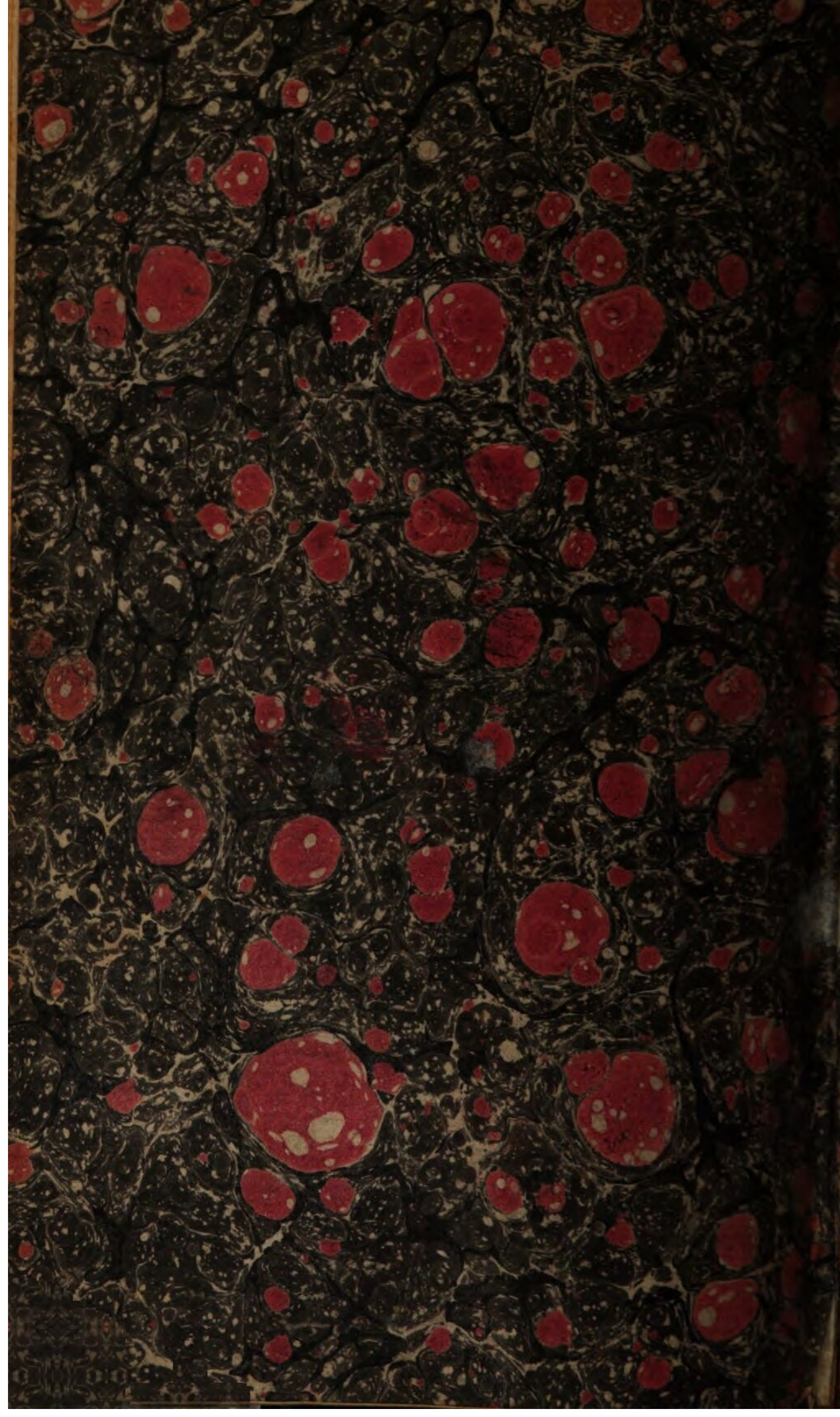
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Nichols, John

A Collection of Poems With Notes, Biographical And Historical

Bd.: 1.

London (1780)

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